Jan. 23, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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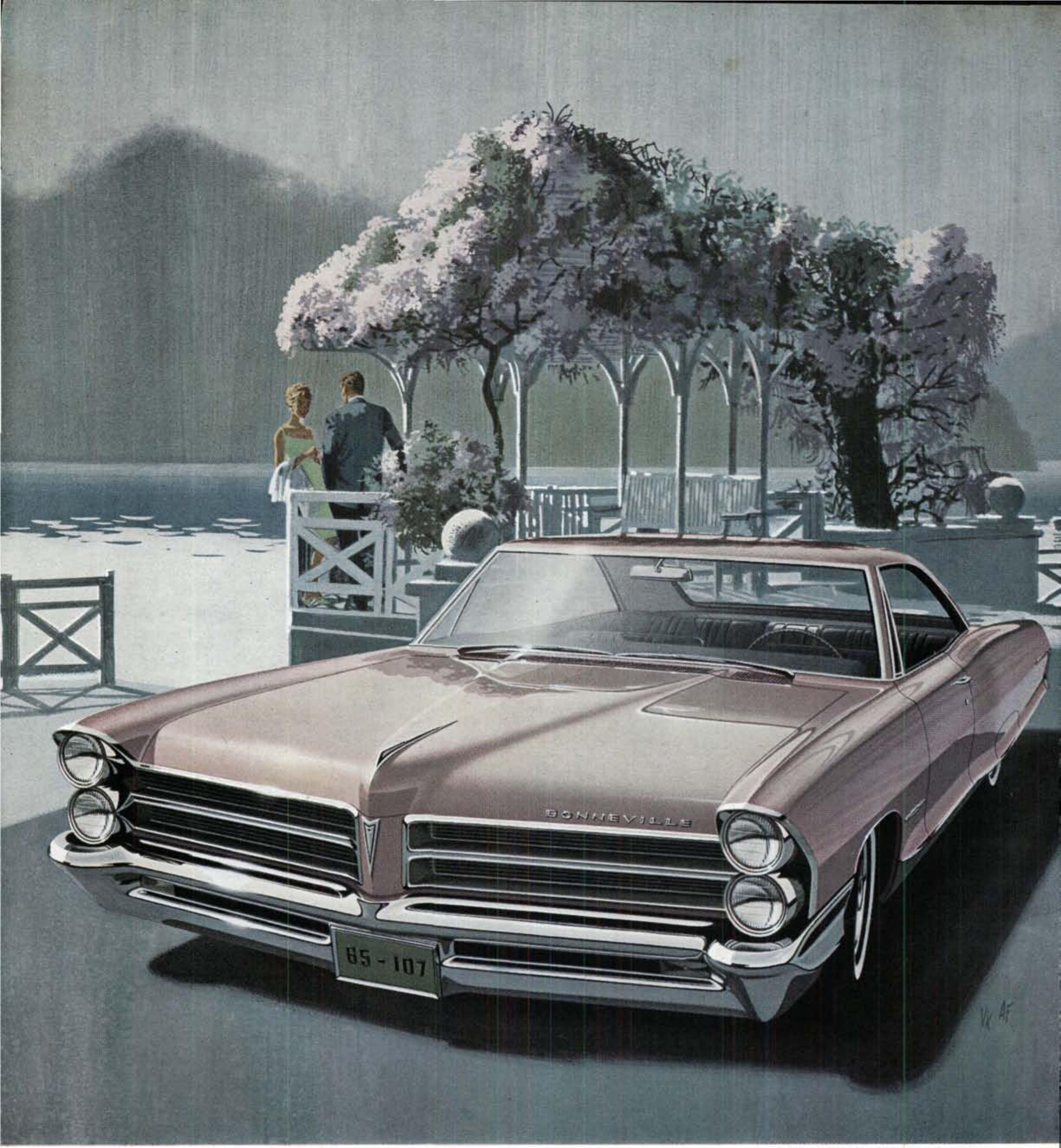

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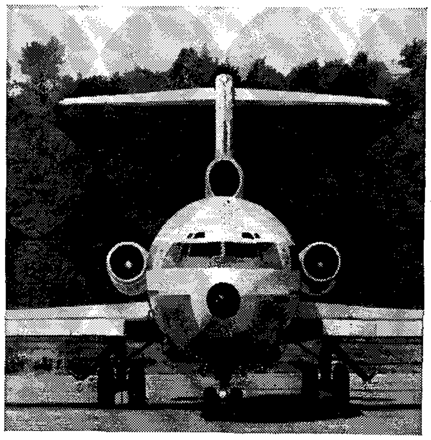

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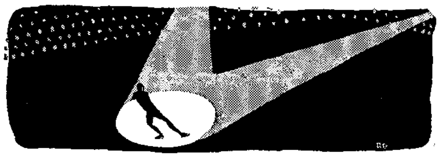
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Hughie—One of Eugene O'Neill's last plays, in which, in the course of about an hour, Jason Robards sounds off about life and the satisfaction to be gained by maintaining illusions. Mr. Robards is consistently effective, and he is admirably supported by Jack Dodson. José Quintero directed the piece. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Luv—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in this feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 24.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vicissitudes of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. Arthur Storch has directed the play with a lot of verve. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Peterpat—Dick Shawn and Joan Hackett are attractive performers in a fairly foolish play about marriage. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Richard—A fragile but fitfully entertaining comedy about a bibulous English poet who is having a tough time adjusting to life while resident in Greenwich Village. Alan Bates is the poet in this play by Jean Kerr, and he is, for the most part, diverting. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ready When You Are, C. B.!—Strained stuff about an aspiring actress who sublets her Manhattan apartment at an exorbitant fee to a prominent Hollywood performer and winds up madly in love with him. Julie Harris is the girl, and Lou Antonio is the big wheel from the West Coast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—A drama by William Hanley that shoots off in all directions in an attempt to make something of the fortuitous meeting in a Brooklyn candy store of a pregnant girl, a Negro youth, who, from the sound of him, is not too well in the head, and the candy-store proprietor, who pretends to be a former victim of the Nazis. Directed by Joseph Anthony, the play has as its entire cast George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Frank D. Gilroy is the author. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tiny Alice—Edward Albee in a metaphysical mood, and who is to parse him? John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are in the cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—any wednesday: Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Jolly gypsies whooping it up around Manhattan. The book was written by Ernest Kinoy, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. The choreography was planned by Peter Gennaro, and such ebullient types as Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr bounce about to good advantage. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A splendid performance by Robert Preston makes this variation on a lot of old Shubert operettas fairly tolerable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, whose wit custom cannot stale, assisted on this occasion by Leonid Hambro, who is a pretty comical fellow himself. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Luther Adler is temporarily substituting for Zero Mostel in this musical based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Fun and games on Coney Island in a lethargic musical that has music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are conspicuously displayed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—funny girl: Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance Sunday evening, Jan. 24.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance Sunday evening, Jan. 24.) . . . **high spirits:** A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Ronnie Welsh is the youth on the upswing, and Jeff De Benning is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?:** A musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—ballet folklorico of mexico: A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's **tartuffe**, with Michael O'Sullivan, Salome Jens, and Larry Gates. Performances Thursday and Friday, Jan. 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2 and 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 26-27, at 8:30. . . . **incident at vichy**, Arthur Miller's belated examination of the processes that sent Jews to horrible slaughter in 1942, when the Nazis were in charge in Vichy, contributes nothing new to the grisly record. However, Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne breathe a bit of animation into the play toward its conclusion. Performances Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday

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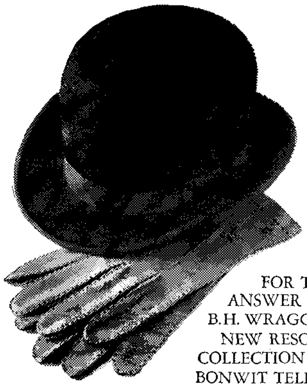
Why do ambassadors marry Wragge girls?



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GUS MAYER, NEW ORLEANS;
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Friday, Jan. 28-29, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's WAR AND PEACE: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 21-22, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 26-27, at 8:30. . . . Shaw's MAN AND SUPERMAN: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28-29, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30 and 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"La Bohème." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:15.)

Babes in the Wood—This prankish musical, which is based in the loosest possible way on "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has some of the attractions and many of the flaws of an undergraduate romp. Rick Besoyan, the man responsible for "Little Mary Sunshine," has provided a melodic score, but his book and lyrics are rather trying. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Cat and the Canary—A revival of John Willard's good-natured old spook show. Some of the performers appear to be kidding it and others to be playing it straight, which makes the production somewhat unsettling. Tom Wheatley is an amusing hero and Adale O'Brien a quite appealing heroine. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 6.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kiss Mama—A volatile Italian family in New York is a source of innocent merriment in this comedy by George Panetta. Tom Pedi, Francine Beers, and Val Bisoglio are most helpful as members of the second generation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Old Glory: Benito Cereno—Robert Lowell's dramatization of Herman Melville's tragedy makes a quite stirring play that does some justice to the magnificent story it is based on. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—This production, which is approximately the same one that played in Central Park last summer, has its ups and downs. Bette Henritze's Emilia is one of its ups. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Pictures in the Hallway—A revival of Paul Shyre's dramatic reading adapted from the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Al Freeman, Jr., is very good as a crazy poet. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Serenade," "Shadowed Ground" (première), "Ivesiana," and "Raymonda Variations." . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "Irish Fantasy," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "Gounod Symphony." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Con Amore," "Firebird," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Divertimento No. 15," "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare." . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 24: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 24: "Raymonda Variations," "Shadowed Ground," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: "Bugaku," "Apollo," "Ivesiana," and "La Valse." . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Divertimento No. 15," "Prodigal Son," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Scotch Symphony." . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Bugaku," "Shadowed Ground," "Allegro Brillante," and "Gounod Symphony." . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 29: "Con Amore," "Piège de Lumière," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "La Valse." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Fanfare," "Swan Lake," "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony." . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Con Amore," "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Gounod Symphony." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

José Limón—With his company, in a lecture-demonstration. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1965." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

NIGHT LIFE

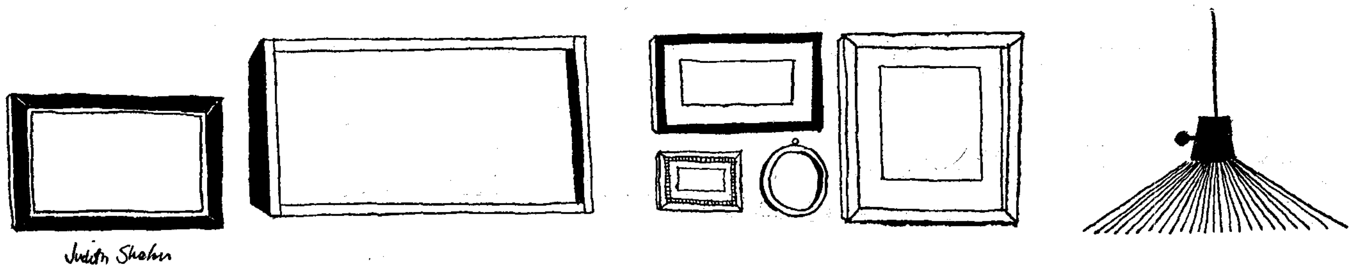
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Billy Eckstine, in a voice raised much more in sorrow and amorousness than in anger, gets to his swan song in the Royal Box on Saturday, Jan. 23; the team of Rowan & Martin, who do manage to make the old smoking-room jokes sound very funny, depart the same evening. On Monday, Jan. 25, Jack Carter will start talking to anyone willing to listen, and Paula Stewart will start singing. Dinner and supper is the program for these characters; the music, the best of it by the orchestra of Lee Evans, goes on and on. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but all is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—One of the last traces of the old feudal system. In the grand salon, Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra never pause for breath; machinery with the



Judith Shahn

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bit and the tape in its teeth does the dance music in the wing called the Garrison; in the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio provides the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Red sky at night (sailors' delight), brought about by the enormous supply of plush that upholsters this tribute to the Fall River Line. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music (in both past and present tenses) Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve, Fridays from eight-thirty to one, and Saturdays from nine to two; all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than customers navigating the dance floor to the chortlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, among whom is Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band never calls it a day. Alex Geraldo, the resident guitarist, does, though; he disappears on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lisa Kirk, who gets to the Persian Room at dinner and supper, is a no-business-like-show-business girl, and her show business, accomplished with four skilled young men, is slick, slithery, and sly—choreographed to the hilt by Tony Chamoli, and sung and danced to the hilt by Miss K. and the boys. The big, burbling band of Emil Coleman and the frisking band of Mark Monte are the tireless musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. No music Mondays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—How the world looks at night from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Charles Turecamo's band takes the floor of the ducal Maisonette whenever Quintero's crew of musicians ceases and desists from its recitations of classical Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Closed Sundays.

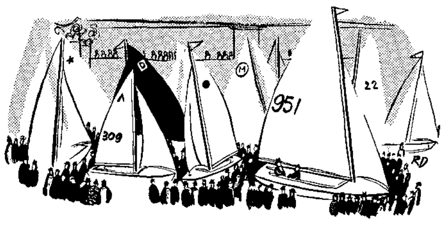
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The broken-field running on the dance floor, which gets machine-made music that is as chipper as the handmade stuff, is one of the seven wonders of the modern world; the stage set is among the seven wonders of the ancient world. Eight to four is the deal.

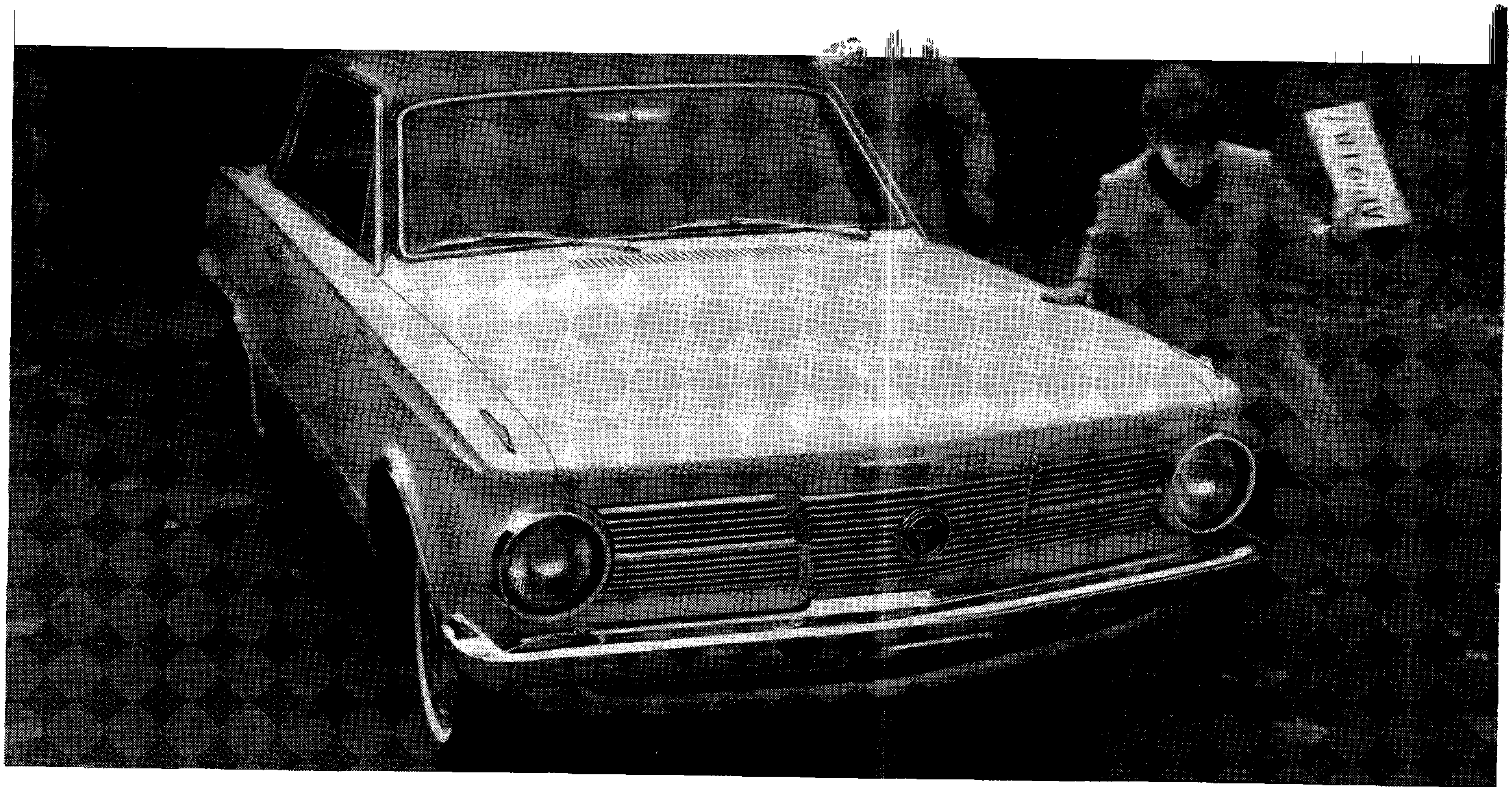
Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor (a hundred and fifty feet long) is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist and its in-laws have been ruled off this course.) The music, which embraces both halves of the Western Hemisphere, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-forty-five to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

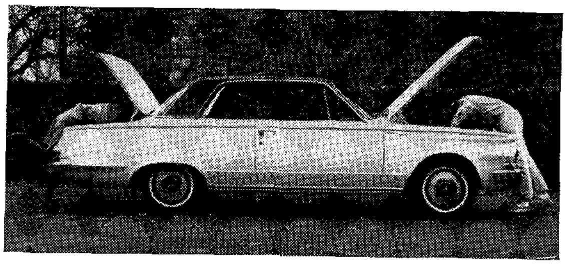
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

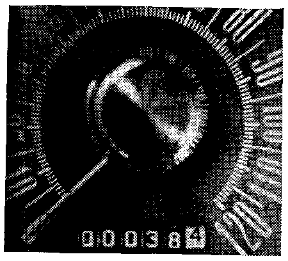
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

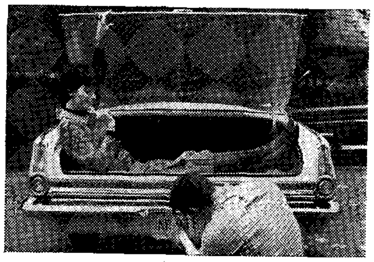
GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The voices that are now and again raised in song are currently inclined toward "Pagliacci." Inevitably, they'll soon get back to "Madame Butterfly"—on Tuesday, Jan. 26, in fact. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is apt to be present, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): It could be Paris after dark (which arrives here at ten-thirty) when the brace of carollers called Djenara (a Caucasian soprano of great serenity) and Paco (a Latin prankster) commune under a dim spotlight and over a warm guitar. They retire, as gracefully as they arrived, on Saturday, Jan. 23, so that Bobby Short, playboy of what remains of the Western World, can return, singing owlishly, to this small spa on Monday, Jan. 25. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine, by Jules Kuti in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with a paramount problem—what on earth to do about your loved one—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, who has seen all, known all. Her seminars, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The many nimble fingers of Cy Walter make one clean sweep of the keyboard after another without tripping anything but the light fantastic. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one are his hours in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The fittings of this medieval banqueting hall must certainly represent every bit of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Romance Violinists, is audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one close to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, there is handmade guitar music (Gustavo Lopez) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for Andalusian guitar (José Luis Franco) on the same schedule every night but Monday. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, through the week. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL SOLE**, 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): From Glen Cove and Syosset, from St. James and the Hamptons come the customers to visit Ralph Strain, who is playing piano that makes one think of summer sailboating with one's best girl or walking her along a moonlit coral strand. His stretch is seven-thirty to two every night but Sunday. . . . **LATE EDITION**, in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): This neat new split-level apartment is open for inspection, not to mention dinner, at six; Hugh Shannon, a wandering minstrel who has carolled his special songs about the *Weltschmerz* Set over the whole wide *Welt*, sits down to his piano at ten, when supper begins. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The roster of court musicianship reads like this: Daphne Hellman at her harp from seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday; Gladys Hubner, at another harp, and on the same running time, the rest of the week. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is also a grill, gets the precise, pensive piano of Tony Garody from six to one-thirty every evening but Monday, and Enzio Lembo, guitar at the ready, starts in at nine-thirty. He adds lyrics to his music, and he stays home Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A true museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts on every wall, in every nook. The aural arts are nurtured by a roving group of singers and musicians, all (like the cuisine) with a Latin flavor. They merrily function from five-thirty to eleven; on Sundays, there are, from one to nine, several perpetually travelling troupes of singers and dancers. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The music in this countinghouse parlor is strawberry jam from the piano of George Feyer, who intersperses homemade jokes among his chords. He is on duty from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sun-











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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy sort of soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A trio produces casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Time and tide operate on the Roman calendar, and the tide bears along a string ensemble that is out for a nice long evening's paddle. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a split-level living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, whose romping piano and happy-go-lucky songs (like quite a few of us civilians) went through the Volstead Act and lived to tell the tale, is quite apparent in this venerable restaurant. Lynn Richards is her alternate at the pianoforte. They take turns from six to three. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Into this Garden of Eden, awash in everything from astounding Amazons to pretty little pony ballerinas, has entered a wily and witty serpent—George Matson, whose caricatures of folly-ridden womankind are tart sauce for the goose of our species. He is amply complemented by François Szony and Nancy Claire, those far-lighter-than-air balletomanes, and by the kilted Dagenham Girl Pipers, a skirling mass of British maidens. Twice a night is the rule. Dancing. Private parties on Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Miriam Makeba, a shimmering but down-to-earth empress of folk music, is the great sounding board here. Also on hand: Bill Cosby, a humorist who knows that one word leads to another but is not always certain where to go from there, and Mongo Santamaria's band, which is on a Caribbean holiday. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The Mills Brothers, who have acquired a patina much finer than mere age can provide, wind up a pleasant visit, devoted mostly to group singing, on Wednesday, Jan. 27, and Dave Barry, whose wit occasionally has the sound of being born of desperation, departs at the same time. Next evening's principal arrival is Jimmy Durante, a more than local thunderstorm. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle, part of it done by the foursome of Erskine Hawkins. Ten to four every night is the scheme of things.

CABARETS

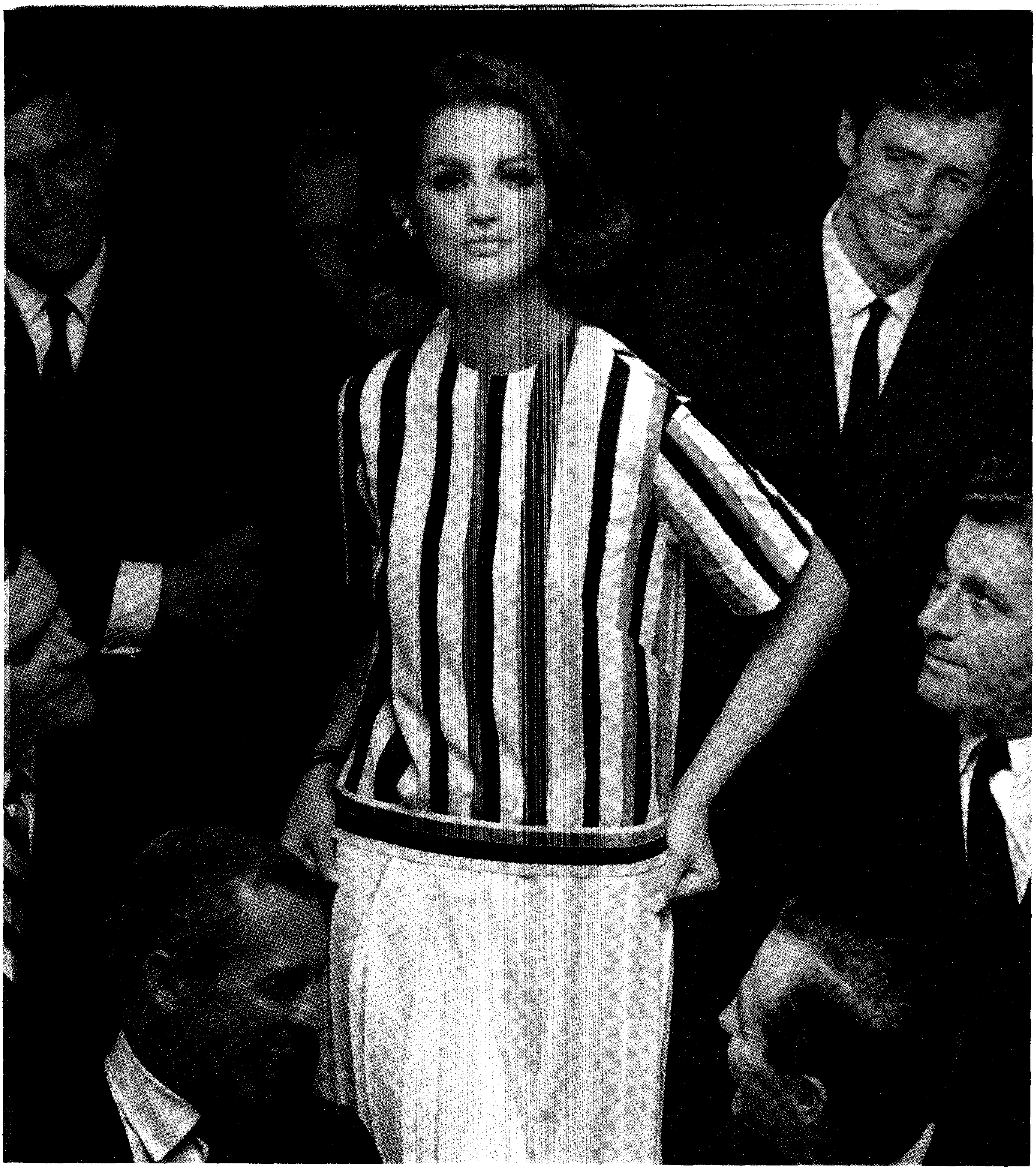
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A course in speedwriting (and also speedreading) is given, at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. The course is handled by Julius Monk's star pupils in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth, the fastest, and the funniest of this entrepreneur's series of treatises upon the world's foibles and frailties. Its Delphic language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, who turn nuance into a fine art, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, a fine set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Juan Lejido, the most recent flamenco troubadour to reach this sunny Spanish shore, is a bit of a "Mod," and his mingling of old and new is archly entertaining. The rest of the floor show is the Alba-Reyes troupe—Latin boys and girls taking to their heels, and really tromping with them. They appear at dinner and supper every night except Sunday, when there is one show at ten-thirty and also tea dancing in the afternoon. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best thing that "The Game Is Up," a miniature revue, does is to restore R. G. Brown and his keen sense of the preposterous to our night life. His principal companions are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who have their moments, too. The sketches run the gamut from fair to first-rate. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The second chapter of "Cambridge Circus," an undergraduate body transplanted from a university of the same name, is now under way—a rather young and cheery one. Half a dozen pranksters fill out the cast. It is run off at eight-thirty most of the week, and at eight-thirty and ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Mondays are dark.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The piano of Bill Evans is not always in touch with reality, but what can be wrong with that? His threesome is the main event. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays, though, are given to not very idle talks, mostly by a panel of earnest thinkers and precipitate arguers, who have at one another on the stroke of nine-fifteen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Friday and Saturday is the current work week. On Jan. 22-23, Tito Puente's bashing band of Latinos and Carmen McRae, a wily girl with a song, are in charge; on Jan. 29-30, it will be Dick Gregory, now as much prosecuting attorney as humorist, as well as Arthur Prysock, whose arias have a message for the youngest generation, and an eighteen-man band headed by Johnny Richards. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Far and away the best of the Village coffeehouses. Its specialty is folk music, about which there can be no complaints when it's done by young Mike Settle or the Bitter End Singers. (The Bitter Enders depart on Monday, Jan. 25.) The conversation, apt and ept, is the work of Jim Connell. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace forever on the verge of blasting. Assault-and-battery noise prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then a good-old-days band run by Max Kaminsky and a firebrand group run by Red Allen take the stand. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The foursome of John Coltrane blows long and hard. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The home of the hero sandwich and the most intense forms of the new jazz. Right now, Kenny Burrell's quartet is having its say, and on Friday, Jan. 22, the quintet of Cannonball Adderley, which is betwixt and between yesterday and tomorrow, takes over. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk, undefeated by his inability to operate more than three horns simultaneously, carries on at the helm of a quartet, and Jackie Byard, lately pianist to Charlie Mingus, presides over a very recent threesome. Mondays, when the regulars lay off, the Upper Bohemia Six, in which Larry Rivers is involved, exhibits its semiprofessional prowess. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The color that Mary Lou Williams, a pride and joy in the art of playing any sort of piano, flies these nights is the pink of perfection. Two sidemen do their best to keep up with her. John Bunch, the intermission pianist, also leans toward self-expression. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are the layers down of these laws. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by



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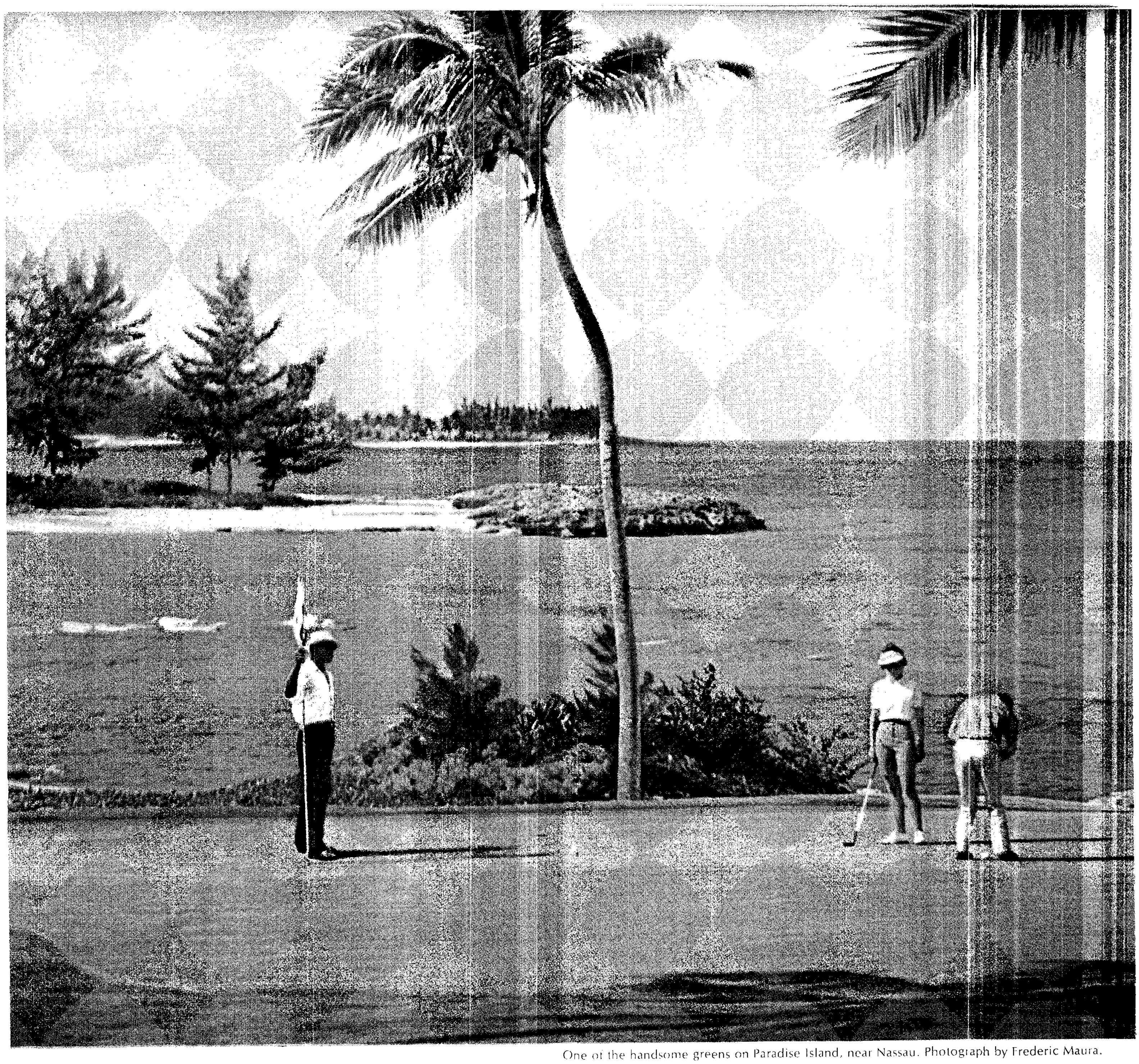

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Resort Islands of the Bahamas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko keeps changing the cast of his steeped-in-tradition band, but it is plausible that among his current crop of assistants you will find Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris is conducting a warm and rackety band (Sidney de Paris is also in it) that declares its faith in the past. Dancing every night. Closed Mondays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like mid-summer on Nantucket, and no one at the tables or on the dance floor, it would seem, is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four, and on Sundays it's given an extra Twist and turn.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ARMAN—Pop art; through Saturday, Jan, 23. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a young Spanish-American artist; through Feb. 13. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BECKMANN—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Etchings and lithographs; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

JOHN BUTTON—Paintings; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

TIM DEVERELL—Small paintings in tempera and watercolor; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

THOMAS DOWNING—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

MARCEL DUCHAMP—Paintings, readymades, and other items from the celebrated Duchamp bag of tricks; through Feb. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT FERBER—Welded-metal abstractions and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ILSE GETZ—"Women in Windows," oils and collage-paintings (1963-64); through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Greenross, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY GROSS—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

ROSEMARIE HAHN—Landscapes and cityscapes; through Feb. 5. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER, PETER SEDGLEY, AND ULFERT WILKE—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP JAMISON—Watercolors done in Maine and Pennsylvania; through Feb. 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEX KATZ—Wood cutouts; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI AND CHARLES SHEELER—Drawings and lithographs by the former and paintings in tempera on Plexiglas by the latter; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Abstract paintings by a School-of-Paris artist; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—Paintings done in Nigeria; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNAND LÉGER—Figure and still-life paintings (1920-30); through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LANDÈS LEWITIN—Semi-abstract oils, based on human and animal figures; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Oils, collages, gouaches, and drawings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Feb. 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstractions; through Feb. 13. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—Terra-cotta plaques of gods and humans; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY NOLAN—Paintings (Australian themes, Antarctica, and heads) by this Australian artist; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY PEARSON—Optical paintings and lithographs; through Feb. 6. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Oils, lithographs, drawings, and watercolors; through March 6. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER TAKAL—Drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA—Abstract paintings by the late Uruguayan artist; through Feb. 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGIT VARGA—Paintings, in her first show in eleven years; through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Three-dimensional paintings; through Feb. 6. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILFRID ZOGBAUM—Abstract metal sculptures by an artist who died very recently; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LAWYERS COLLECT—A benefit exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European artists (among them Monet, Klee, Sargent, and Marini), plus ancient art objects, from the private collections of members of the New York Bar; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their twenty-third annual, containing oils, prints, watercolors, and sculptures; through Feb. 7. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

FEDERATION OF MODERN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS—Their twenty-fourth annual, with works in a variety of styles by Arbit Blatas, Reuben Tam, Louise Nevelson, and others; through Sunday, Jan. 24. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DE NAGY,** 149 E. 72nd St.: "Shape and Structure 1965," an exhibition devoted to new directions in abstract painting and sculpture by ten new names; through Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Portraits of artists by artists—Raphael Soyer by Laura Ziegler and Jacques Lipchitz by Joseph Floch, for instance; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GALLERY 63,** 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Drawings by Stefano Cusumano, Bryon Browne, Philip Evergood, and Umberto Romano; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Optical paintings

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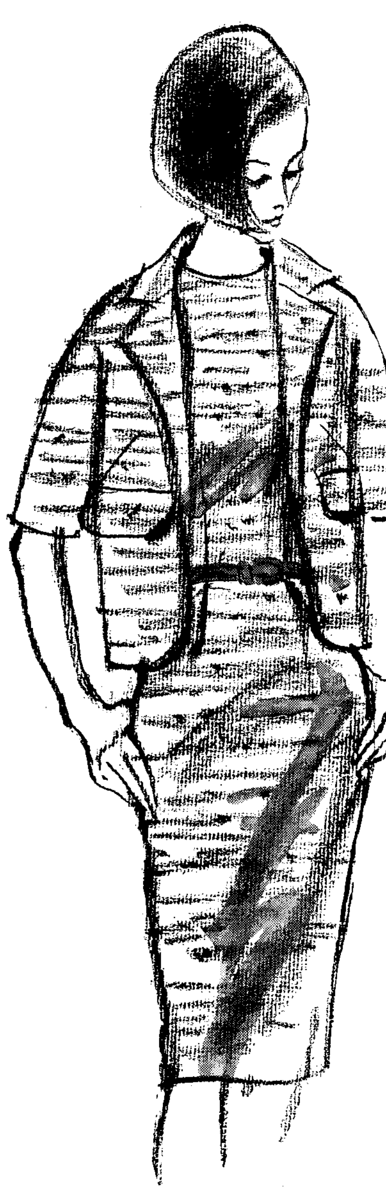

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by eleven artists, including Henry Pearson, Julian Stanczak, and Ernst Benkert; through Saturday, Jan 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by such painters as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through Feb. 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Show—Paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—The eleventh print annual, with works in various graphic mediums by fifty artists from eleven countries; through Feb. 4. (Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Closed Mondays; open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A travelling retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the German Expressionist Max Beckmann; through Jan. 31. Good complements to this exhibition are the Beckmann shows at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St., and the Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Arts of Islam and the Indian East," a new permanent installation devoted to ceramics, bronzes, miniature paintings, textile fragments, and rugs, mostly from Iran and dating back to the ninth century, together with Indian paintings and sculptures dating back to the third millennium B.C. . . . ¶ Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jewelled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Saturday, Jan. 23. . . . ¶ Paintings by Magritte, Delvaux, and five other contemporary Belgian artists; through Feb. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Two drawing exhibitions: the Drawing Society New York Regional Exhibition, including items by such present-day artists as Larry Rivers, George Biddle, and John von Wicht, and a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century pieces by Blake, Delacroix, Klimt, Giacometti, and others. Through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, paintings, and objects by eleven artists (Jim Dine, George Segal, and Claes Oldenburg, to name three) of the downtown Reuben Gallery, in existence only from 1959 to 1961; through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Art Israel: Twenty-six Painters and Sculptors," a travelling exhibit of works by contemporary Israeli artists; through Sunday, Jan. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and interiors by Richard Diebenkorn; through Feb. 21. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Fables from Aesop to Thurber," illustrated books and manuscripts; through March 11. . . . ¶ "Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1964 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, an invitation show, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and twenty-three artists, among them Alexander Calder, Costantino Nivola, and David Smith; through Jan. 31. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ingrid Bjoner, Judith Raskin, Teresa Stratas, Gladys Kriese, Geraint Evans, Gérard Souzay, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Teresa Stratas, Jess Thomas, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Mariano Caruso. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Geraint Evans, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna d'Angelo, Carlotta Ordassy, Barry Morell, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 25: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Gladys Kriese, George London, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Lili Chookasian, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Geraint Evans, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, and Mariano Caruso. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Teresa Stratas, Laurel Hurley, Nell Rankin, Janis Martin, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Morley Meredith, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Turandot," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Lucine Amara, Jess Thomas, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Mariano Caruso. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 29: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, Ettore Bastianini, Giorgio Tozzi, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Anselmo Colzani, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

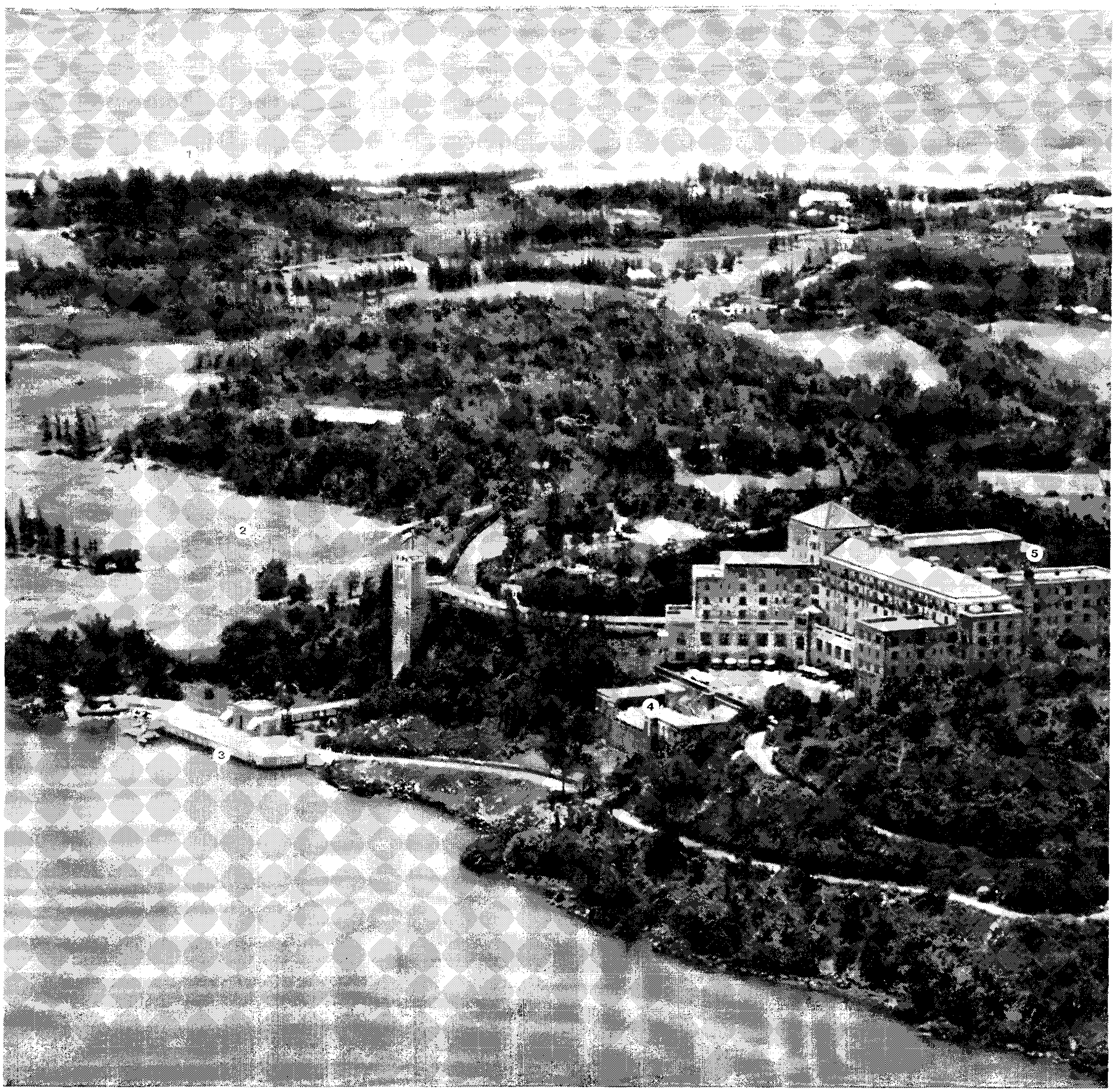
After Dinner Opera Company—A program of seven short operas, including Mark Bucci's "Sweet Betsy from Pike" and Gerald Cockshott's "Apollo and Persephone." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Opera Theater—Benefit performances of Beethoven's "Fidelio," in English. Staged by Christopher West, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra directed by Jean Morel. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Jan. 28, and Saturday, Jan. 30, both at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Schippers conducting—Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 22, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3 (all with André Watts, piano); Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28-29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin); and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30 (with Sidney Harth, violin).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting.



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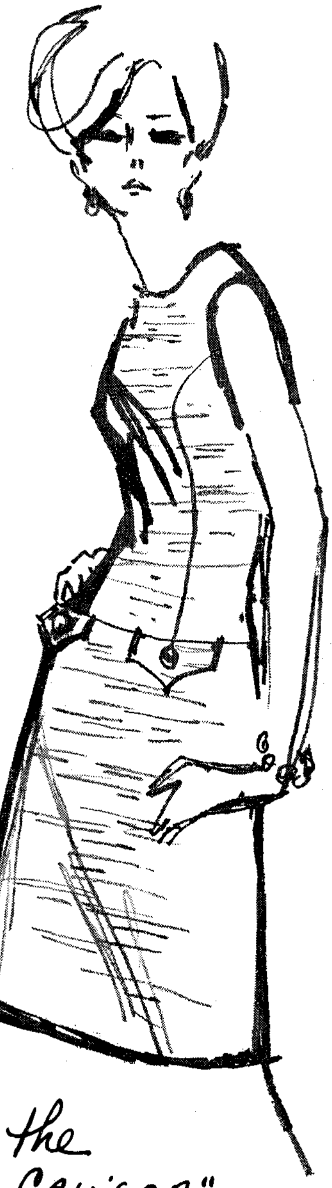

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30, with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of symphonies. *Thursday, Jan. 21: No soloists. . . .* ¶ Monday, Jan. 25: No soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26: With Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 28: With Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Sándor Kónya, tenor; Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—Haig Yaghjian conducting a benefit concert, with Hilde Somer, piano, and James Earl Jones, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30, with Alfred Brendel, piano, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30, with Anshel Brusilow, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Jonel Perlea directing fifty members of the orchestra in a benefit concert, with Lillian Fuchs, viola. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Moura Lympany, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Hartford Festival Orchestra and Chorus—Robert Brawley directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Paris Chamber Orchestra—Paul Kuentz conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Côro do Brasil—Isaac Karabtchevsky directing a Brazilian choir of twenty-four. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of music by Ludwig Senfl. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Brattleboro Music Center Chorus—Blanche Honegger Moyse directing a program of Bach cantatas, with the Brattleboro Music Center Chamber Orchestra, the Brattleboro Community Chorus, the Marlboro College Chorus, and soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 5:15.)

RECITALS

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music from Tanglewood—Gunther Schuller and Melvin Strauss conducting, with Harvey Sollberger, flute. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 5:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Paul Doktor—Viola, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with a string ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Lukas Foss—Pianist-composer, in a lecture-recital, with assisting instrumentalists. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8:40.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-65—The first in a series of five concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Harvey Sollberger, flute; and composers Otto Luening and Roger Sessions. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Stephen Manes—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Leon Fleisher and Tossy Spivakovsky—The last in a series of recitals of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—Conducted, in part, by Gunther Schuller, with Louise Budd, soprano, and others. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Music of the English Baroque—A program of music for Restoration theatre performed by John Ferrante, countertenor; the Gotham Baroque Ensemble; the Riverside Singers; and the Ars Nova Orchestra, conducted by Robert Mandell. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

New Lost City Ramblers—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Note—Dimitry Markevitch will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) *on Sunday, Jan. 31, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 25, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.*

MISCELLANY

Third-Stream Concert—Harold Farberman conducting the Orchestra U.S.A. in a jazz-classical program, with Corinne Curry, mezzo-soprano, and Sam Levenson, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 13.

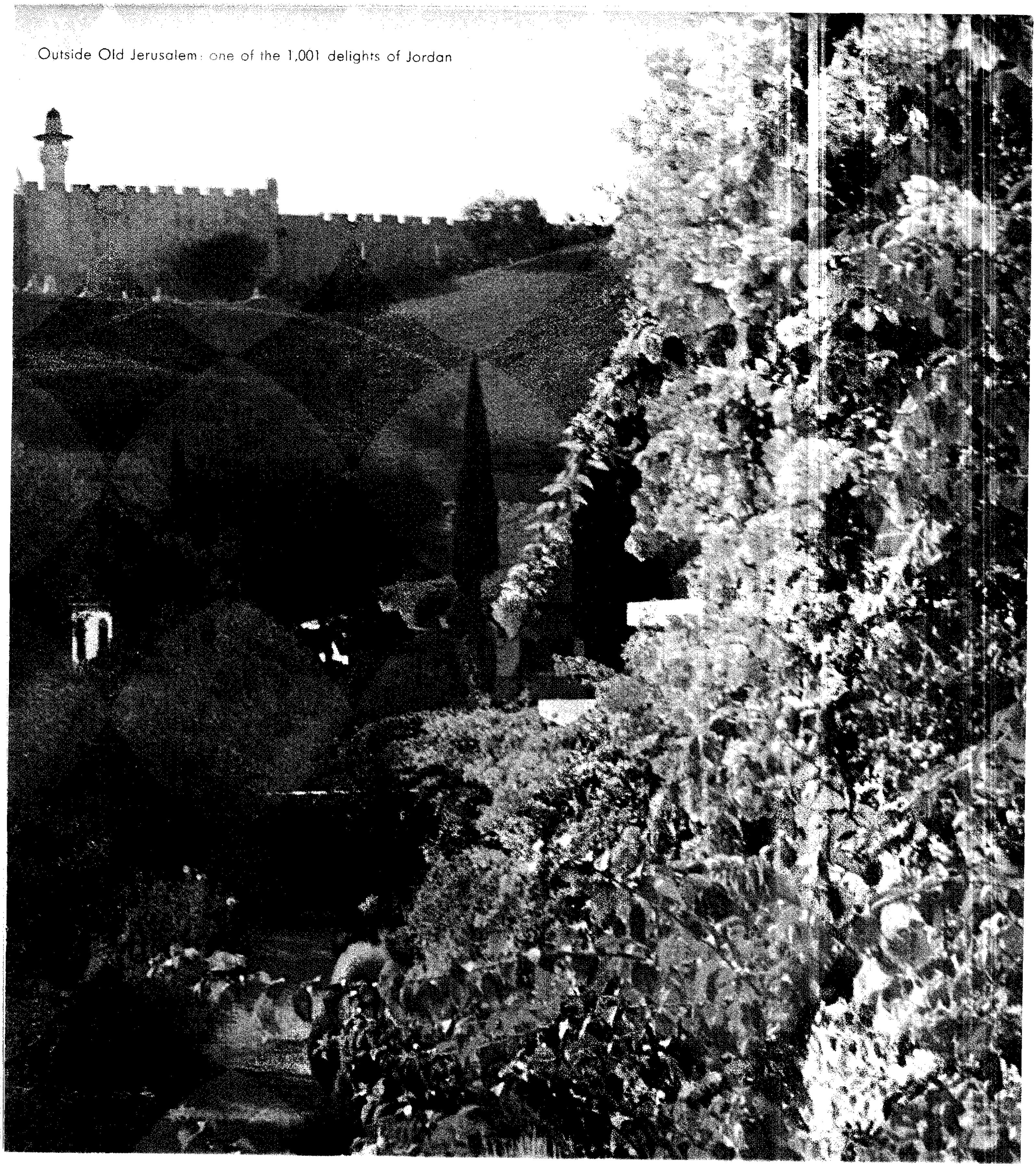
Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Aïda," with an English narration. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Concerts—By the **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Patricia Michaelian, fifteen-year-old pianist, and James Oliver Buswell IV, seventeen-year-old violinist. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 23, at noon and 2:30.) . . . **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Nelle Fisher and her dance troupe. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 11.)

Stage Shows—By the **jan hus children's theatre:** "The Impossible Princess." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 12:30 and 2.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel." Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **martinique theatre:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **musical theatre for children:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays



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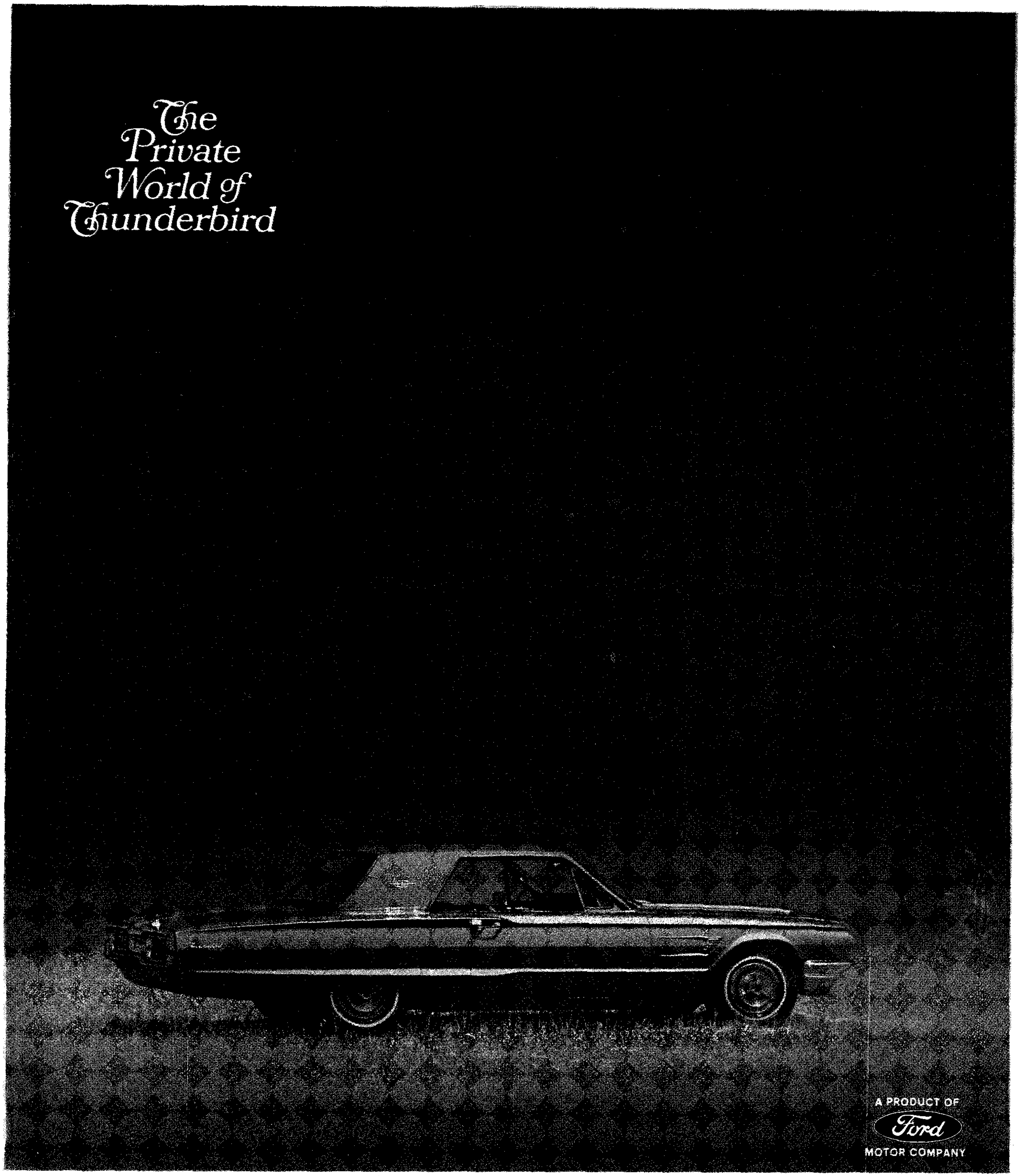
HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND



People who Thunderbird acquire a whole new approach to luxury travel. See what happens when you create a fresh new thought for the luxury field? You get America's first personal car. For more than a decade the Thunderbird idea of engineering innovation and styling that looks like speed stopped in steel has been writing automobile history. And Thunderbird continues to set new trends for 1965. Sequential Taillight Turn Signals indicate the direction you want to go – the way others will follow. Optional lights signal when fuel is low, a door is ajar. Among the many other Thunderbird extras you don't pay extra for are: power disc brakes on front wheels, the Thunderbird Special V-8, power steering, Silent-Flo ventilation (on hardtop and Landau), radio, heater, Cruise-O-Matic Drive. Explore Thunderbird's Private World at your Ford Dealer's. Discover why other cars you drive . . . this one, you Thunderbird.

Thunderbird *Unique in all the world* at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "The Prince and the Pauper." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PLAYERS THEATRE:** "Glittertind." (115 Macdougal St. 677-9911. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon." Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.) . . . **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Earth's Unending Journey." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

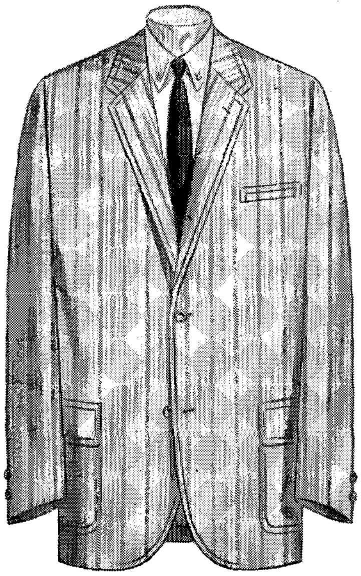
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—A fleet of some five hundred craft, plus nautical fittings and trappings to go with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 21-22, from noon to 10:30; Saturday, Jan. 23, from 10:30 to 10:30; and Sunday, Jan. 24, from 1 to 7.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—American, European, and Oriental furniture and decorations, displayed by some eighty dealers, plus several complete room settings. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, from 1 to 11; Sunday, Jan. 24, from 2 to 7; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 25-27, from 1 to 11; and Thursday, Jan. 28, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 22, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 1:45: American and English furniture and decorative objects, glass and silver, linens and laces, paintings and drawings, and Oriental and other rugs; the property of Mrs. Winthrop Dwight and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 1:45: Books and manuscripts from various sources, including the New York Times Museum of the Recorded Word. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 1:45 and 8: American paintings by such artists as Gilbert Stuart, Larry Rivers, and George Inness; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 22.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 26, tentative.)

Cartouche—This French movie is a part-time spoof and rest-of-the-time imitation of cape-and-sword romance. The humor is broad; the settings, in and around eighteenth-century Paris, are most satisfactory; and the magnetic Jean-Paul Belmondo is well cast as the leader of a band of robbers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 26.)

Girl with Green Eyes—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 26.)

Goldfinger—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 22-24.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—Married love and muddled life in Montreal, with Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 27.)

Mafioso—A funny and frightening picture about a young and reluctant Mafia member who is forced to do his elders' deadly bidding. Alberto Sordi is flawless as the young man, and so is the direction, by Alberto Lattuada. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

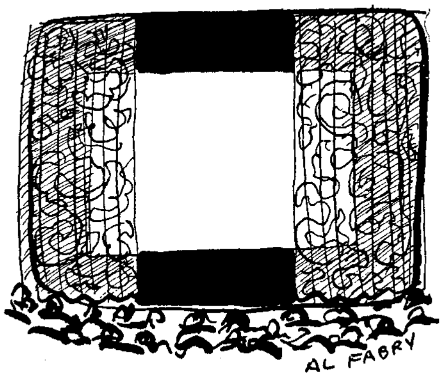
My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—A young Negro's struggle to find a place for himself in the American South, perhaps at the cost of his life. The picture, which stars Ivan Dixon, was made by Michael Roemer and Robert Young. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through the afternoon of Jan. 25. . . . ¶ New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; starting Jan. 26.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 27.)

The Organizer—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Jan. 27.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A wonderfully well-acted thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings Sundays through Fridays at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)



The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 22-24.)

Thank Heaven for Small Favors—A modest and funny French comedy about an aristocrat who robs poor boxes for a living. Bourvil is the star, and the director is Jean-Pierre Mocky. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Topkapi—A band of clever thieves (Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley) and a born bungler (Peter Ustinov) steal gems and crack jokes in old Istanbul. Directed by Jules Dassin. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 26, tentative. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Jan. 26.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123. On Monday, Jan. 25, the last showing will be at 5:50.)

World Without Sun—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 26.)

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 27.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 21.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Jan. 27.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 21.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 22-25.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 21.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 21. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 25.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 22-25.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 22-24.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 21.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 26.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 22-25.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players, under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 26.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 22-24.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 25.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Billy Wilder"—Through Jan. 23: "Stalag 17" (1953), with William Holden. . . . ¶ Jan. 24-27: "Sabrina" (1954), with Humphrey Bogart and Audrey Hepburn. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
GOLDFINGER.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Jan. 27: "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Jan. 25: "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.
From Jan. 26: **NOTHING BUT A MAN.**

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Jan. 26: "The Night Walker," Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Man in the Dark," William Sylvester.
From Jan. 27: To be announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Jan. 26: "Baby the Rain Must Fall," Steve McQueen, Lee Remick.
From Jan. 27: "Dear Brigitte," James Stewart, Fabian.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Could I but Live" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Jan. 25: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.
From Jan. 26: "How to Murder Your Wife," Jack Lemmon.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MAFIOSO (in Italian); and **THE SERVANT.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 26: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Jan. 27: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 26 (tentative): **TOPKAPI**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Jan. 27: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Jan. 25: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
From Jan. 26: **NOTHING BUT A MAN.**

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Jan. 26: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.
From Jan. 27: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and **DAVID AND LISA**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 26: "The Night Walker," Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Man in the Dark," William Sylvester.
From Jan. 27: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Blood on the Arrow," Dale Robertson, Martha Hyer.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Jan. 25: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.
From Jan. 26: "My Wife's Husband" (in French), Fernandel, Bourvil.

BARONET (EL 5-1663) and **CORONET** (EL 5-1664), 3rd Ave. at 59th.
GOLDFINGER.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through the afternoon of Jan. 25: **NOTHING BUT A MAN.**
From Jan. 25, at 8:30: "How to Murder Your Wife," Jack Lemmon. (Opening night by invitation only.)

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Jan. 21: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **HAMLET**, revival.
Jan. 22-24: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
Jan. 25: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
Jan. 26: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "Ride the High Country," revival, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
Jan. 27: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," revival, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Andy," Norman Alden.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 26: **TOPKAPI.**
From Jan. 27: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 26 (tentative): **BECKET.**
From Jan. 27 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 26: "The Night Walker," Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Man in the Dark," William Sylvester.
From Jan. 27: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Blood on the Arrow," Dale Robertson, Martha Hyer.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 26: "Baby the Rain Must Fall," Steve McQueen, Lee Remick.
From Jan. 27: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 21: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and "Rules of the Game" (both in French and both revivals).
Jan. 22-25: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** and **THE IDIOT** (both in French and both revivals).
From Jan. 26: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 26: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and **CARTOUCHE** (in French).
From Jan. 27: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "Sunday in New York," revival, Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 26: "Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.
From Jan. 27: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Jan. 25: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Jan. 26: **TOPKAPI**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 26: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "Patterns for Plunder," Mai Zetterling, Keenan Wynn.
From Jan. 27: "Baby the Rain Must Fall," Steve McQueen, Lee Remick; and "East of Sudan," Anthony Quayle, Sylvia Syms.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 26: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.
From Jan. 27: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**; and "Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.

23 CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Jan. 26: "The Night Walker," Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Man in the Dark," William Sylvester.
From Jan. 27: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Love Eterne" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French). On Monday, Jan. 25, the last showing will be at 5:50.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, WINTER LIGHT, and **THE SILENCE** (all in Swedish and all revivals).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THANK HEAVEN FOR SMALL FAVORS (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Banana Peel" (in French), Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 21: "Black Legion," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.
Jan. 22-24: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
Jan. 25-27: "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft; and "King of the Underworld," revival, Humphrey Bogart.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 26: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
From Jan. 27: "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 21: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
Jan. 22-25: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From Jan. 26: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 26: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.
From Jan. 27: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**; and "Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.

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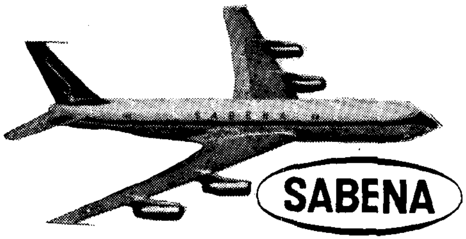

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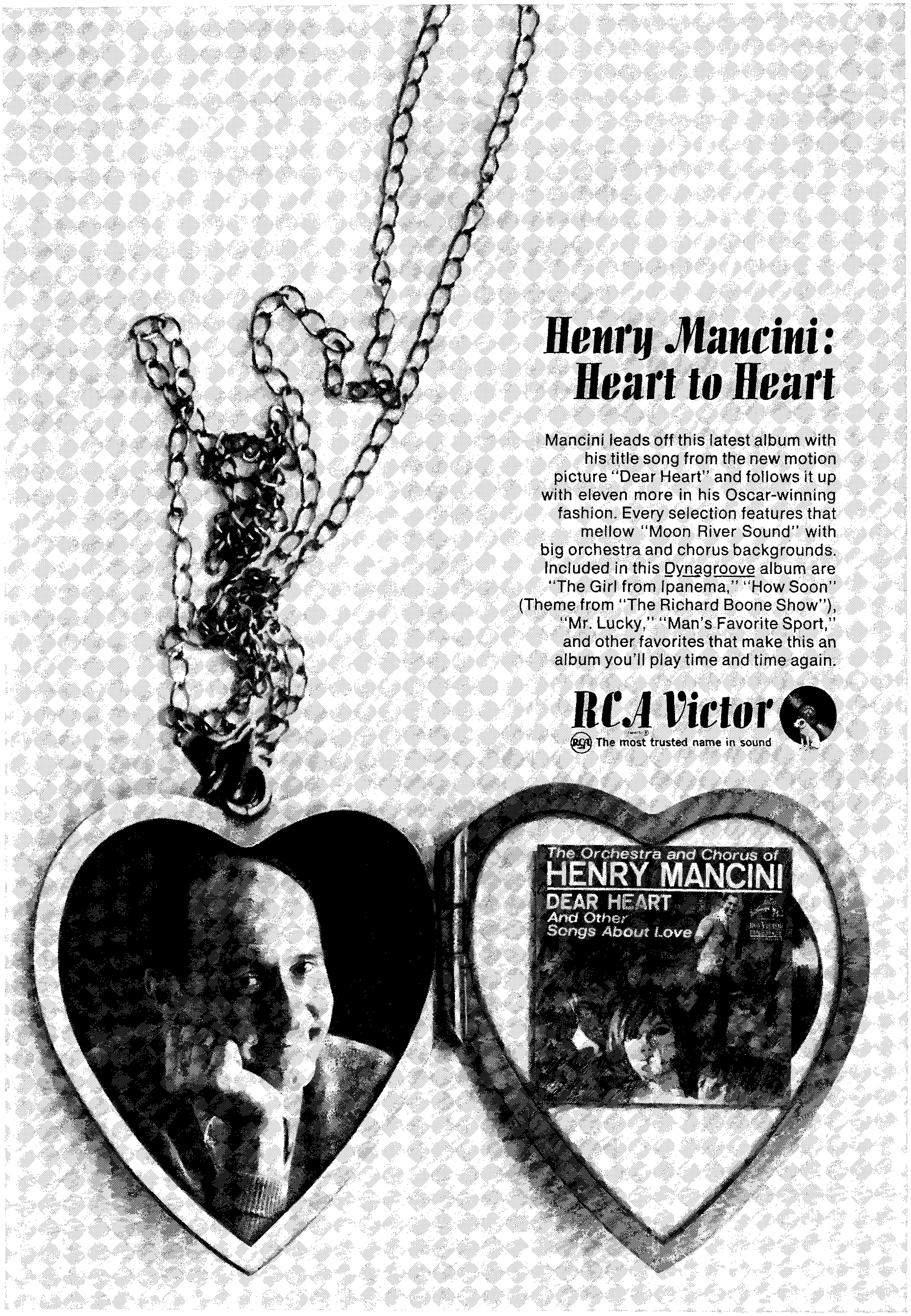
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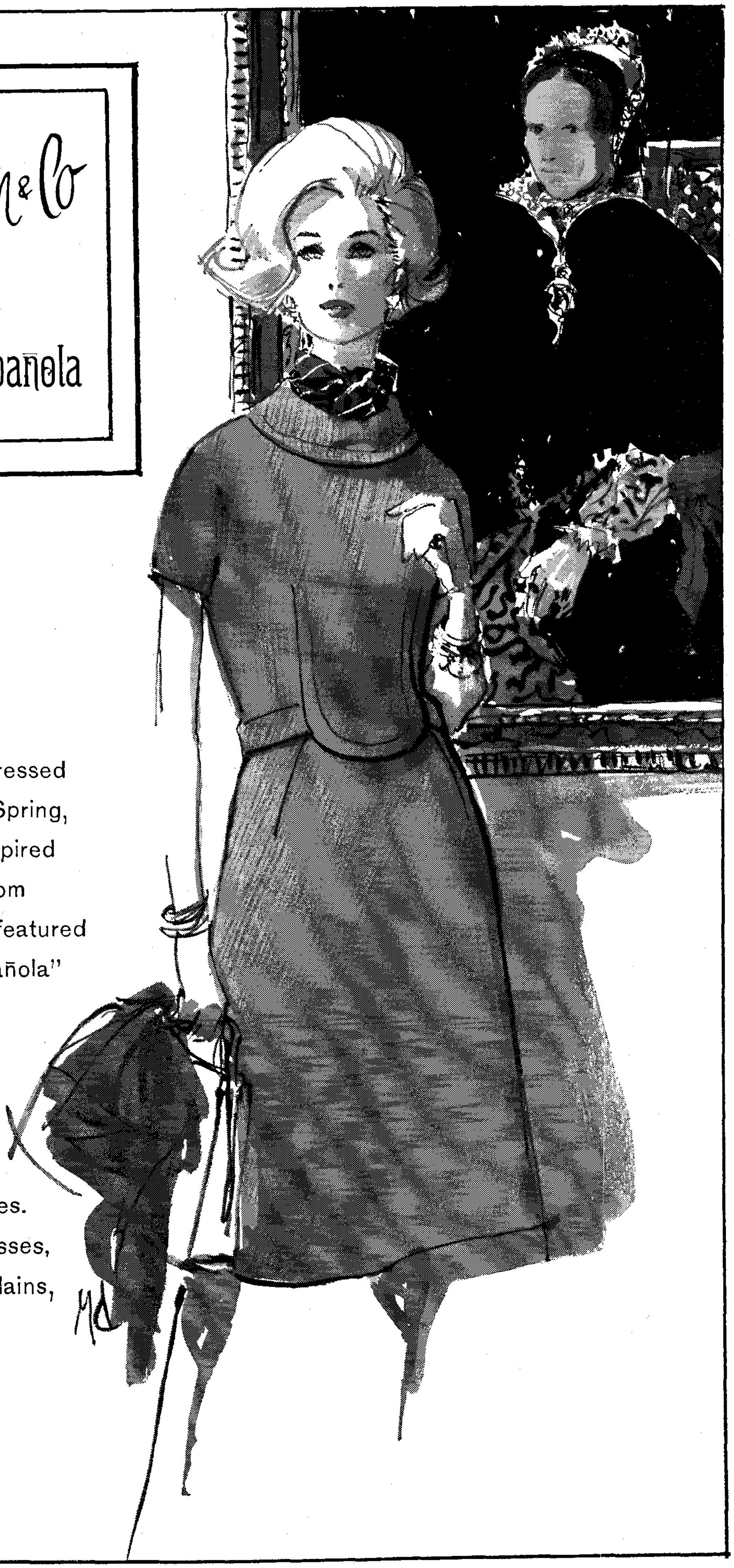

Picture yourself

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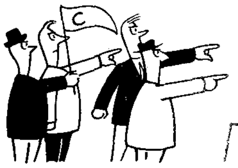
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

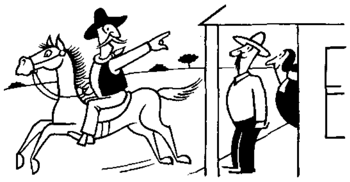
IT is enchanting what can happen to sexual attitudes in a man's lifetime. We recall a day in Ithaca in 1920 when a group of male undergraduates emerged from solemn conclave with the demand that coeds be banished from Cornell. Girls, these males said, were unhealthy creatures to have about. Some of them sapped the strength of athletes, causing the loss of games. Others deflected a student's gaze from his books. Still others were repulsive to look at and generally undesirable. Coeds would have to go, lest the Cornell male lose his manhood and the university wither and die. The *Cornell Daily Sun* dutifully published this remarkable decree but pointed out editorially that females were probably at Cornell to stay—they were written right into the Charter. Now, some forty-five years later, we learn that Princeton youths are suffering from a deep spiritual malaise: no girls. The *Daily Princetonian* has described the undergraduate's experience as an unhealthy one that is "based on a fundamental divorce between his intellectual and social lives." President Goheen, said the editorialist, "does not seem to understand the profound unhealthiness of the Princeton undergraduate's social life with women. . . . Coeducation is the solution." Well, there you have it—sex on campus gone full circle right in our lifetime. The one constant in the academic picture is that students are always undergoing a charming turbulence of mind and body; they are sure something is profoundly wrong with their lot—something the president is, by his very nature, incapable of comprehending.



WE sent our bank a tidy sum the other day, in the form of a check to be deposited to our checking account. But the manner in which we performed this generous act seems to have been offensive to the bank, for we got a rather sharp note in return, taking us to task for using the wrong kind of mail-deposit envelope. We had used the old gray envelope, which we like, instead of the new peekaboo-envelope-with-carbon-paper ensemble, which the bank's automation machine lusts after, and which we don't much care for. Clearly, the bank placed the convenience and the appetite of its machine ahead of the convenience (or at any rate the whim) of its depositor. This is a bad state for a bank to get into, and the incident has caused us to reappraise our whole position vis-à-vis banking. Yesterday, on entering our bedroom, we found the covers thrown back from the bed, preparatory to a change of sheets; the mattress lay revealed in all its friendliness and pliancy. Our gaze lingered there for a surprisingly long while.

Ancestors

WE make a practice of glancing back over the ancestry of our newly inaugurated Presidents, who often turn out to have some very unusual combinations of cousins up their family trees. President Johnson is one who has, being distantly related to such seemingly unconnectable parties as Ross Barnett, the former Governor of Mississippi, and John Albert Edward William Spencer-Churchill, the tenth Duke of Marlborough. The ancestor that the Governor and the President have in common is Nathan Barnett (1729-98), a Virginian who settled in Greene County, Georgia, in 1768, and presently fought in the Revolution. Governor Barnett is descended from Nathan's second son, Mial, while President Johnson is descended from one of Mial's brothers—either Nathan, Jr., the eldest, or Leonard, the youngest, depending on which genealogist you prefer to follow. In 1817, Lucy Webb Barnett, daughter of either Nathan, Jr., or Leonard, married a Georgia neighbor named Jesse Johnson, and in 1846 the couple moved on to Lockhart, Texas, with eight of their ten children and several slaves. Their youngest son, Samuel Ealy Johnson (1838-1915), was the President's grandfather. According to family tradition, when Lyndon Baines Johnson was born, in 1908, old Sam Ealy saddled a horse and rode around to several neighboring ranches to proclaim that the Johnsons had just produced a United States senator. Few grandfathers call the turn so neatly.



The President and the Duke of Marlborough are related through the Duke's mother, Mrs. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, who died on Long Island last month, at the age of eighty-eight. Mrs. Balsan and the President had as a common ancestor one Robert Desha, a Revolutionary War veteran of Huguenot stock, who settled on his soldier's grant of six hundred and forty acres in Sumner County, Tennessee, about 1782. Robert died a rich man in 1816, leaving a widow and twelve children, two of whom became figures of national importance. Joseph, Robert's eldest son, served in the War of 1812 as a major general, represented Kentucky in Congress for several terms, and was elected governor of the state in 1824. The namesake and third son of the founding Robert served in the War of 1812 as a major, represented Tennessee in Congress, and became a prosperous merchant in Mobile, Alabama. His daughter Phoebe Ann married a doctor and cotton planter named Murray Forbes Smith, and in 1874 their daughter Alva Erskine Smith married William Kissam Vanderbilt. Twenty-one years later, the formidable Mrs. Vanderbilt, later to become Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, caused her daughter Consuelo to marry the ninth Duke of Marlborough. An earlier Phoebe Ann, one of the youngest of the first Robert's twelve children, married Joseph Robert Bunton, in Sumner County, Tennessee, about 1804 and produced eight children. When her husband died, in the eighteen-forties, she sold the family homestead and, with a wagon train of goods and a number of slaves, set out to join one of her sons, John Wheeler Bunton, in Texas. The other Bunton children followed her West and settled in the area around Austin, the last to arrive being Robert Holmes Bunton, who built a home in Caldwell County in 1858. Robert's daughter Eliza, described as "a tall woman with raven hair, piercing black eyes, and magnolia-white skin," married young Samuel Ealy Johnson and became the President's grandmother. The President's great-granduncle John Wheeler Bunton is a famous Texas figure; he signed the Texas Declaration of Independence in 1836, fought in the Battle of San Jacinto, and had a wife who was admired throughout the state for her accomplishments as a musician and a crack shot.

As for the Johnson side of the family, it has been traced back to one John Johnson, a Revolutionary War veteran who lived in Oglethorpe County, Georgia, in 1795. It was his son Jesse who married Lucy Webb Barnett and his grandson Sam who married Eliza Bunton. In the decades after the Civil War, Sam and his brother Tom were the largest trail drivers in the seven counties west of Austin; the two brothers grazed herds of cattle along the Pedernales River (on the site of the present LBJ Ranch and Johnson City) and drove them north to markets in Kansas and Montana. Samuel Ealy Johnson, Jr., the President's father, remained on the family acres and became a considerable power in state politics. In 1904, he was elected to the Texas legislature, and three years later he married a Baylor University graduate named Rebekah Baines, who happened to be the daughter of his legislative predecessor.

The Baineses go back to George Baines, a resident of Edenton, North Carolina, in the seventeen-sixties. George, a surveyor and planter, took care to register in the county records the birth date of each of his eleven children. His youngest son, Thomas Baines, was a pioneer Baptist preacher in Alabama; his grandson George Washington Baines, also a preacher, organized a number of churches in Texas, in 1852 founded the first Baptist newspaper in the state, and in 1861 served a brief term as president of Baylor University. His son Joseph Wilson Baines, President Johnson's grandfather, taught school, practiced law, and founded the McKinney *Advocate*, a newspaper influential in northeastern Texas. In the eighteen-nineties, Joseph Wilson suffered what used to be called "financial reverses" and moved south to Fredericksburg, where his daughter Rebekah met and married the second Sam.

Sam and Rebekah Johnson's first child, a boy, was born on August 27, 1908, on the Johnson ranch. For three months, the Johnsons were unable to decide on a first name for their son. Mr. Johnson proposed the names Clarence and Dayton, both of which the mother vetoed. He then proposed Linden, the name of a family friend. Mrs. Johnson said that she would accept Linden, provided she might spell it, for aesthetic reasons, Lyndon, and so the thirty-sixth President of the United States got a name.

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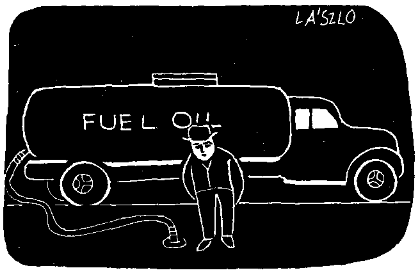
LISTED in a recent issue of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences historical journal *Voprosy Istorii* (*Problems of History*), in a section entitled "Novye Knigi" ("New Books"): "DiMaggio, J. P., 'Lucky to Be a Yankee.' "

Member for Barking

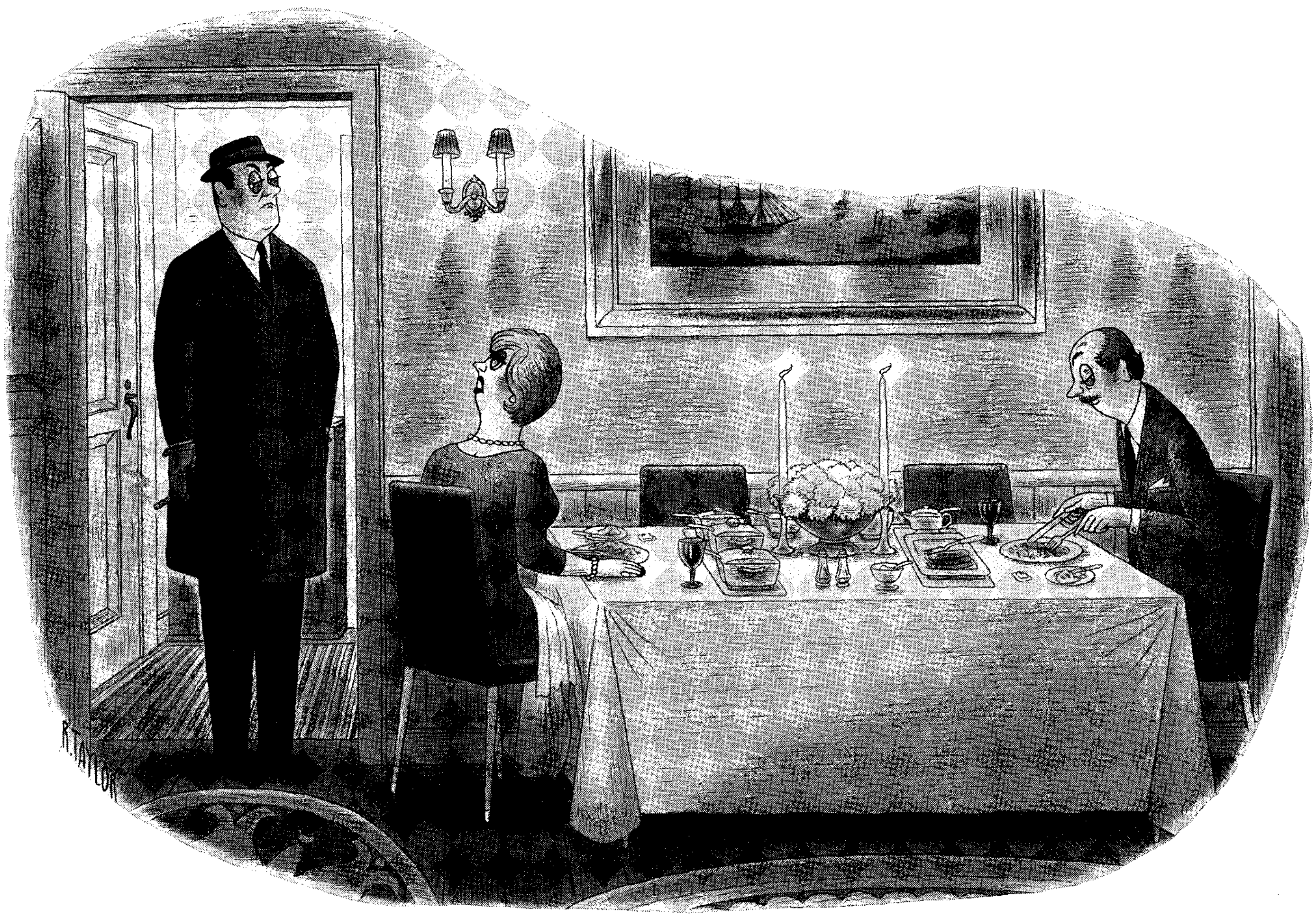
UPON hearing that Tom Driberg, Labour Member of Parliament for Barking and a former chairman of his party, was in town, staying at the apartment of Lord Caradon, British Permanent Representative to the United Nations, we rang up, and received an invitation to tea. Mr. Driberg, we learned meanwhile, is the author of a biography of Lord Beaverbrook, which his subject didn't like, and of a book on the Moral Re-Armament group, which has just been published in this country, and which his subject will not like; he is quite far left; and he is a devotee of and an expert on hymns. When we arrived at the apartment, we found Mr. Driberg in a large reception room furnished with satin-upholstered overstuffed chairs and sofas. A sizable radio was playing a post-Beatle work. Mr. Driberg, who is tall, graying, and broad-browed, rose from beside a low coffee table, where he had been writing, and we saw that he was wearing a green plaid shirt, a tan cardigan, baggy trousers, blue socks, and no shoes.



"I wish one could get more music and less talking," Mr. Driberg said after we had sat down and he had got up again to turn off the radio. "We do have d.j.s in Britain, but they're fairly strictly controlled. Do you know a song called 'The House of the Rising Sun'? A British group called the Animals sing it. It used to be quite a nice folk song about a brothel, and they've made it a song about a gambling casino. Excessive puritanism is one of the worst features of English life. I've fought many battles against it, in government and out. It's one of the most unpleasant things about M.R.-A. I'm here because of my book 'The Mystery of Moral Re-Armament' and because Parliament is in recess. I've written other books, but my living is made as a journalist. Most members of Parliament have jobs. We used to be paid one thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds. We've just raised that figure to three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, or about nine thousand dollars, out of which one pays all one's expenses. Of course, there was a lot of indignation. I shall go to Washington to get an idea of your new government and a story for my newspaper, the *Sunday Citizen*, which is the only Labour Sunday paper."

A manservant entered with a tray of tea things, and Mr. Driberg said, "Set it down there." He asked us, "Do you like milk in first or tea in first? You know, putting milk in the cup first is a working-class custom, and tea first is not." We said we'd just like lemon, and, having given us a cup, he poured tea in his own cup and added some milk. We asked how he happened to be in the Labour Party.

"I was always a Socialist, though I was first elected to Parliament as an independent," he said. "That was during the war, when there was a party



"George, I've warned you over and over that you'd be late for dinner once too often. You've been replaced."

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truce. My father was in the Civil Service in India, and was of Dutch ancestry; my mother was a Scot, from Dumfriesshire. I was born after they retired to England, and I had two much older brothers. I went to a public school, Lancing, which has a rather strong church tradition. Evelyn Waugh was there and has given a very good description of it in his autobiography; there are bits in it about me, as an awful, priggish little schoolboy. I won a scholarship in classics at Christ Church, Oxford. There, alas, I did no work at all, academically—a cause of grief to my tutor, since I was a Scholar. I remember my first interview with my tutor. Christ Church was very rich, and had a lot of hunting people as undergraduates. One of them put his head in the door of the tutor's rooms and said, 'Oh, by the way, I thought I'd let you know. I shan't be coming to any tutorials, as I've managed to get four days of hunting.' I became very political. While I was at Oxford, there was the Socialist General Strike of 1926, when most of the students scabbed—drove cabs and the like—for it really was a *general* strike. A few, like Hugh Gaitskell and me, went to London and helped the strikers. I was arrested for distributing pamphlets, interrogated, released, and followed by the police. My brother, with whom I stayed—he lived in Portland Place—and his wife, who was very socially conscious, were furious at seeing a cop in plain clothes watching their house. As a result of all that, even though I sobered and became an orthodox member of the Labour Party, I have trouble, thanks to the McCarran Act, getting a visa every time I try to enter this country. I was a war correspondent during the war. After the war, when the coalition government ended, I was returned to Parliament by the Labour Party, and except for four years, when I wanted to get back to my own job and see the world and pay a few debts, I've been there ever since."

We asked what Mr. Driberg and his Party would be doing now.

"Well, we'll have pension increases and bills to protect tenants," he said. "In England, though not in this country, it does make a difference which party is in power. The Conservatives really want to protect landlords from tenants. We're now repealing the rent act they passed. There will be a new initiative for disarmament; there is, in effect, a Minister of Disarmament now, though, of course, he is not called that but, rather, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs—Lord Chalfont, the former Alun Gwynne Jones, who was defense correspondent for the *Times*. And I think Wilson has done well to give the Permanent Representative to the U.N., my host here, Sir Hugh Foot—Lord Caradon—Ministerial rank."

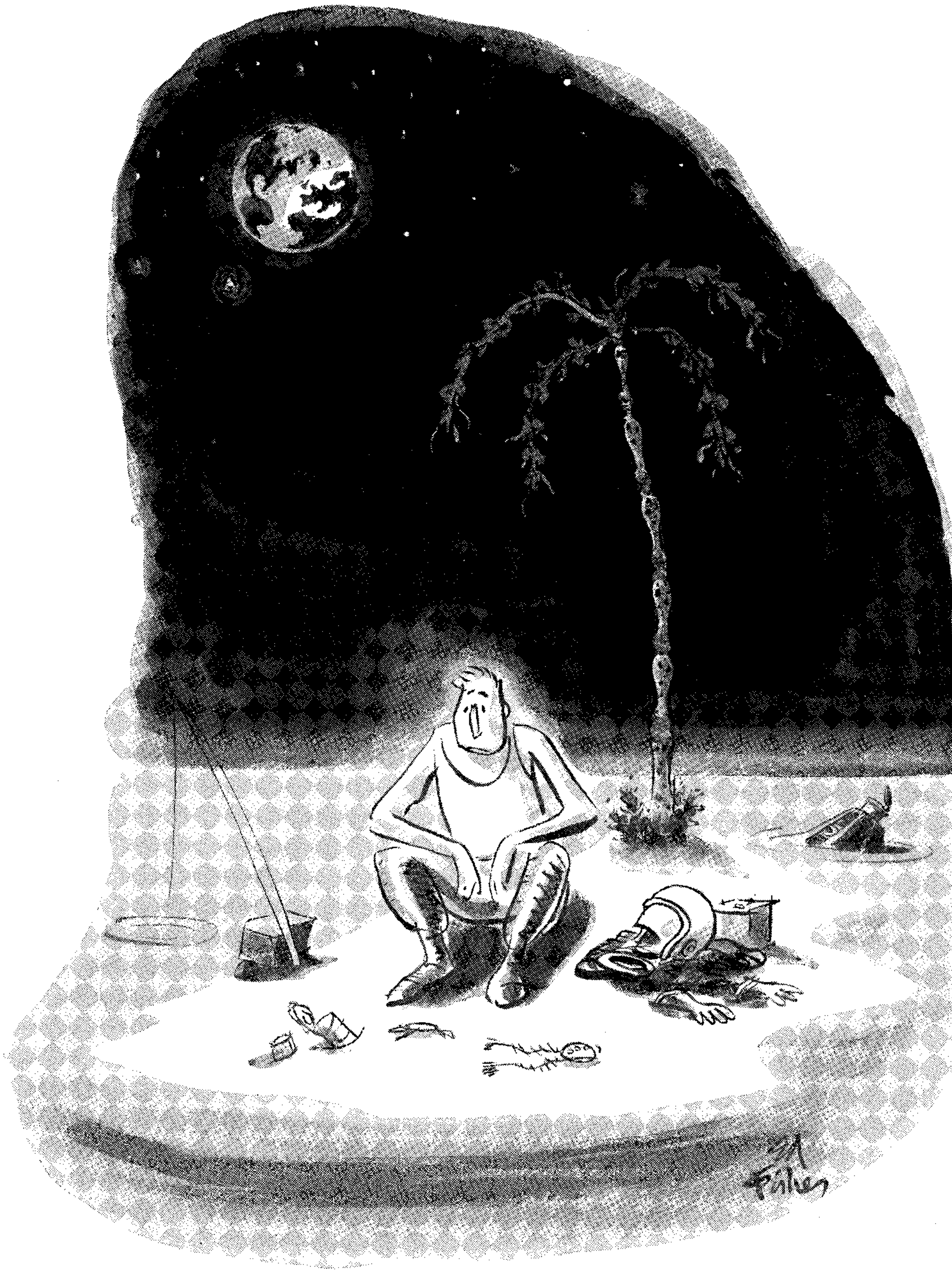
Mr. Driberg paused, and then continued, "One thing I've been trying to do something about is this appalling apartment. I've just written a ten-page memorandum about it for Lady Caradon. Of course, it's the Ministry of Public Building and Works that does these things. All those awful overstuffed chairs!" He waved an arm, and then rose and walked about the room. "Here," he said, stopping before a dark landscape in a tall panel between two windows, "you should have an upright picture, filling the entire panel, and light in tone, because it's between the windows. This painting has been very badly cleaned. That one—'Tintern Abbey'—is the sort of picture you hang by the back stairs. And all these boring Lely portraits! Clearly just things the British Museum didn't want. There could be *something* in that little alcove. In part, this apartment should be a show place for the country, and one of the arts in which Britain has excelled in this century is sculpture. There's no sculpture in this apartment. There could be a piece in the hall, which people would see as they walk in. That is a very nice clock, but it's lost between two doors like that. There could be a stand with one of Epstein's heads there. He was quite a good sculptor, though quite representational."

Mr. Driberg sat down again. "Of course, all this was done under the last government," he said. "It takes a while to change things. One of my strongest interests is colonial problems. I called on the Indonesian Ambassador to the U.N. before he went home. He is an old friend—when Indonesia was getting its independence, I was able to put some pressure on the Dutch—and a good man, but I couldn't affect *him*. He said some most extraordinary things: that he hoped the British would leave Singapore, and that even if the Chinese should then take over, his country would be freer, as a sort of Eastern Yugoslavia—'*They*'re free,' he said—than it is now."

A trim man in a double-breasted blue pin-stripe suit strode into the room. Mr. Driberg said nothing, and the man said to us, "Hugh Foot."

"Sorry, Hugh. I still have difficulty remembering your new name," said Mr. Driberg.

"I have difficulty remembering it myself," Lord Caradon said. "I have to go right out to dinner. An hour's drive. Ambassadors shouldn't live so far away." He strode out. We soon followed.



Mea Culpa

WE think there may be hope for the suburban fifth-grader who wrote the following as a punishment assignment:

> I must not talk in school because it is a serious offense against the teacher. I don't want to be suspended or expelled because I like St. Patrick's. I like the boys and girls in the first grade, in the second grade, in the third grade, in the fourth grade, in the fifth grade, in the sixth grade, and espeshally in the seventh and eighth grades. I like most of the members of the football team, and most of the members of the basketball team. I should not talk in school because it will inter fear with my future life. I may find my self robbing, prowling, or even murdering in my future life. By learning to be good and obey my teacher, I won't find myself murdering, stealing or prowling. History is full of examples of men who did not obey in their young lives. I do not want to be a disgrace to my city, or state, or maybe even country. That would not be nice and my friends would not like me, I'm sure. So I will try to be good and pay attention and do all my work. I will try not to talk, and I will try not to shoot rubberbands and I will try not to even hold any rubberbands in my hands.

Zoo Party

WHAT are known as "Special Exhibits in the Foyer" have long been a lively feature of the New York Zoological Society's annual members' meeting; this year, taking advantage of the fact that the foyer of the New York Hilton's Grand Ballroom, where the fixture was held last week, is bigger than the ballroom foyer at the Waldorf, where it used to be held, this sideshow was livelier than ever. Pushing our way into it through throngs of members, we gazed first at three young women who were holding up and identifying two macaque monkeys and a Malayan wood owl. "See the lady handle the big tame owl. He sits there so beautifully," a woman at our elbow said. A moment later, the animal ladies whisked their exhibits out of sight under a counter and came up with three more—two hedgehogs and a skunk.

Shoved by the milling crowd, we found an opening and gained a cage, relatively in the clear, that contained a large, furry beast with an extremely bushy tail, which we identified, thanks to a label, as a Malayan binturong. "Malaya is so hot you wouldn't think a binturong would have so much fur," said a lady whom we identified, thanks to prior acquaintance, as Mrs. Sherman Haight.

"It's omnivorous," said a uniformed keeper stationed in front of the cage. "Its eyes are large because it's nocturnal. It's related to the civet and the mongoose. It has needlelike teeth, like the civet. It's always using that nose—always sniffing around. Note its prehensile tail."

"Is it happy here?" a man asked.

"Perfectly happy," said the keeper. "All it wants is to be let alone."

We pressed on, past a Guatemalan opossum, to a pair of African mona monkeys, the size of squirrels; one was scratching its stomach.

"Look at that monkey showing off," a woman said.

"Repulsive! I don't like to think of it," said another.

We took in an Aquarium display of electric eels, butterfly fish, and other specimens, and a jewellike aviary display of paradise tanagers, an Eastern cock of the rock, and a Malayan fairy bluebird, and made our way to an Indian python, who was lying right out in the open, on a table. Four men were presiding over him, stroking him intermittently; two were in keepers' uniforms, one wore a dark-blue suit and a white carnation, and the fourth wore a dinner coat and a carnation. William G. Conway, the Bronx Zoo's director, whom we were providentially crushed up against at this point, identified the boutonnièred pair as Stephen Spencook and Dr. Herndon Dowling, head keeper and curator, respectively, of reptiles, and observed that their charge was fourteen feet long and weighed a hundred and fifteen pounds.

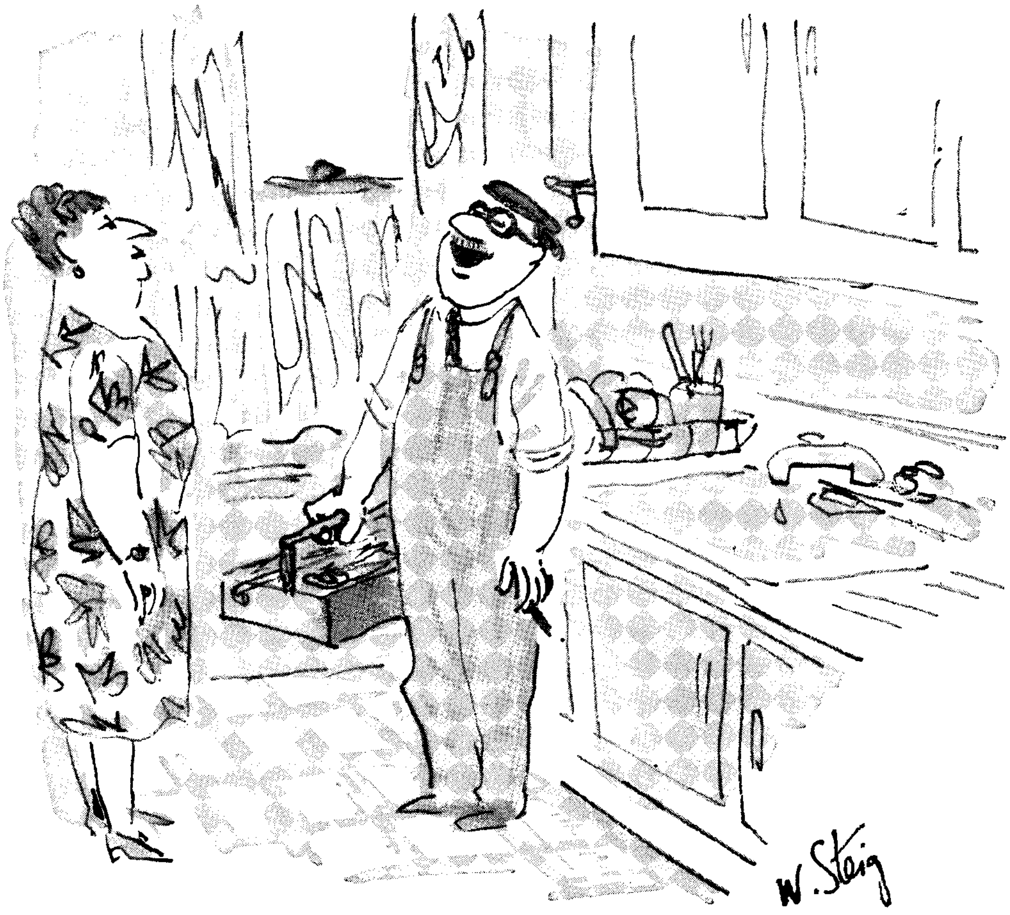
"Why is he so quiet? Have you given him something?" a woman asked Mr. Spencook.

He shook his head. "He's quiet because it's cool here and he has no place to go," he said. "If it were fifteen degrees warmer, he'd be more active. It's seventy-five degrees; he'd really like it to be ninety. He is ten years old and still growing; he was hatched in the Bronx. We had him in the Waldorf a few years ago, but he has never left New York. We take him out of his cage for school kids, especially blind children. They like to stroke him."

We went into the ballroom and, steered by Mr. Conway, perched ourself in a balcony along with the John Tee-Vans, the James A. Olivers, Jean Delacour, and other human dignitaries of the animal kingdom. Down on the apron of the stage, President Fairfield Osborn reported that the Society had already raised seven million two hundred and forty thousand dollars in its ten-million-dollar fund drive, and said, "We're helping the national parks in Tanzania, Kenya, and Uganda. We hear a great many horror stories about the end of all wildlife, but I don't think it will be that way. The African governments will protect the parks, because tourism is the third-largest asset of their countries and they know it."

Movies of recent Zoo activities followed—we particularly enjoyed "Above and Below the Sea Ice of Antarctica," in which the Weddell seal was spied on from a sub-ice observation chamber—and on our way out we stopped to say good night to the Indian python. His curator had departed, but his three other guardians were still there, stroking their quiescent pet. "We're taking him and the other exhibits back to the Zoo in a few minutes," Mr. Spencook said.

We called up Mr. Conway the next morning and learned that the exhibits had all got home safely, in hired moving vans, by 1:30 A.M., among them a second python—a nineteen-foot, hundred-and-thirty-eight-pound reticulated python. We had missed him in the Society's membership explosion, which added nine hundred and eighty-two animal lovers in 1964, bringing the total to fifty-two hundred and twenty-three. "I hope you weren't disappointed in the Malayan binturong," Mr. C. said. "We'd had him in an activity-reversal cage, with red lights, in order to keep him awake here during the day, so he was a little lethargic last night."



"Labor omnia vincit."

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Adjustment

A FRIEND of ours overheard the following conversation in the women's-winter-sportswear department of Abercrombie & Fitch, between a well-appointed redhead and a pipe-smoking acquaintance she had just bumped into:

ACQUAINTANCE: "Why, hello, there, Marjorie! What are you doing here? I didn't know you were a skier type."

REDHEAD: "Well, I'm not, really, but Bob is taking me with him to Chile for a few weeks, and I thought I ought to get some nice new ski clothes. They're very big on skiing down there."

ACQUAINTANCE: "But didn't Bob tell you that at this time of year it's like July in Chile? I mean, their summer is our winter—and vice versa."

REDHEAD: "Really? He didn't say a word. Well, I'd better go right downstairs to beachwear."

A HORSE AND TWO GOATS

THE village was so small that it found no mention in any atlas. On the local survey map it was indicated by a tiny dot. It was called Kiritam, which in the Tamil language means "crown" (preferably diamond-studded)—a rather gorgeous conception, readily explained by any local enthusiast convinced beyond doubt that this part of India is the apex of the world. In proof thereof, he could, until quite recently, point in the direction of a massive guardian at the portals of the village, in the shape of a horse molded out of clay, baked, burnt, and brightly colored. The horse reared his head proudly, prancing, with his forelegs in the air and his tail looped up with a flourish. Beside the horse stood a warrior with scythelike mustachios, bulging eyes, and an aquiline nose. The image-makers of old had made the eyes bulge out when they wished to indicate a man of strength, just as the beads around the warrior's neck were meant to show his wealth. Blobs of mud now, before the ravages of sun and rain they had had the sparkle of emerald, ruby, and diamond. The big horse looked mottled, but at one time it was white as a dhobi-washed sheet, its back enveloped in a checkered brocade of pure red and black. The lance in the grip of the warrior had been covered with bands of gay color, and the multicolored sash around his waist contrasted with every other color in these surroundings. This statue, like scores of similar ones scattered along the countryside, was forgotten and unnoticed, with lantana and cactus growing around it. Even the youthful vandals of the village left the statue alone, hardly aware of its existence. On this particular day, an old man was drowsing in the shade of a nearby cactus and watching a pair of goats graze in this arid soil; he was waiting for the sight of a green bus lumbering down the hill road in the evening, which would be the signal for him to start back home, and he was disturbed prematurely by the arrival of a motorist, who jammed on his brakes at the sight of the statue, and got out of his car, and went up to the mud horse.

"Marvellous!" he cried, pacing slowly around the statue. His face was sunburned and red. He wore a khaki-colored shirt and shorts. Noticing the old man's presence, he said politely in English, "How do you do?"

The old man replied in pure Tamil, his only means of communication, "My name is Muni, and the two goats are mine and mine only; no one can gainsay it, although the village is full of people ready to slander a man."

The red-faced man rested his eyes for a moment in the direction of the goats and the rocks, took out a cigarette, and asked, "Do you smoke?"

"I never even heard of it until yesterday," the old man replied nervously, guessing that he was being questioned about a murder in the neighborhood by this police officer from the government, as his khaki dress indicated.

The red-faced man said, "I come from New York. Have you heard of it? Have you heard of America?"

The old man would have understood the word "America" (though not "New York") if the name had been pronounced as he knew it—"Ah Meh Rikya"—but the red-faced man pronounced it very differently, and the old man did not know what it meant. He said respectfully, "Bad characters everywhere these days. The cinema has spoiled the people and taught them how to do evil things. In these days anything may happen."

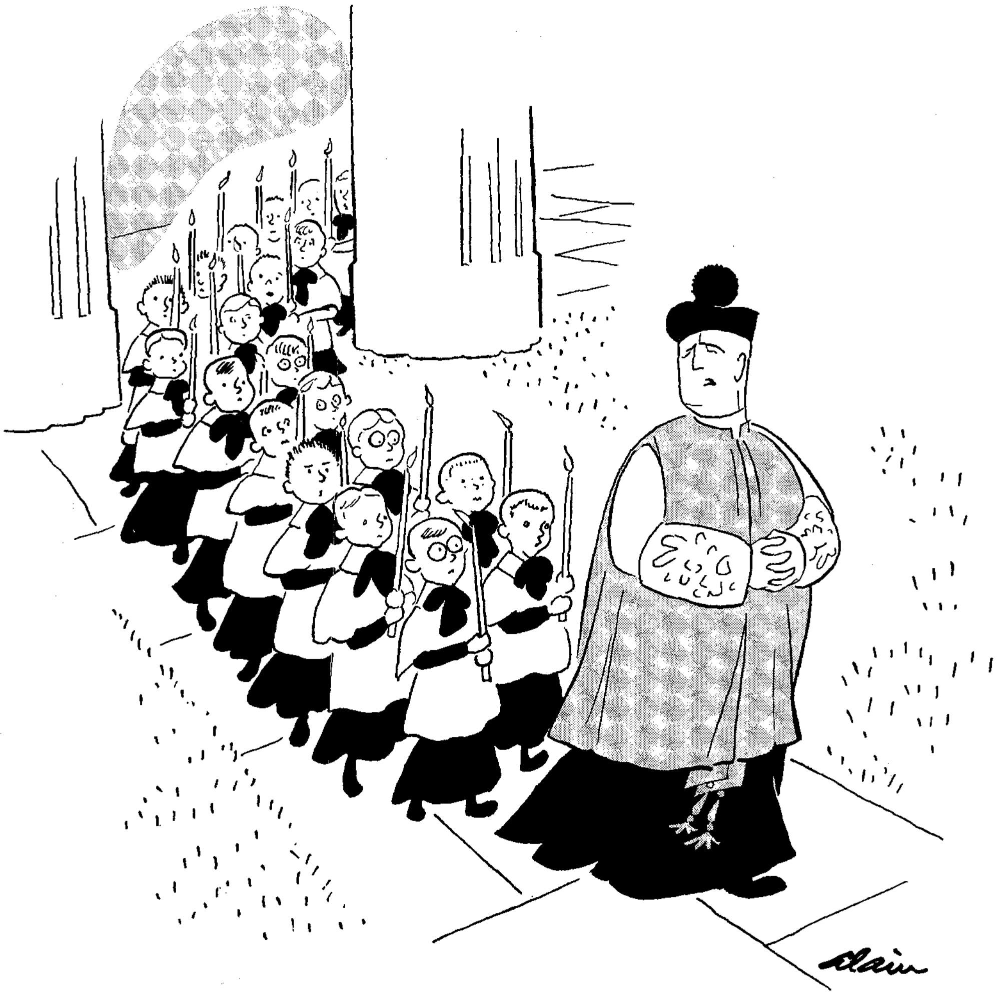
"I am sure you must know when this horse was made," said the red-faced man, and smiled ingratiatingly.

The old man reacted to the relaxed atmosphere by smiling himself, and pleaded, "Please go away, sir. I know nothing. I promise I will hold him for you if I see any bad character around, but our village has always had a clean record. Must be the other village."

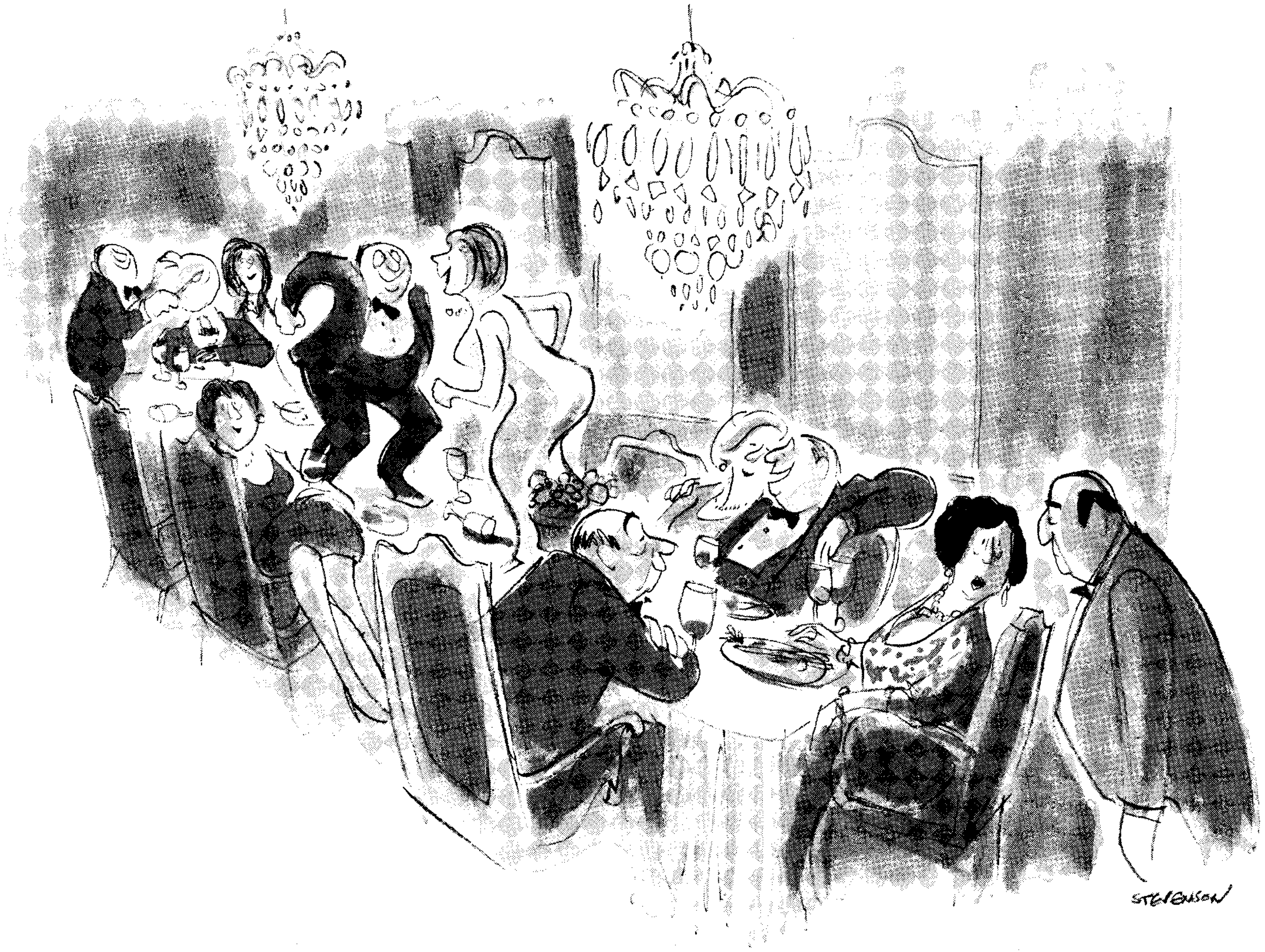
"Please, please, I will speak slowly. Please try to understand me," the red-faced man said. "I arrived three weeks ago and have travelled five thousand miles since, seeing your wonderful country."

The old man made indistinct sounds in his throat and shook his head. Encouraged by this, the other went on to explain at length, uttering each syllable with care and deliberation, what brought him to this country, how much he liked it, what he did at home, how he had planned for years to visit India, the dream of his life and so forth—every now and then pausing to smile affably. The old man smiled back and said nothing, whereupon the red-faced man finally said, "How old are you? You have such wonderful teeth. Are they real? What's your secret?"

The old man knitted his brow and said mournfully, "Sometimes our cattle,



"All right, who has the transistor?"



"I think we'll pass up the Château Mouton-Rothschild '34."

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too, are lost; but then we go and consult our astrologer. He will look at a camphor flame and tell us in which direction to search for the lost animals. . . . I must go home now." And he turned to go.

The other seized his shoulder and said earnestly, "Is there no one—absolutely no one—here to translate for me?" He looked up and down the road, which was deserted on this hot afternoon. A sudden gust of wind churned up the dust and the dead leaves on the roadside into a ghostly column and propelled it toward the mountain road. "Is this statue yours? Will you sell it to me?"

The old man understood that the other was referring to the horse. He thought for a second and said, "I was an urchin of this height when I heard my grandfather explain this horse and warrior, and my grandfather himself was of this height when he heard his grandfather, whose grandfather . . ." Trying to indicate the antiquity of the statue, he got deeper and deeper into the bog of reminiscence, and then pulled himself out by saying, "But my grandfather's grandfather's uncle had first-hand knowledge, although I don't remember him."

"Because I really do want this statue," the red-faced man said, "I hope you won't drive a hard bargain."

"This horse," the old man continued, "will appear as the tenth avatar at the end of the Yuga."

The red-faced man nodded. He was familiar with the word "avatar."

"At the end of this Kali Yuga, this world will be destroyed, and all the worlds will be destroyed, and it is then that the Redeemer will come, in the form of a horse called Kalki, and help the good people, leaving the evil ones to perish in the great deluge. And this horse will come to life then, and that is why this is the most sacred village in the whole world."

"I am willing to pay any price that is reasonable—"

This statement was cut short by the old man, who was now lost in the visions of various avatars. "God Vishnu is the highest god, so our pandit at the temple has always told us, and He has come nine times before, whenever evil-minded men troubled this world."

"But please bear in mind that I am not a millionaire."

"The first avatar was in the shape of a fish," the old man said, and explained the story of how Vishnu at first took the form of a little fish, which grew bigger each hour and became gigantic, and supported on its back the holy scriptures, which were about to be lost in the ocean. Having launched on the first avatar, it was inevitable that he should go on with the second one, a tortoise, and the third, a boar on whose tusk the world was lifted up when it had been carried off and hidden at the bottom of the ocean by an extraordinary vicious conqueror of the earth.

"Transportation will be my problem, but I will worry about that later. Tell me, will you accept a hundred rupees for the horse only? Although I am charmed by the mustachioed soldier, I will have to come next year for him. No space for him now."

"It is God Vishnu alone who saves

mankind each time such a thing has happened. He incarnated himself as Rama, and He alone could destroy Ravana, the demon with ten heads who shook all the worlds. Do you know the story of Ramayana?"

"I have my station wagon, as you see. I can push the seat back and take the horse in. If you'll just lend me a hand with it."

"Do you know Mahabharata? Krishna was the eighth avatar of Vishnu, incarnated to help the Five Brothers regain their kingdom. When Krishna was a baby, he danced on the thousand-hooded, the giant serpent, and trampled it to death. . . ."

AT this stage the mutual mystification was complete. The old man chattered away in a spirit of balancing off the credits and debits of conversational exchanges, and said, in order to be on the credit side, "Oh, honorable one, I hope God has blessed you with numerous progeny. I say this because you seem to be a good man, willing to stay beside an old man and talk to him, while all day I have none to talk to except when somebody stops to ask for a piece of tobacco. . . . How many children have you?"

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," the red-faced man said to himself. And then, "Will you take a hundred rupees for it?" Which encouraged the other to go into details.

"How many of your children are boys and how many girls? Where are they? Is your daughter married? Is it difficult to find a son-in-law in your country also?"

The red-faced man thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth his wallet, from which he took a hundred-rupee currency note.

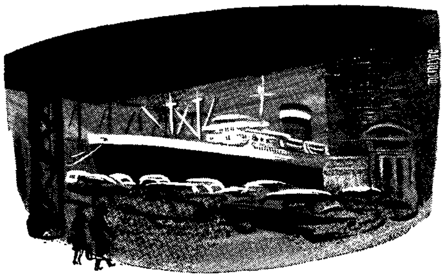
The old man now realized that some financial element was entering their talk. He peered closely at the currency note, the like of which he had never seen in his life; he knew the five and ten by their colors, although always in other people's hands. His own earning at any time was in coppers and nickels. What was this man flourishing the note for? Perhaps for change. He laughed to himself at the notion of anyone's coming to him to change a thousand- or ten-thousand-rupee note. He said with a grin, "Ask our village headman, who is also a moneylender; he can change even a lakh of rupees in gold sovereigns if you prefer it that way. He thinks nobody knows, but dig the floor of his *puja* room and your head will reel at the sight of the hoard. The man disguises himself in rags just to mislead the public."

"If that's not enough, I guess I could go a little higher," the red-faced man said.

"You'd better talk to him yourself, because he goes mad at the sight of me. Someone took away his pumpkins with the creeper and he thinks it was me and my goats. That's why I never let my goats be seen anywhere near the farms," the old man said, with his eyes travelling to his goats as they were nosing about, attempting to wrest nutrition out of minute greenery peeping out of rock and dry earth.

The red-faced man followed his look, and decided it would be a sound policy to show an interest in the old man's pets. He went up to them casually and stroked their backs.

Now the truth dawned on the old man. His dream of a lifetime was about to be realized: the red-faced man was making him an offer for the goats. He had reared them up in the hope of selling them someday and with the capital opening a small shop on this very spot; under a thatched roof he would spread out a gunny sack and display on it fried nuts, colored sweets, and green coconut for thirsty and hungry wayfarers on the highway. He needed for this project a capital of twenty rupees, and he felt that with some bargaining he could get it now; they were not prize animals worthy of a cattle show, but he had spent his occasional savings to provide them some fancy diet now and then, and they did not look too bad.



Saying, "It is all for you, or you may share it if you have a partner," the red-faced man placed on the old man's palm one hundred and twenty rupees in notes.

The old man pointed at the station wagon.

"Yes, of course," said the other.

The old man said, "This will be their first ride in a motorcar. Carry them off after I get out of sight; otherwise they will never follow you but only me, even if I am travelling on the path to the Underworld." He laughed at his own joke, brought his palms together in a salute, turned round, and was off and out of sight beyond a clump of bushes.

The red-faced man looked at the goats grazing peacefully and then perched himself on the pedestal of the horse, as the westerly sun touched off the ancient faded colors of the statue with a fresh splendor. "He must be gone to fetch some help," he remarked, and settled down to wait.

—R. K. NARAYAN

TO MY FRIENDS

Holding its huge life open to the sky,
snow fringes the scaly cones on this hilltop;
I can see it cupped and pierced by the rich needles.
This far from the city, it takes weeks to melt,
and nothing passes on the road that reaches me here
at the back of my house, planted above the river
of headlights. Do you remember that sad movie
where Bogart loses everything and begins
a new life after his plane takes off through the fog,
where he becomes an underground fighter, and poor?
It haunts me tonight because I am not myself
and, wedged between ceilings and floors,
I can feel the tight path of my hands over the keys
get wider. Because those bare, lasting pines
are understandable, because I am here
and not here, because of the silent breath
rising from different lungs,
because these hands are yours, I remember
something no one will ever tell us. Our life,
more like those trees than we are, is the snow;
the stars know it, the dirt road says it again
each time I stop for a minute and listen to the strange
human words of the hedges scraping together, and go in
where the moonlit weedy spaces continue.

—STEPHEN BERG

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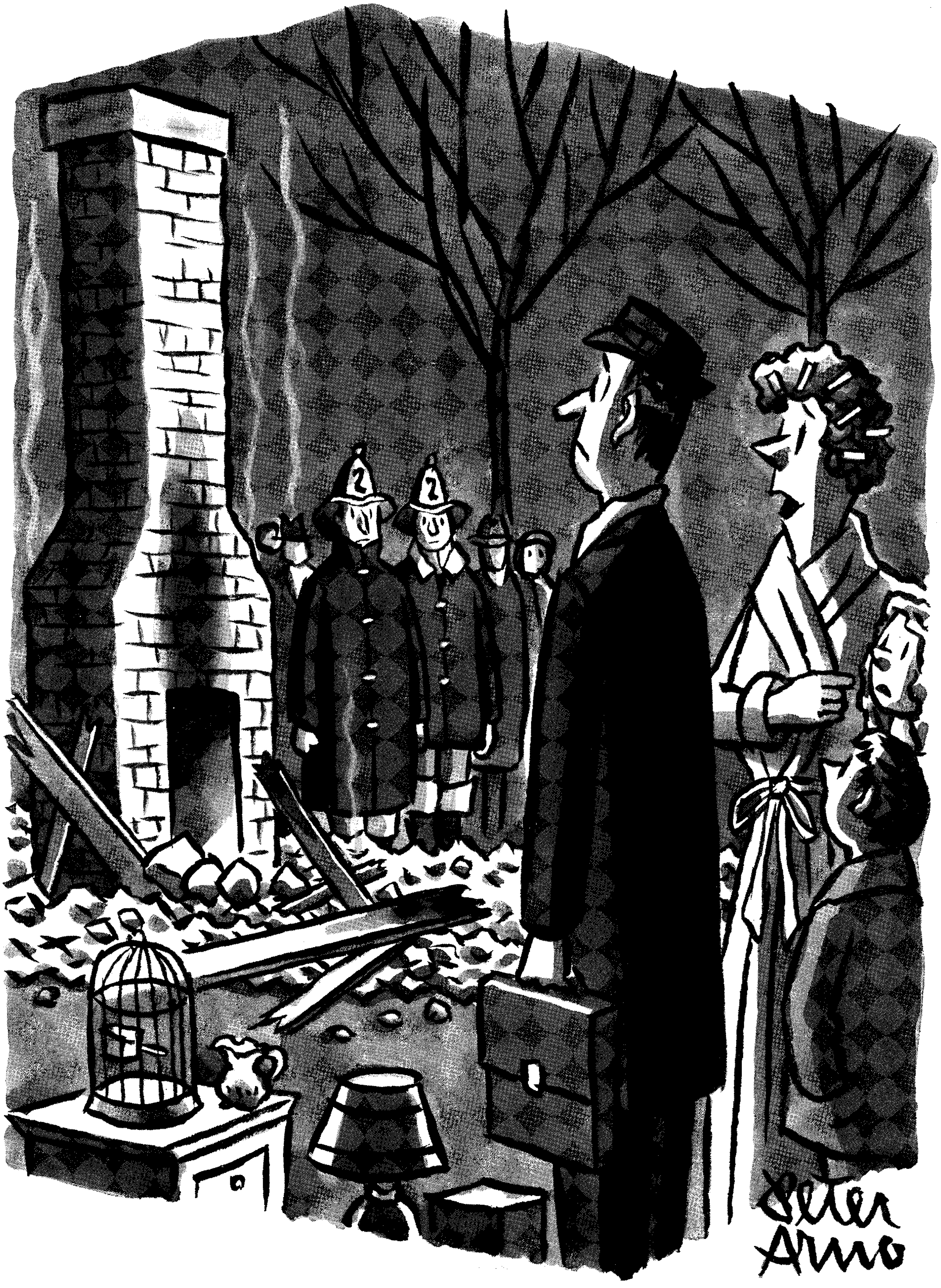
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Peter Arno

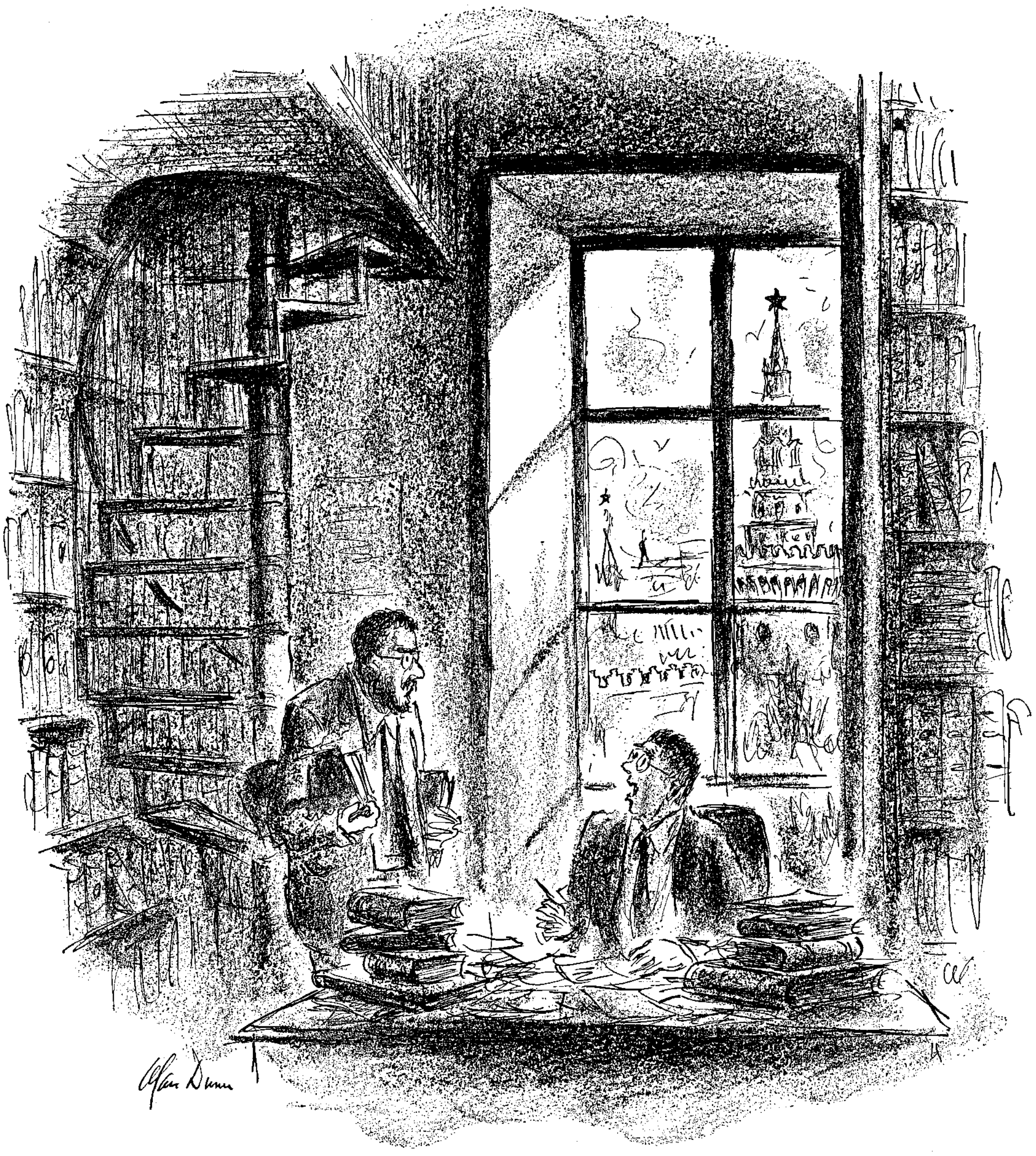
"Well, enough about me. What sort of a day did *you* *have?"*

LED ASTRAY

Jill Stanlake and Michael Lewin had been living together for four months. Just before meeting Lewin for the first time, at a beginning-of-term party given by one of his friends at the university, Jill had suffered a bitter disappointment. A man in her home town whom she had wanted to marry, and with whom she had been having an affair, had quite suddenly married someone else. He hadn't even bothered to write Jill to tell her what he had done. So Jill said she was no longer interested in love. But she was still, she said, interested in sex, and on this basis she had made an arrangement with Lewin.

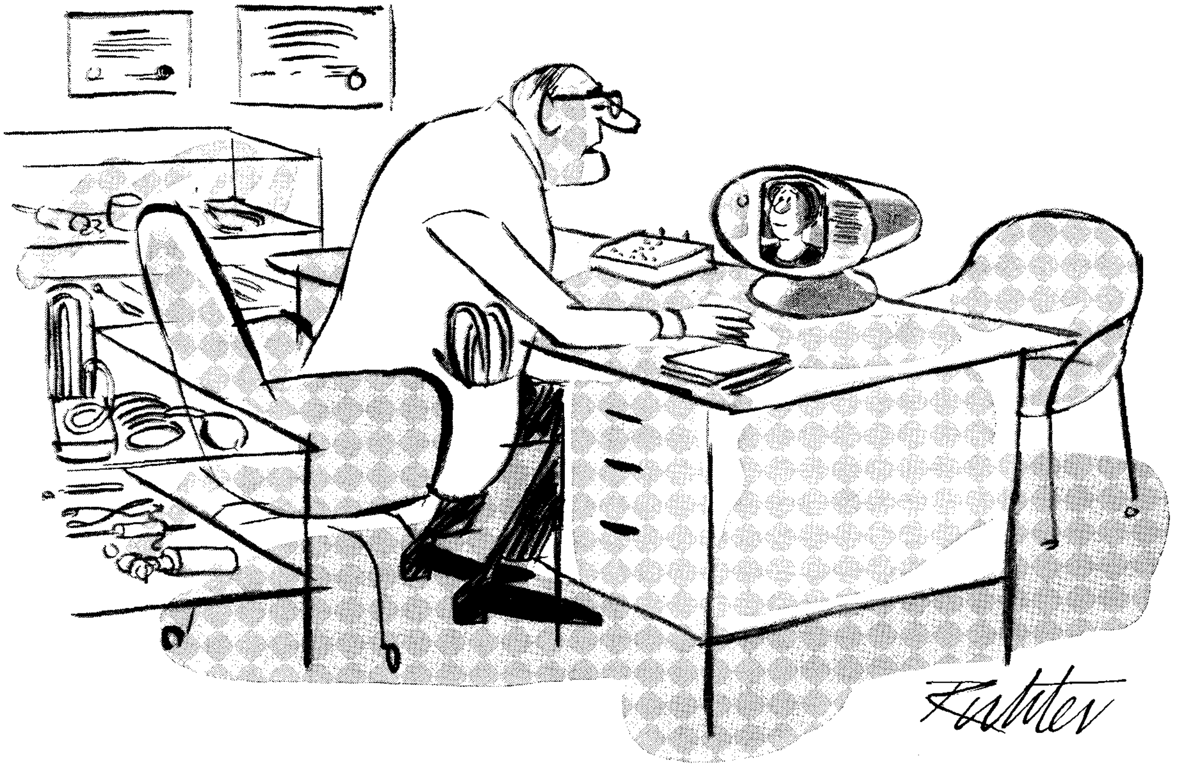
They shared a small, shabbily furnished two-room flat, with kitchen and bathroom, on the ground floor of an old converted house in Hornsey. On the two floors above lived a pregnant woman with two children, who had just been abandoned by her husband. In the basement flat there lived another family, whom Jill and Lewin never saw, but only heard at times, putting out milk bottles or emptying rubbish into the rubbish bin in the side alley of the house. The furtive, subterranean, anonymous life of that family added to the privacy of the young couple in the flat above rather than detracted from it, and the misfortunes of the pregnant woman made it unlikely that she would be either prying or disapproving. So once they were in their flat, the two of them could do as they liked; their parents were far away, in Bristol and Leeds, and neither set knew of their arrangement. The house as a whole was a run-down, ramshackle place, with peeling stucco frames around its windows, all its brickwork much in need of repointing, and a sodden little garden at the back, where a few clotheslines were strung slackly between two brick walls. From the window of the bedroom Jill and Lewin shared, everything in view was heavy, dark, and rectilinear—so many cubes bricked in and roofed over for people to live in, so many left open for dispirited shrubs and lawns to grow in, for other clotheslines to hang across.

Their affair was something that Lewin intended one day—when he was married, settled, and successful—to look back on with pleasure, gratitude, and amusement. He often gave himself pleasure now by anticipating his emotions then. He doubted that the affair would come to an end as little as he doubted that he would one day be successful. He was a research student in modern history at King's College, London, having just come down from Oxford, and was supposed to be working for his Ph.D. on a grant he had received, but he did not intend making an academic career for himself. He was attracted by the idea of going into television, or into journalism of the superior kind. If he had had money, he might have gone to the bar. He was, anyway, on the lookout for openings, and was sure he would find one, eventually. He claimed to despise failure, and, indeed, looked down on Jill because she had failed to marry the man she had wanted to marry and had accepted as a lover someone (himself) who had told her that he didn't love her.



"Know something? The entire dialectic of Marxist revisionism can be reduced to one simple formula: Money talks."

That was just one of the reasons he didn't even want to consider the possibility of marrying Jill. Other reasons were his youth, his poverty, the intensity of his ambitions, his uncertainty as to how he should realize them, the distress he knew his parents would feel if he were to marry a Gentile girl, and, not least, his desire simply to be a man who had had a few affairs before he finally settled down. His affair with Jill was his first; he had never actually lived with anyone before. But he had had some rather hurried, harried experiences in the past, and he flattered



“*Open wide.*”

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himself that women found him attractive. In appearance he was sturdy and blond. His face was broad, and he had greenish eyes set well apart from one another, wide cheekbones, an upturned nose, and a skin that was almost coarse in texture, though not unpleasantly so. Someone had once told Lewin, whose grandparents had come from Odessa, that he had the face of a Russian peasant. Lewin had admitted that this was probably true, but, he had added, with a characteristic sardonic slant of his pale eyebrows and a pout of his thick strong lips, though he might look like a peasant, his mind was “all Jew.”

Jill had thought his answer vulgar. They had subsequently had an argument about it, in which Lewin had accused her of being that kind of cowardly “liberal” or “progressive” who would like to improve the world by wiping out all the distinctions and differences that make it an interesting place to live in. But they argued rarely. In fact, they lived together very placidly, and both got deep pleasure from the fullness, variety, and domesticity of their lovemaking. Nothing in the previous experience of either, they both said, had been anything like it. And their pleasures were made keener by the season—the coldness and darkness outside the flat, with frost gripping every unevenness of the mud of the back garden and making a kind of glittering rock out of it, with electric lights burning inside at three in the afternoon, gas fires throwing too small areas of heat, and drafts blowing under ill-fitting doors. Living “in sin” with Jill, Lewin felt himself to be, in many ways, more innocent than ever before, certainly more innocent than in his ignorant, curious adolescence, or his itching, aggressive Oxford days. Yet at the same time he was often filled with an enormous, absurd pride at their lovemaking, as if he were the first man in the world ever to have done with a woman what he did with Jill, as if he had invented passion singlehanded, and was thus nothing less than a benefactor to the entire human race.

Jill was a tall girl, with thick, disordered fair hair, a small black-browed face and blue eyes, a straight back, a soft bosom, and deft fingers. She was a secret chocolate-eater, a hoarder of string, a wrapper of parcels, a conscientious darner, an earnest essay-marker (she had just started working as an English teacher at a girls’ grammar school when Lewin met her), a tidier of drawers. She was not in the least slatternly, and this was one of the things Lewin most liked about her. She spoke little, and then only in rather abrupt sentences, her words colder and more offhand than her low voice. In repose, the set of her mouth, under a tiny upper lip, was glum but game. That suggestion of effort, of anxiety, of fear, behind her watchfulness and shy smile was what had first drawn Lewin’s attention to her. Since then he had learned that she nourished large, fierce grievances against society (with its “double standards”), against her parents, against all churches and clergymen, most politicians, and the headmistress of the school where she taught. She declared herself to be a rebel and a feminist with a vehemence that Lewin found rather irritatingly old-fashioned, and she had once surprised him by saying that because she was a woman she knew what it was like to be a Jew, a member of an oppressed minority. Often the ferocity of her assertions amused him. It consorted so oddly with her flying hair and anxious blue eyes, her delight in chocolates and displays in shopwindows, her terror of dogs and angry bus conductors, the neatness and conscientiousness with which she did her work. Having spoken briefly, once, about the man who had treated her so shabbily, she did not refer to him again, and Lewin did not ask her about him. It was none of his business. Ultimately, what she did with her life was none of his business. That was their arrangement.

ONE Saturday morning, Lewin was studying in the living room of the flat; Jill had gone off to do the weekend shopping. The table where Lewin sat faced the window. It was a gray, cold, windy day, and every now and again flurries of snow or sleet whirled about outside—dark in the air, white when they fell on the road or the window sill, where they soon melted. At intervals, an overcoated man or woman hurried down the pavement or a car passed, but most of the time the street was empty. A few lights were on in the houses across the street. Lewin glanced up occasionally, hardly seeing what was in front of him. He was absorbed in what he was reading, conscious of little but the printed words of the book in front of him, the vague shapes of the walls of the room, the hiss of the gas fire, the habitual posture of his own body over a table.

When he became aware of the

COMPLAINT

Why is it that whenever I talk with the duchess
My belly growls and my nose waters? Why must it
Be my hand that tumbles her wine-glass over
Into the Cellini salt-dish?

Stiff as a gaffer, fidgety as a child,
After twenty years of struggling to be a courtier,
I remain incapable of the least politeness,
Wit, song, or learning,

And I wonder sometimes, what is it in me that hates me?
Is it that rolling captain who should burst
Like surf into her presence, dumping down
His pillage of the seas,

And in a wink dissolve her castled pride?
She scorns no common magic, and could be pleased
To be manhandled like a kitchen-girl,
So it were sweet and reckless.

Or is it that idolatrous fool that's in me,
Who, lest she alter, should enchant the hour
With gentled sparrows and an aimless lute,
Enthralling her with tales

Of a king's daughter bound in mountain sleep,
Whose prince and wakener, detained by trials
In deserts, deeps, and grottoes of the world,
Approaches her forever?

Or am I spited by the priest I might be,
There in the stone grove of her oratory?
No ship sails out so free as she at prayer,
With head bowed and shrouded.

Confessing her, and my delight in her,
To the great ways and haven of her beauty,
Would I not serve her better? Would not my hand
Be steady with the wine?

Jackass, again you turn and turn this prism,
Whose every light is of the purest water.
How should I fathom her whose white hands fold
The rainbow like a fan?

O maiden, muse, and maiden, O my love,
Whose every moment is the quick of time,
I am your bumbling servant now and ever,
In this and the other kingdom.

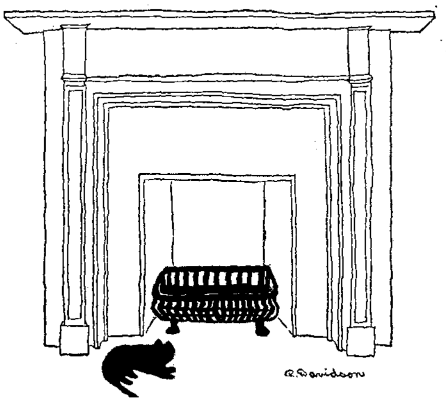
—Richard Wilbur

• •

sound, he seemed to have been hearing it for some time without really noticing it. Yet it was so strange a noise that once he was aware of it he could hardly believe that it had registered itself simply as something "outside," to be ignored, like the hiss of a car down the wet street or the faint vibration of the window every time a gust of snow was blown against it. He looked up from his book, seeing clearly, with an effect of suddenness, the black lines of the curb on the other side of the street, and the steps leading to the houses beyond. There was a faint frown between his brows; he was waiting for the noise to come again. What on earth had it been? Where had it come from? Above? Below? Out on the street? But, at the moment, nothing moved in the street and there was no sound within the building. Had he imagined it?

Then it came again and again, much more loudly than before, and growing louder still with every repetition. Now Lewin thought he recognized it, and for the most fleeting of moments his mind accepted the recognition, before rejecting it violently; it was so absurd, so grotesque. He had thought the noise to be the mooing of a cow. A cow in Maher Street, Hornsey! A cow in the house! For he was sure now that the noise did come from within the house; it was too close to have come from anywhere else. Persistently, regularly, still growing in volume, the noise went on—a great, deep lowing or bellowing. Was it some kind of noise from a radio or television set? But there was unmistakably an animal-like note within it, a particular vibration of cords that only lungs and a mouth of some kind could have produced. The vibration seemed to penetrate right through Lewin's body, which responded with a protest that was also, unwillingly, a kind of sympathy. Whatever was uttering the sound had no more control or consciousness than a beast, and was giving voice as an animal might—blindly, knowing no motive or impulsion other than the sheer pain of its existence in the world. The bellowing went on, with a slow, delayed rhythm, and then, as abruptly as before, stopped.

Lewin was now determined to find out what was wrong. He went out of the flat, closing the door behind him, and into the hall. It was dark there; the door to the stairs was closed, and the only light came through the small panes of colored glass in the top half of the front door. He stood there for a moment, hesitating. The front door swung open. Jill stood on the step. Each of them was startled to see the other. In one gloved hand she held a shopping bag.



"Michael! Are you going out?" She had begun to smile, in apology for the start she had given on seeing him, but the expression on his face checked her. "What's the matter?"

"There's something funny going on. I think it's upstairs. Listen!"

Jill stood on the step, her coat buttoned to her neck, her face turned upward. There were a few gleaming drops of moisture in her hair, and her soft cheeks were bruised by the cold. Lewin reached out and took the shopping bag from her.

She stepped into the hall. "There's nothing," she said. "You're imagining things."

"No, I'm not."

Even as he spoke, the noise—the bellow or groan—came again. Jill's face went quite still, the look upon it simply locked for a moment, and when she spoke all her features seemed to shudder into life with her words.

"She must be having her baby!" she cried.

"No!"

"I'm sure."

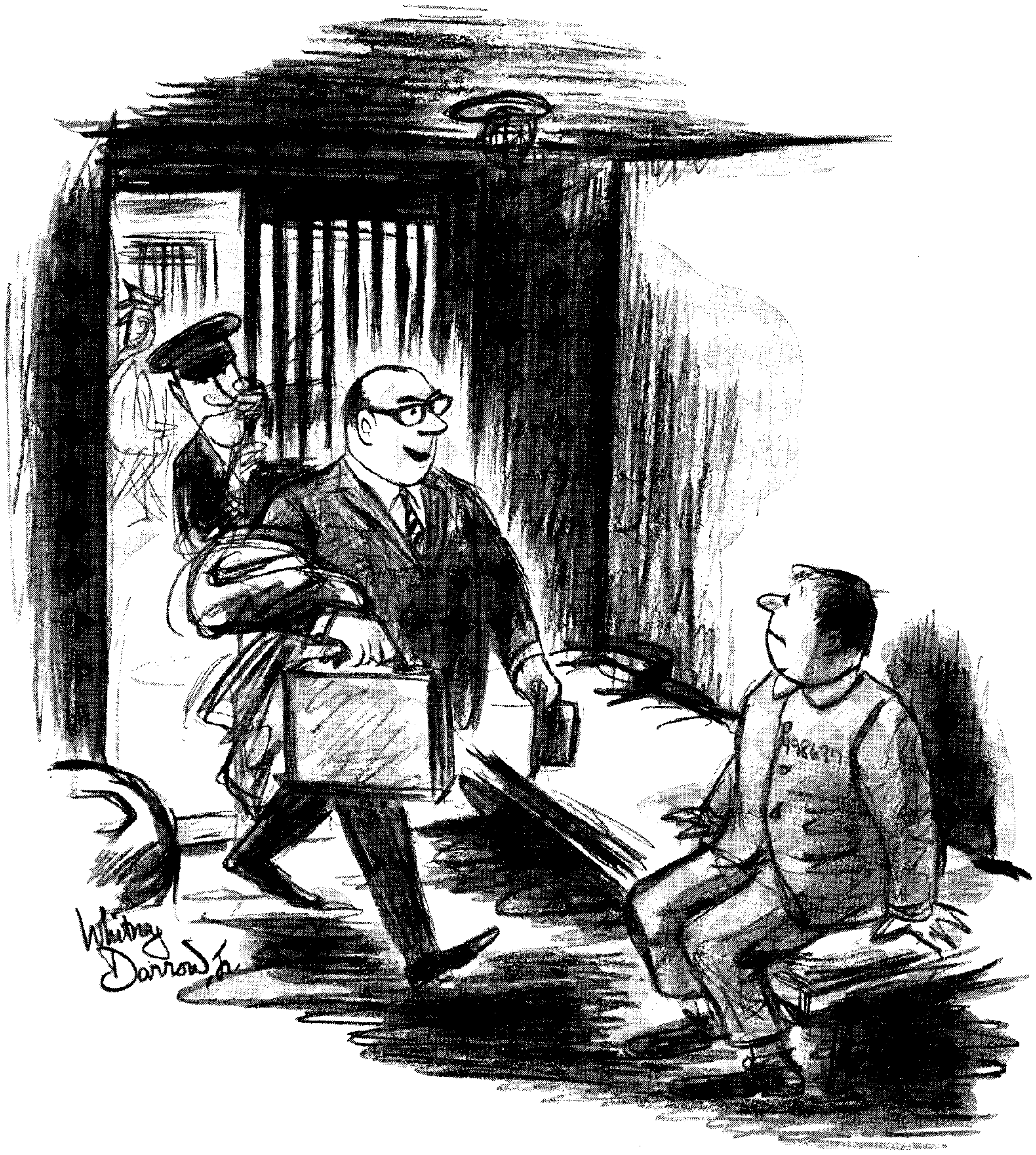
"God, what a frightful noise."

"She might be wanting help. Have you tried the door?" She pushed at the door that led upstairs. It opened on a flight of linoleum-covered stairs, down which, even more clearly than before, there came yet another immense groan, a heave of sound.

"Shall I come, too?" he asked.

But Jill was already halfway up the stairs and did not reply. So Lewin put down the shopping bag and followed her.

The landing upstairs had been made into a narrow hall, and from it one door opened on a kitchen, another on a living room. Both doors were ajar, and each showed a different kind of disorder within. Overhead, on the floor above, Lewin heard footsteps and voices—Jill's, and someone else's. Then Jill called him, her voice overborne by another groan, and he ran up the next flight of stairs. There he found an even narrower landing, and again two doors opening from it. Through one, Lewin glimpsed a big double bed, with a mound rising up in the middle of it, and the white oval of the woman's face beyond the mound. The dim, small face seemed to have no relation to the shape below it or to the sounds that were coming from it. Out of the other room Jill emerged, with a child holding each hand.



"Well, we lost the appeal, but you'll be delighted to learn there was a brilliant dissenting opinion in your favor."

• •

"Michael, take the children downstairs. Take them to our flat. They're absolutely terrified."

"What's happening?"

"She's having her baby. I told you. She's phoned for the midwife; she should be here any minute. And her sister's coming from Ilford—she phoned her, too. And then the contractions really started, so she crawled into bed. I wish she'd told me—look at these poor kids!"

The children stared at him with large eyes: two blue, two brown. Lewin wanted to smile at them, but could not do it.

"Go on," Jill said. "Don't just stand there. Take them down. I'll come when I can."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing, I hope. I'll just stay here until the midwife comes. I can't leave her alone." She spoke hurriedly and softly, almost whispering. "God, I hope the baby doesn't come first—I haven't the faintest idea what to do."

"You're supposed to boil water," Lewin said, and stifled an impulse to giggle stupidly. "That's what they always do in the pictures."

Jill did not answer. He felt her eyes rest gravely on him; then she was gone. Lewin saw her in the woman's bedroom, standing at the side of the bed. She bent over and held the woman's hand. The sight, the gesture itself, disturbed Lewin, in its curious intimacy. He felt himself excluded. He did not know what he was doing there. The woman uttered another profound groan. The most startling thing about it to Lewin was that she did not seem to move in making the noise. He would have thought that only a contraction or spasm of the entire body could possibly have produced so deep and loud a sound. The woman lay quite still. Lewin fled, taking with him the two children; they came obediently, silently, rigidly, when he held out his hands to them.

Though the woman's groans still vibrated through the house, and though he had the two children with him, it was a relief to Lewin to find himself back in the living room of the flat, with the gas fire still burning and his book still open on the table. He looked at the children. The younger was staring curiously around the room; the older had just turned her head away and was gazing at the books on a low bookshelf against the wall. The fixity with which the child looked at the backs of these large grayish books was even more poignant, even

more expressive of misery, than her pallor or the size of her eyes in her face. The two girls were dressed in tiny skirts and jerseys, of an identical pattern and color, and their hair was tied with ribbons in neat ponytails. Lost, bewildered, and dry-eyed, they stood together in the middle of the room.

It seemed to Lewin years since he had last spoken to a child. What kind of thing did one say to them? How was he to distract them from what was happening overhead? Did they know what was happening? Ought he to say something about it? "Your mummy will soon be better," he said.

The older girl's head was still turned aside; her lip trembled a little in response to his words. But the younger girl said loudly, "My mummy's going to get us a little baby."

"That's right. You'll like that, won't you? What's your name?"

"Jenny," the child whispered, suddenly as coy as she had been bold a moment before. She swayed slightly from side to side on her plump legs.

"And yours?"

But the other did not reply, did not even look at him.

"Her name is Mary," her sister said.

"Jenny and Mary. What very nice names."

Upstairs, at regular intervals, their mother was still uttering her intolerable, gross moans. The noise subdued, baffled, and infuriated Lewin. He wanted to shout at her to shut up, for God's sake! When was the midwife coming?

"Would you like something to eat?" he asked the children. "I've got some nice biscuits for you. Come and see; they're in the kitchen."

He took them into the kitchen, sat them at the table, and gave each of them a cup of milk and two biscuits. Mary, the older child, held her biscuits in one hand, but did not eat them. She sat there for a few minutes while her sister ate and drank and played with the crumbs that dropped from the table. Then the older girl climbed quietly off her chair and said, "I must go back to my mummy now."

"No, you mustn't. Your mummy's very busy."

They confronted one another, the child's legs planted stiffly on the floor, her neck and shoulders rigid, the muscles of her face seeming to strain away from each individual, diminutive feature, exposing them all equally, simultaneously. Her stiffness, smallness, and completeness surprised Lewin—she was another person, another full life. One day she would groan in childbirth, too. Then the girl's face collapsed, and her sobs came with a despairing, inconsolable note that made Lewin feel she was not merely beyond any comfort he could bring to her but was beyond even knowing anything of his presence in the room. Her sister cried, too, but more out of sympathy with the other's tears than out of a similar frenzy. Lewin could not leave them, because he was afraid the older girl would bolt upstairs the moment he turned his back, but he could not approach her, either. He just stood there. Eventually she retreated from him and stood with her head against the sink cabinet, her back to him, her shoulders shaking. They were in this position when Jill came in.

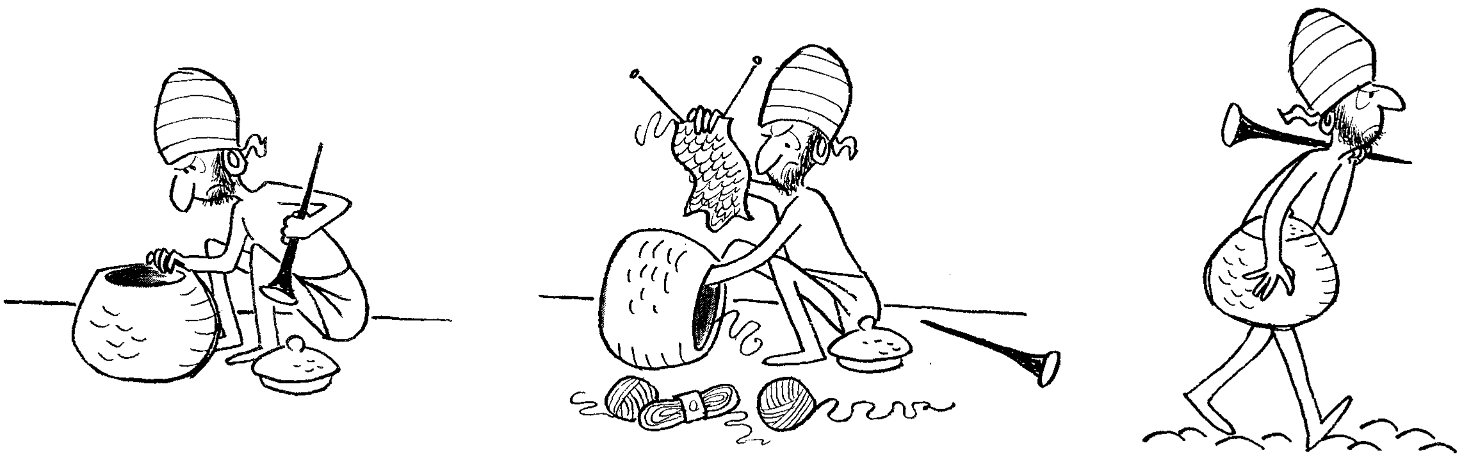
"Thank goodness you've come," Lewin said. "I can't deal with them."

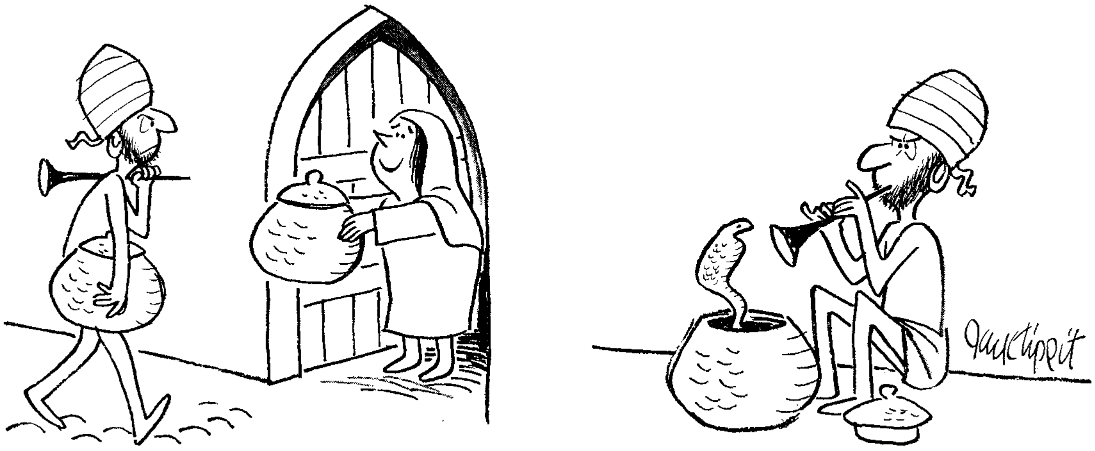
"It doesn't look like it, does it?"

"All right, you do better!" he shouted, enraged by the unfairness of the remark. He had been doing his best. And what a sordid, squalid mess it all was anyway! What did it have to do with him? The flat, the house, the street, the sombre, peeling neighborhood all seemed like a prison to him—a place in which he had been trapped and where he was forced to witness things happening to people for whom he was in no way responsible. What was he doing here? Jill seemed a stranger to him. He felt he was a stranger to himself.

THE midwife and a nurse came, followed by a doctor, who stayed for ten minutes and then left. Everything was apparently in order. Jill gave the little girls lunch, she took them for a walk to a nearby park, she brought them back to the flat and played games with them on the floor of the living room, using toys she had fetched from their room upstairs, and she saw to it that each of them went to the lavatory. She was particularly attentive to the older girl, who never really settled down, who remained tense, quick to start to her feet and ask if she could go back to her mummy now, whose laughter during the games always had a false, anxious shrillness. Lewin watched Jill, who hardly seemed aware of him, she was so busy. His feeling of oppression and estrangement so weighed on him that eventually he developed a headache, and went out for a walk on his own, to clear his head.

He walked for a long time, for miles, through the unending coil of streets. But wherever he went he heard in his inner ear the groans of the woman upstairs, though these had long since been silenced by the sedatives she had been given. He saw Jill's small face, absorbed in the children, or with the strange, locked expression that had come upon it when she had first heard the woman's groans and, after a momentary shock, had opened her mouth to speak. When the early dusk came down, Lewin found himself in a park, standing on a humped ornamental bridge over a little lake. The cars that passed on the road alongside the park already had their lights on. Behind Lewin, at one end of the lake, there was a long slope of lawn; at the other end was a grove of black trees. No one was about. A few isolated flakes of snow drifted downward, without haste, from the one-colored sky; the air was quite still now. On the lake a duck sailed toward him, drawing behind it an arrow-shaped pattern of ripples in the water. The ripples gleamed with a faint wavering silver that was lost as they widened on both sides. The duck passed under the bridge, and in the distance a bell rang. He had to be getting home. A melancholy gentleness





of mood that he did not understand but could not resist had fallen upon him. He lingered there, in spite of the cold that gripped his ankles, until the bell rang again.

HE found, when he got back to the flat, that the baby—a little boy—had been born, and that the delivery had been normal; that the aunt of the little girls had finally come and taken them away with her to Ilford; that another woman, a Health Service "home help," had moved into the flat and would be staying there for a fortnight, until the mother was on her feet again; and that a message about the birth of the child had been sent to the father, who had so far made no response to it. So the crisis upstairs was over, for the time being at least, and the privacy of their flat was restored to Jill and Lewin.

Jill had been sitting on a couch in the dark, with the fire on. She had not stood up, or moved, or greeted him, when he came in. She answered his questions about what had happened while he was away, and then they sat in silence, Lewin in a chair near her, still in his overcoat, with his scarf around his neck. Jill had her legs drawn up under her, with her skirt over them. She looked tousled, weary, and soft. Her head, resting on one hand, drooped under the weight of her thick hair, and the corners of her mouth drooped, too.

"Is something wrong?" Lewin asked.

Jill did not answer him.

"You don't look happy," he said. "Why?"

This time she spoke in her low voice, after a pause, without looking up. "Because we must do something."

"Do something? What do you mean?"

"I mean, I can't live with you—like this—any longer."

"Why not?" He tried to laugh. Yet he realized that he had been expecting her to say something of that kind. He almost felt relieved that she had done so. For if she had not, he might have been forced to speak, and he did not know what he wanted to say. All he knew was that ever since he and Jill had stood together and heard the woman's groans he had felt a pressure upon himself, upon them both, that had been impelling them toward this meeting in the shabby, familiar room. Even before she answered his question, he was staring about it, at every ugly, hired item they had lived with and thought of as their own.

Jill raised her head and looked at him, her face small, forlorn, and pale. Only the cheek that had been resting against her hand showed the faintest color. "Because I love you. And because I want to have a baby, too. I want to have your baby. Please don't leave me, Michael." Her voice shook a little on that sentence. She closed her eyes, too late to halt the tears that crept slowly under her eyelids and ran down her cheeks.

"I love you, too." The words were wrenched out of his chest, leaving a hollow that was filled instantly with a hot flux of emotions he could not have named—regrets, fears, exultations, incredulities. One ironic point of his consciousness flickered brightly, signalling to him that if he was to leave her, he would have to do it now, tonight. Their arrangement was at an end.

But he did not move, nor did she, until they heard a queer, cracked, whimpering yell from upstairs. Jill shivered and rose, and came to his chair, kneeling beside it. They were shy of touching one another. Suddenly they both laughed, nervously and excitedly. Their hands met, and only then their eyes. Each saw in the other's the recognition that it was not going to be easy for them. —DAN JACOBSON

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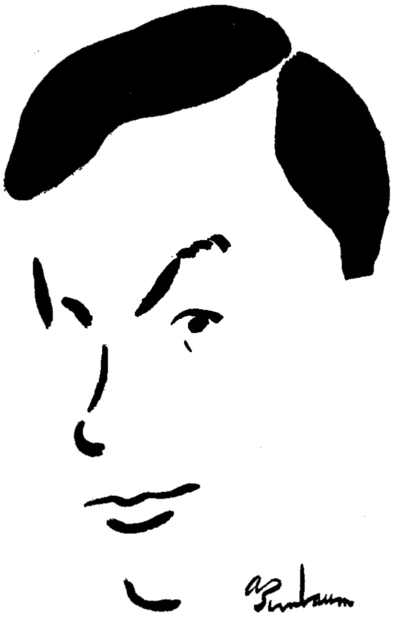
Is there any private citizen in the United States who has never held public office of any kind who has been more beneficially influential in significant ways in American government and life than the broad-shouldered man who looks at you from under bushy gray brows with friendly eyes that light up a sunbrowned face? If so, his name does not come to mind.—*The American Scholar.*

What mind?

PROFILES

A SENSE OF WHERE YOU ARE



William Warren Bradley

THE basketball locker room in the gymnasium at Princeton has no blackboard, no water fountain, and, in fact, no lockers. Up on the main floor, things go along in the same vein. Collapsible grandstands pull out of the walls and crowd up to the edge of the court. Jolly alumni sometimes wander in just before a game begins, sit down on the players' bench, and are permitted to stay there. The players themselves are a little slow getting started each year, because if they try to do some practicing on their own during the autumn they find the gymnasium full of graduate students who know their rights and won't move over. When a fellow does get some action, it can be dangerous. The gym is so poorly designed that a scrimmaging player can be knocked down one of two flights of concrete stairs. It hardly seems possible, but at the moment this scandalous milieu includes William Warren Bradley, who is the best amateur basketball player in the United States and among the best players, amateur or professional, in the history of the sport.

Bill Bradley is what college students nowadays call a superstar, and the thing that distinguishes him from other such paragons is not so much that he has happened into the Ivy League as that he is a superstar at all. For one thing, he has overcome the disadvantage of wealth. A great basketball player, almost by definition, is someone who has grown up in a constricted world, not for lack of vision or ambition but for lack of money; his environment has been limited to home, gym, and playground, and it has forced upon him, as a developing basketball player, the discipline of having nothing else to do. Bradley must surely be the only great basketball player who wintered regularly in Palm Beach until he was thirteen years old. His home is in Crystal City, Missouri, a small town on the Mississippi River about thirty miles south of St. Louis, and at Crystal City High School, despite the handicap of those earlier winters, he became one of the highest-scoring players in the records of secondary-school basketball. More than seventy colleges tried to recruit him, nearly all of them offering him scholarships. Instead, Bradley chose a school that offered him no money at all. Scholarships at Princeton are given only where there is financial need, and more than half of Princeton's undergraduates have them, but Bradley is ineligible for one, because his father, the president of a bank, is a man of more than comfortable means.

Bradley says that when he was seventeen he came to realize that life was much longer than a few winters of basketball. He is quite serious in his application to the game, but he has wider interests and, particularly, bigger ambitions. He is a history student, interested in politics, and last July he worked for Governor Scranton in Washington. He was once elected president of the Missouri Association of Student Councils, and he is the sort of boy who, given a little more time, would have been in the forefront of undergraduate political life; as it is, he has been a considerable asset to Princeton quite apart from his feats in the gymnasium, through his work for various campus organizations. In a way that athletes in Ivy League colleges sometimes do not, he fits into the university as a whole. Now his Princeton years are coming to an end, and lately he has been under more recruitment pressure—this time, of course, from the National Basketball Association. In September, however, on the eve of his departure for Tokyo, where, as a member of the United States basketball team, he won a gold medal in the Olympic Games, he filed an application with the American Rhodes Scholarship Committee. Just before Christmas, he was elected a Rhodes Scholar. This has absolutely nonplussed the New York Knickerbockers, who for some time had been suffering delusions of invincibility, postdated to the autumn of 1965, when, they assumed, Bradley would join their team. Two years ago, when the Syracuse Nationals wanted to transfer their franchise and become the Philadelphia '76ers, the Knicks refused to give their approval until they had received a guarantee that they would retain territorial rights to Bradley, whose college is one mile closer to Philadelphia than it is to New York. Bradley says he knows that he will very much miss not being able to play the game at its highest level, but, as things are now, if Bradley plays basketball at all next year, it will be for Oxford.

To many Eastern basketball fans, what the Knickerbockers will be missing has not always been as apparent as it is today. Three seasons ago, when Bradley, as a Princeton freshman, broke a free-throw record for the sport of basketball at large, much of the outside world considered it a curious but not necessarily significant achievement. In game after game, he kept sinking foul shots without missing, until at the end of the season he had made fifty-seven straight—one more than the previous all-time high, which had been set by a member of the professional Syracuse Nationals. The following year, as a varsity player, he averaged a little over twenty-seven points per game, and it became clear that he was the best player ever to have been seen in the Ivy League—better than Yale's Tony Lavelli, who was one of the leading scorers in the United States in 1949, or Dartmouth's Rudy LaRusso, who is now a professional with the Los Angeles Lakers. But that still wasn't saying a lot. Basketball players of the highest calibre do not gravitate to the Ivy League, and excellence within its membership has seldom been worth more, nationally, than a polite smile. However, Ivy teams play early-season games outside their league, and at the end of the season the Ivy League champion competes in the tournament of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which brings together the outstanding teams in the country and eventually establishes the national champion. Gradually, during his sophomore and junior years, Bradley's repeatedly superior performances in these games eradicated all traces of the notion that he was merely a parochial accident and would have been just another player if he had gone to a big basketball school. He has scored as heavily against non-Ivy opponents as he has against Ivy League teams—forty points against Army, thirty-two against Villanova, thirty-three against Davidson, thirty against Wake Forest, thirty-one against Navy, thirty-four against St. Louis, thirty-six against Syracuse, and forty-six in a rout of the University of Texas. Last season, in the Kentucky Invitational Tournament, at the University of Kentucky, Princeton defeated Wisconsin largely because Bradley was busy scoring forty-seven points—a record for the tournament. The size of this feat can be understood if one remembers that Kentucky has won more national championships than any other university and regularly invites the best competition it can find to join in its holiday games.

An average of twenty points in basketball is comparable to baseball's criterion for outstanding pitchers, whose immortality seems to be predicated on their winning twenty games a year. Bradley scored more points last season than any other college basketball player, and his average was 32.3 per game. If Bradley's shooting this season comes near matching his accomplishment of last year, he will become one of the three highest-scoring players in the history of college basketball. Those who have never seen him are likely to assume that he is seven and a half feet tall—the sort of elaborate weed that once all but choked off the game. With an average like his, it would be fair to imagine him spending his forty minutes of action merely stuffing the ball into the net. But the age of the goon is over. Bradley is six feet five inches tall—the third-tallest player on the Princeton team. He is perfectly coördinated, and he is unbelievably accurate at every kind of shot in the basketball repertory. He does much of his scoring from considerable distances, and when he sends the ball toward the basket, the odds are that it is going in, since he has made more than half the shots he has attempted as a college player. With three, or even four, opponents clawing at him, he will rise in the air, hang still for a moment, and release a high parabola jump shot that almost always seems to drop into the basket with an equal margin to the rim on all sides. Against Harvard last February, his ninth long shot from the floor nicked the rim slightly on its way into the net. The first eight had gone cleanly through the center. He had missed none at all. He missed several as the evening continued, but when his coach finally took him out, he had scored fifty-one points. In a game twenty-four hours earlier, he had begun a thirty-nine point performance by hitting his first four straight. Then he missed a couple. Then he made ten consecutive shots, totally demoralizing Dartmouth.

Bradley is one of the few basketball players who have ever been appreciatively cheered by a disinterested away-from-home crowd while warming up. This curious event occurred last March, just before Princeton eliminated the Virginia Military Institute, the year's Southern Conference champion, from the N.C.A.A. championships. The game was played in Philadelphia and was the last of a tripleheader. The people there were worn out, because most of them were emotionally committed to either Villanova or Temple—two local teams that had just been involved in enervating battles with Providence and Connecticut, respectively, scrambling for a chance at the rest of the country. A group of Princeton boys shooting basketballs miscellaneously in preparation for still another game hardly promised to be a high point of the evening, but Bradley, whose routine in the warmup time is a gradual crescendo of activity, is more interesting to watch before a game than most players are in play. In Philadelphia that night, what he did was, for him, anything but unusual. As he does before all games, he began by shooting set shots close to the basket, gradually moving back until he was shooting long sets from twenty feet out, and nearly all of them dropped into the net with an almost mechanical rhythm of accuracy. Then he began a series of expandingly difficult jump shots, and one jumper after another went cleanly through the basket with so few exceptions that the crowd began to murmur. Then he started to perform whirling reverse moves before another cadence of almost steadily accurate jump shots, and the murmur increased. Then he began to sweep hook shots into the air. He moved in a semicircle around the court. First with his right hand, then with his left, he tried seven of these long, graceful shots—the most difficult ones in the orthodoxy of basketball—and ambidextrously made them all. The game had not even begun, but the presumably unimpressible Philadelphians were applauding like an audience at an opera.

Bradley has a few unorthodox shots, too. He dislikes flamboyance, and, unlike some of basketball's greatest stars, has apparently never made a move merely to attract attention. While some players are eccentric in their shooting, his shots, with only occasional exceptions, are straightforward and unexaggerated. Nonetheless, he does make something of a spectacle of himself when he moves in rapidly parallel to the baseline, glides through the air with his back to the basket, looks for a teammate he can pass to, and, finding none, tosses the ball into the basket over one shoulder, like a pinch of salt. Only when the ball is actually dropping through the net does he look around to see what has happened, on the chance that something might have gone wrong, in which case he would have to go for

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the rebound. That shot has the essential characteristics of a wild accident, which is what many people stubbornly think they have witnessed until they see him do it for the third time in a row. All shots in basketball are supposed to have names—the set, the hook, the lay-up, the jump shot, and so on—and one weekend last July, while Bradley was in Princeton working on his senior thesis and putting in some time in the Princeton gymnasium to keep himself in form for the Olympics, I asked him what he called his over-the-shoulder shot. He said that he had never heard a name for it, but that he had seen Oscar Robertson, of the Cincinnati Royals, and Jerry West, of the Los Angeles Lakers, do it, and had worked it out for himself. He went on to say that it is a much simpler shot than it appears to be, and, to illustrate, he tossed a ball over his shoulder and into the basket while he was talking and looking me in the eye. I retrieved the ball and handed it back to him. "When you have played basketball for a while, you don't need to look at the basket when you are in close like this," he said, throwing it over his shoulder again and right through the hoop. "You develop a sense of where you are."

Bradley is not an innovator. Actually, basketball has had only a few innovators in its history—players like Hank Luisetti, of Stanford, whose introduction in 1936 of the running one-hander did as much to open up the game for scoring as the forward pass did for football; and Joe Fulks, of the old Philadelphia Warriors, whose twisting two-handed heaves, made while he was leaping like a salmon, were the beginnings of the jump shot, which seems to be basketball's ultimate weapon. Most basketball players appropriate fragments of other players' styles, and thus develop their own. This is what Bradley has done, but one of the things that set him apart from nearly everyone else is that the process has been conscious rather than osmotic. His jump shot, for example, has had two principal influences. One is Jerry West, who has one of the best jumpers in basketball. At a summer basketball camp in Missouri some years ago, West told Bradley that he always gives an extra hard bounce to the last dribble before a jump shot, since this seems to catapult him to added height. Bradley has been doing that ever since. Terry Dischinger, of the Detroit Pistons, has told Bradley that he always slams his foot to the floor on the last step before a jump shot, because this stops his momentum and thus prevents drift. Drifting while aloft is the mark of a sloppy jump shot. Bradley's graceful hook shot is a masterpiece of eclecticism. It consists of the high-lifted knee of the Los Angeles Lakers' Darrall Imhoff, the arms of Bill Russell, of the Boston Celtics, who extends his idle hand far under his shooting arm and thus magically stabilizes the shot, and the general corporeal form of Kentucky's Cotton Nash, a rookie this year with the Lakers. Bradley carries his analyses of shots further than merely identifying them with pieces of other people. "There are five parts to the hook shot," he explains to anyone who asks. As he continues, he picks up a ball and stands about eighteen feet from a basket. "Crouch," he says, crouching, and goes on to demonstrate the other moves. "Turn your head to look for the basket, step, kick, follow through with your arms." Once, as he was explaining this to me, the ball curled around the rim and failed to go in.

"What happened then?" I asked him.

"I didn't kick high enough," he said.

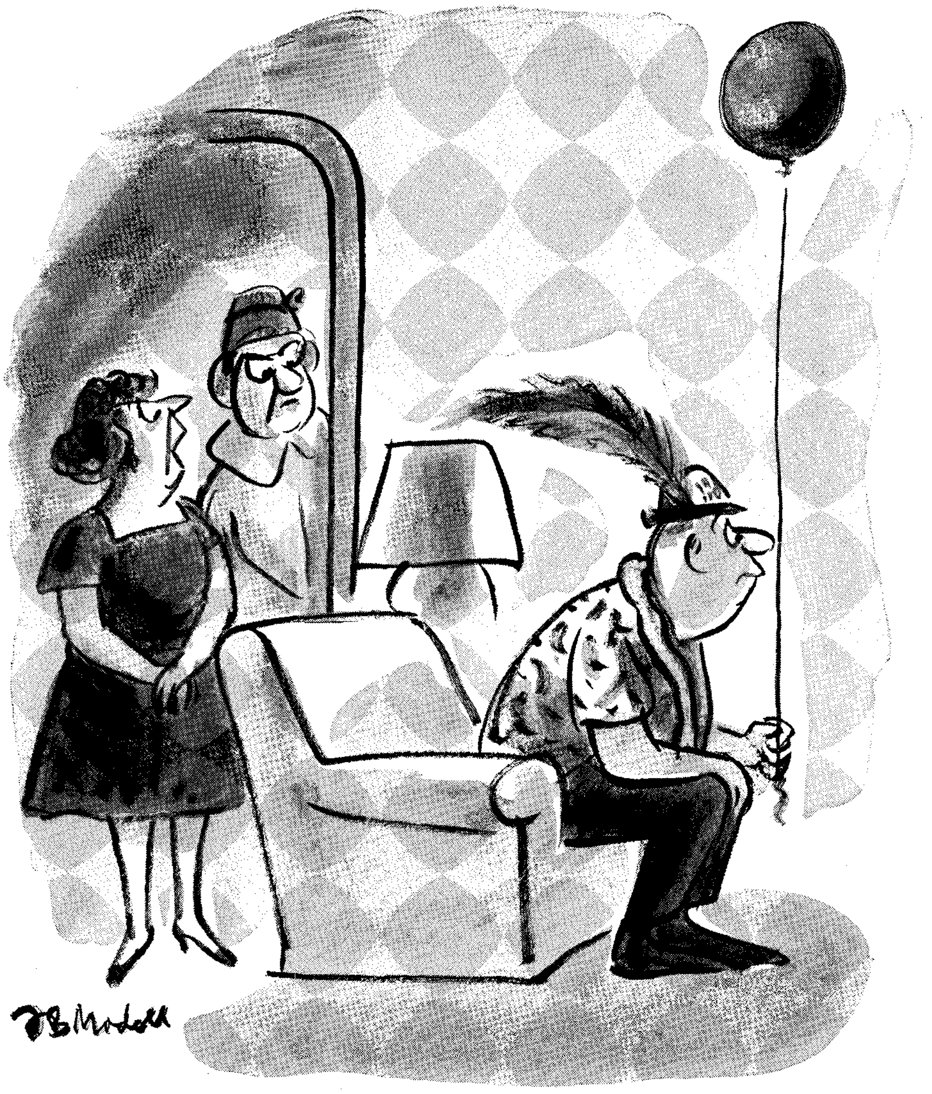
"Do you always know exactly why you've missed a shot?"

"Yes," he said, missing another one.

"What happened that time?"

"I was talking to you. I didn't concentrate. The secret of shooting is concentration."

His set shot is borrowed from Ed Macauley, who was a St. Louis University All-American in the late forties and was later a star member of the Boston Celtics and the St. Louis Hawks. Macauley runs the basketball camp Bradley first went to when he was fifteen. In describing the set shot, Bradley is probably quoting a Macauley lecture. "Crouch like Groucho Marx," he says. "Go off your feet a few inches. You shoot with your legs. Your arms merely guide the ball." Bradley says that he has more confidence in his set shot than in any other. However, he seldom uses it, because he seldom has to. A set shot is a long shot, usually a twenty-footer, and Bradley, with his speed and footwork, can almost always take some other kind of shot, closer to the basket. He will take set shots when



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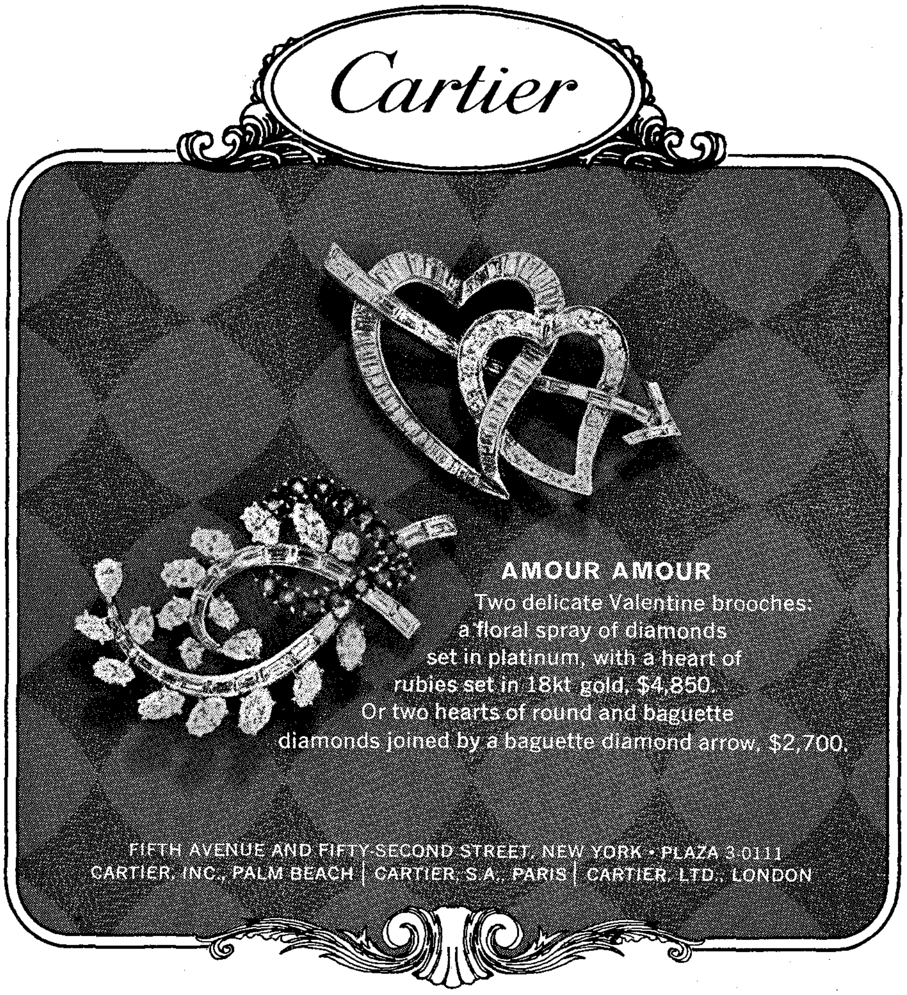

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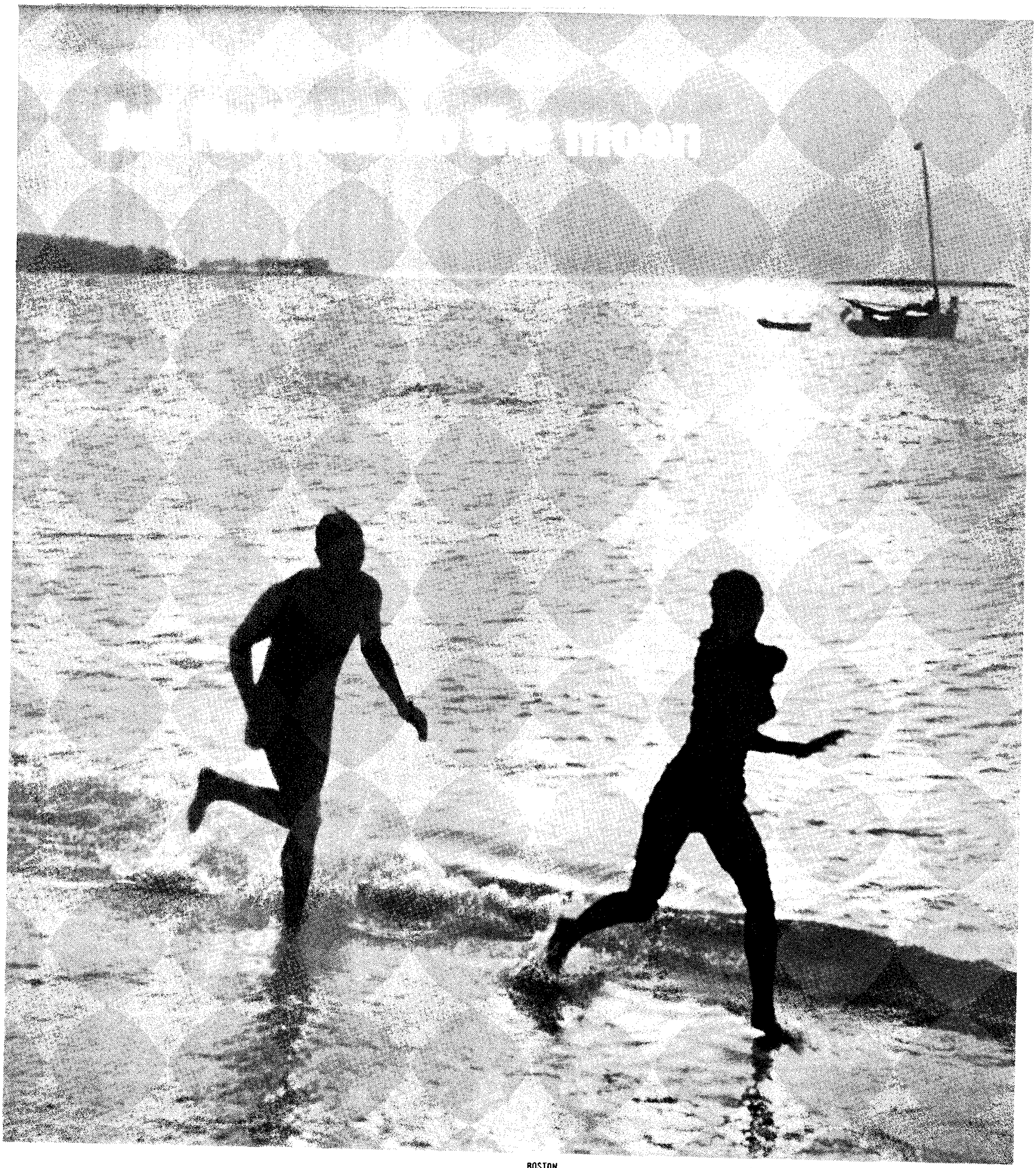
they are given to him, though. Two seasons ago, Davidson lost to Princeton, using a compact zone defense that ignored the remoter areas of the court. In one brief sequence, Bradley sent up seven set shots, missing only one. The missed one happened to rebound in Bradley's direction, and he leaped up, caught it with one hand, and scored. Even his lay-up shot has an ancestral form; he is full of admiration for "the way Cliff Hagan pops up anywhere within six feet of the basket," and he tries to do the same. Hagan is a former Kentucky star who now plays for the St. Louis Hawks. Because opposing teams always do everything they can to stop Bradley, he gets an unusual number of foul shots. When he was in high school, he used to imitate Bob Pettit, of the St. Louis Hawks, and Bill Sharman of the Boston Celtics, but now his free throw is more or less his own. With his left foot back about eighteen inches—"wherever it feels comfortable," he says—he shoots with a deep-bending rhythm of knees and arms, one-handed, his left hand acting as a kind of gantry for the ball until the moment of release. What is most interesting, though, is that he concentrates his attention on one of the tiny steel eyelets that are welded under the rim of the basket to hold the net to the hoop—on the center eyelet, of course—before he lets fly. One night, he scored over twenty points on free throws alone; Cornell hacked at him so heavily that he was given twenty-one free throws, and he made all twenty-one, finishing the game with a total of thirty-seven points.

When Bradley, working out alone, practices his set shots, hook shots, and jump shots, he moves systematically from one place to another around the basket, his distance from it being appropriate to the shot, and he does not permit himself to move on until he has made at least ten shots out of thirteen from each location. He applies this standard to every kind of shot, with either hand, from any distance. Many basketball players, including reasonably good ones, could spend five years in a gym and not make ten out of thirteen left-handed hook shots, but that is part of Bradley's daily routine. He talks to himself while he is shooting, usually reminding himself to concentrate but sometimes talking to himself the way every high-school j.v. basketball player has done since the dim twenties—more or less imitating a radio announcer, and saying, as he gathers himself up for a shot, "It's pandemonium in Dillon Gymnasium. The clock



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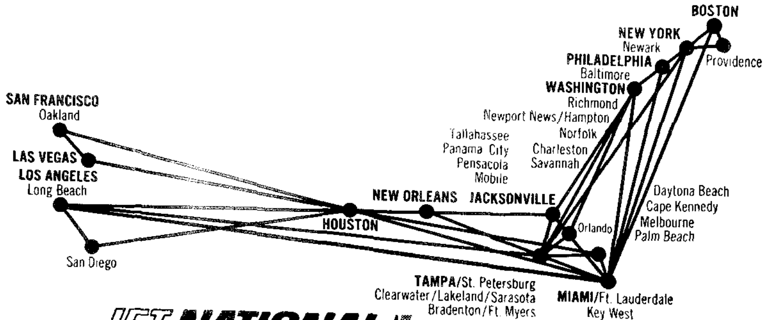
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is running out. He's up with a jumper. Swish!" Last summer, the floor of the Princeton gym was being resurfaced, so Bradley had to put in several practice sessions at the Lawrenceville School. His first afternoon at Lawrenceville, he began by shooting fourteen-foot jump shots from the right side. He got off to a bad start, and he kept missing them. Six in a row hit the back rim of the basket and bounced out. He stopped, looking discomfited, and seemed to be making an adjustment in his mind. Then he went up for another jump shot from the same spot and hit it cleanly. Four more shots went in without a miss, and then he paused and said, "You want to know something? That basket is about an inch and a half low." Some weeks later, I went back to Lawrenceville with a steel tape, borrowed a stepladder, and measured the height of the basket. It was nine feet ten and seven-eighths inches above the floor, or one and one-eighth inches too low.

BEING a deadly shot with either hand and knowing how to make the moves and fakes that clear away the defense are the primary skills of a basketball player, and any player who can do these things half as well as Bradley can has all the equipment he needs to make a college team. Many high-scoring basketball players, being able to make so obvious and glamorous a contribution to their team in the form of point totals, don't bother to develop the other skills of the game, and leave subordinate matters like defense and playmaking largely to their teammates. Hence, it is usually quite easy to parse a basketball team. Bringing the ball up the floor are playmaking backcourt men—selfless fellows who can usually dribble so adeptly that they can just about freeze the ball by themselves, and who can also throw passes through the eye of a needle and can always be counted on to feed the ball to a star at the right moment. A star is often a point-hungry gunner, whose first instinct when he gets the ball is to fire away, and whose playing creed might be condensed to "When in doubt, shoot." Another, with legs like automobile springs, is part of the group because of an unusual ability to shag rebounds. Still another may not be especially brilliant on offense but has defensive equipment that could not be better if he were carrying a trident and a net. The point-hungry gunner aside, Bradley is all these. He is a truly complete basketball player. He can play in any terrain; in the heavy infighting near the basket, he is master of all the

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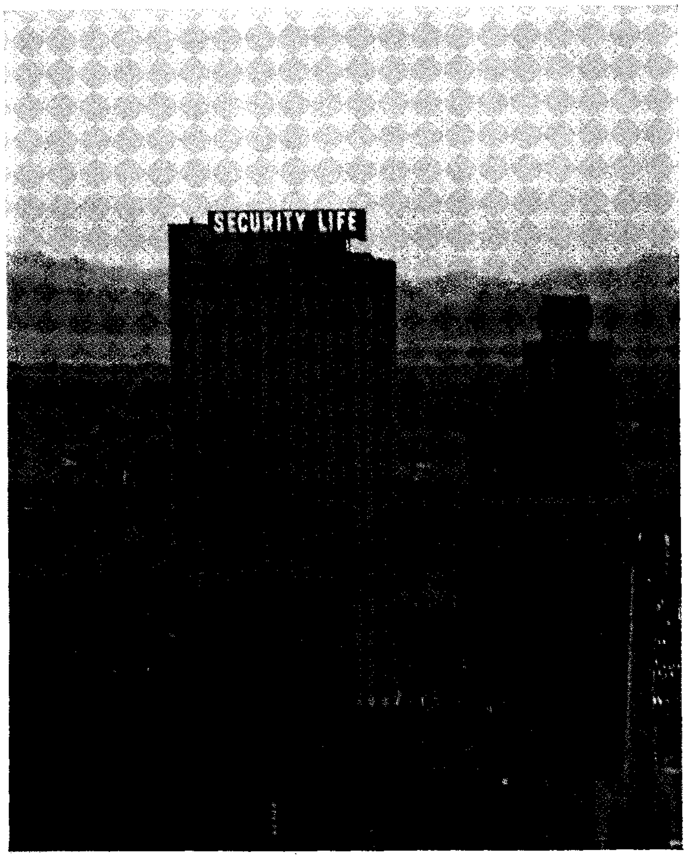

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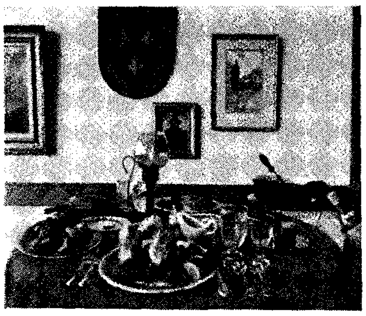

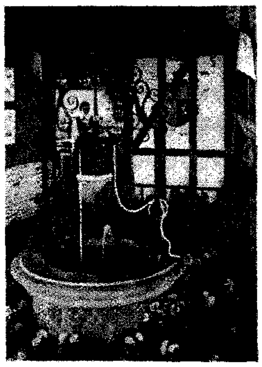

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gestures of the big men, and toward the edge of play he shows that he has all the fast-moving skills of the little men, too. With remarkable speed for six feet five, he can steal the ball and break into the clear with it on his own; as a dribbler, he can control the ball better with his left hand than most players can with their right; he can go down court in the middle of a fast break and fire passes to left and right, closing in on the basket, the timing of his passes too quick for the spectator's eye. He plays any position—up front, in the post, in the backcourt. And his playmaking is a basic characteristic of his style. His high-scoring totals are the result of his high percentage of accuracy, not of an impulse to shoot every time he gets the ball. He passes as generously and as deftly as any player in the game. When he is dribbling, he can pass accurately without first catching the ball. He can also manage almost any pass without appearing to cock his arm, or even bring his hand back. He just seems to flick his fingers and the ball is gone. Other Princeton players aren't always quite expecting Bradley's passes when they arrive, for Bradley is usually thinking a little bit ahead of everyone else on the floor. When he was a freshman, he was forever hitting his teammates on the mouth, the temple, or the back of the head with passes as accurate as they were surprising. His teammates have since sharpened their own faculties, and these accidents seldom happen now. "It's rewarding to play with him," one of them says. "If you get open, you'll get the ball." And, with all the defenders in between, it sometimes seems as if the ball has passed like a ray through several walls.

Bradley's play has just one somewhat unsound aspect, and it is the result of his mania for throwing the ball to his teammates. He can't seem to resist throwing a certain number of passes that are based on nothing but theory and hope; in fact, they are referred to by the Princeton coaching staff as Bradley's hope passes. They happen, usually, when something has gone just a bit wrong. Bradley is recovering a loose ball, say, with his back turned to the other Princeton players. Before he turned it, he happened to notice a screen, or pick-off, being set by two of his teammates, its purpose being to cause one defensive man to collide with another and thus free an offensive man to receive a pass and score. Computations whir in Bradley's head. He hasn't time to look, but the screen, as he saw it developing, seemed to be working, so a Princeton man should

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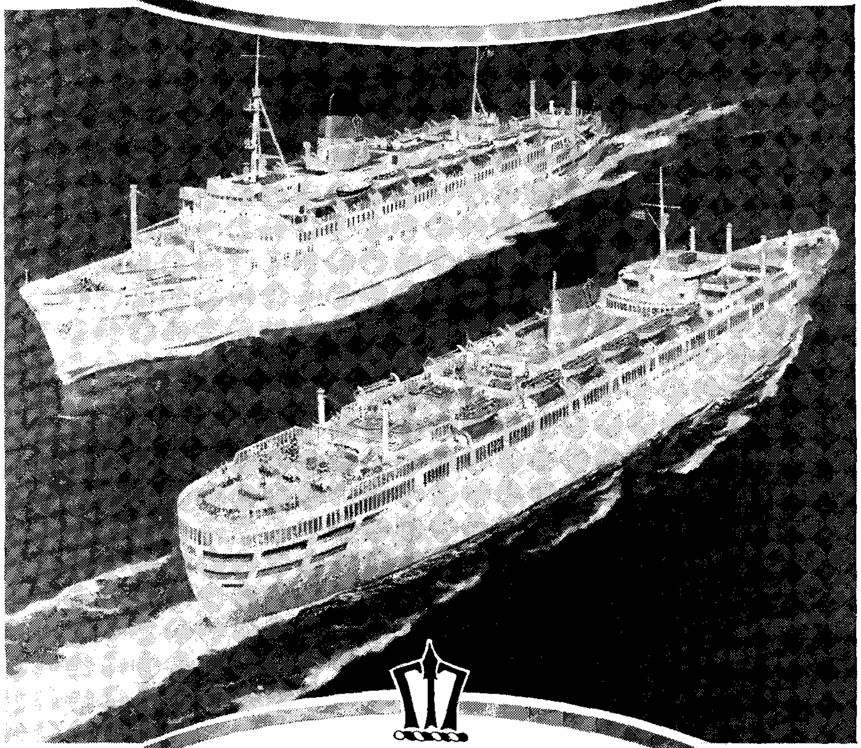

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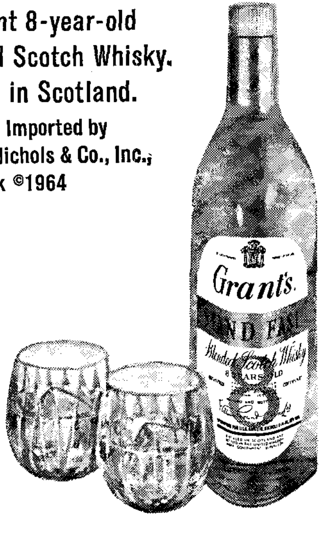

now be in the clear, running toward the basket with one arm up. He whips the ball over his shoulder to the spot where the man ought to be. Sometimes a hope pass goes flying into the crowd, but most of the time they hit the receiver right in the hand, and a gasp comes from several thousand people. Bradley is sensitive about such dazzling passes, because they look flashy, and an edge comes into his voice as he defends them. "When I was halfway down the court, I saw a man out of the corner of my eye who had on the same color shirt I did," he said recently, explaining how he happened to fire a scoring pass while he was falling out of bounds. "A little later, when I threw the pass, I threw it to the spot where that man should have been if he had kept going and done his job. He was there. Two points."

Since it appears that by nature Bradley is a passer first and a scorer second, he would probably have scored less at a school where he was surrounded by other outstanding players. When he went to Princeton, many coaches mourned his loss not just to themselves but to basketball, but as things have worked out, much of his national prominence has been precipitated by his playing for Princeton, where he has had to come through with points in order to keep his team from losing. He starts slowly, as a rule. During much of the game, if he has a clear shot, fourteen feet from the basket, say, and he sees a teammate with an equally clear shot ten feet from the basket, he sends the ball to the teammate. Bradley apparently does not stop to consider that even though the other fellow is closer to the basket he may be far more likely to miss the shot. This habit exasperates his coaches until they clutch their heads in despair. But Bradley is doing what few people ever have done—he is playing basketball according to the foundation pattern of the game. Therefore, the shot goes to the closer man. Nothing on earth can make him change until Princeton starts to lose. Then he will concentrate a little more on the basket.

Something like this happened in Tokyo last October, when the United States Olympic basketball team came close to being beaten by Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavian team was reasonably good—better than the Soviet team, which lost to the United States in the final—and it heated up during the second half. With two minutes to go, Yugoslavia cut the United States' lead to two points. Bradley was on the bench at the time, and Henry Iba, the

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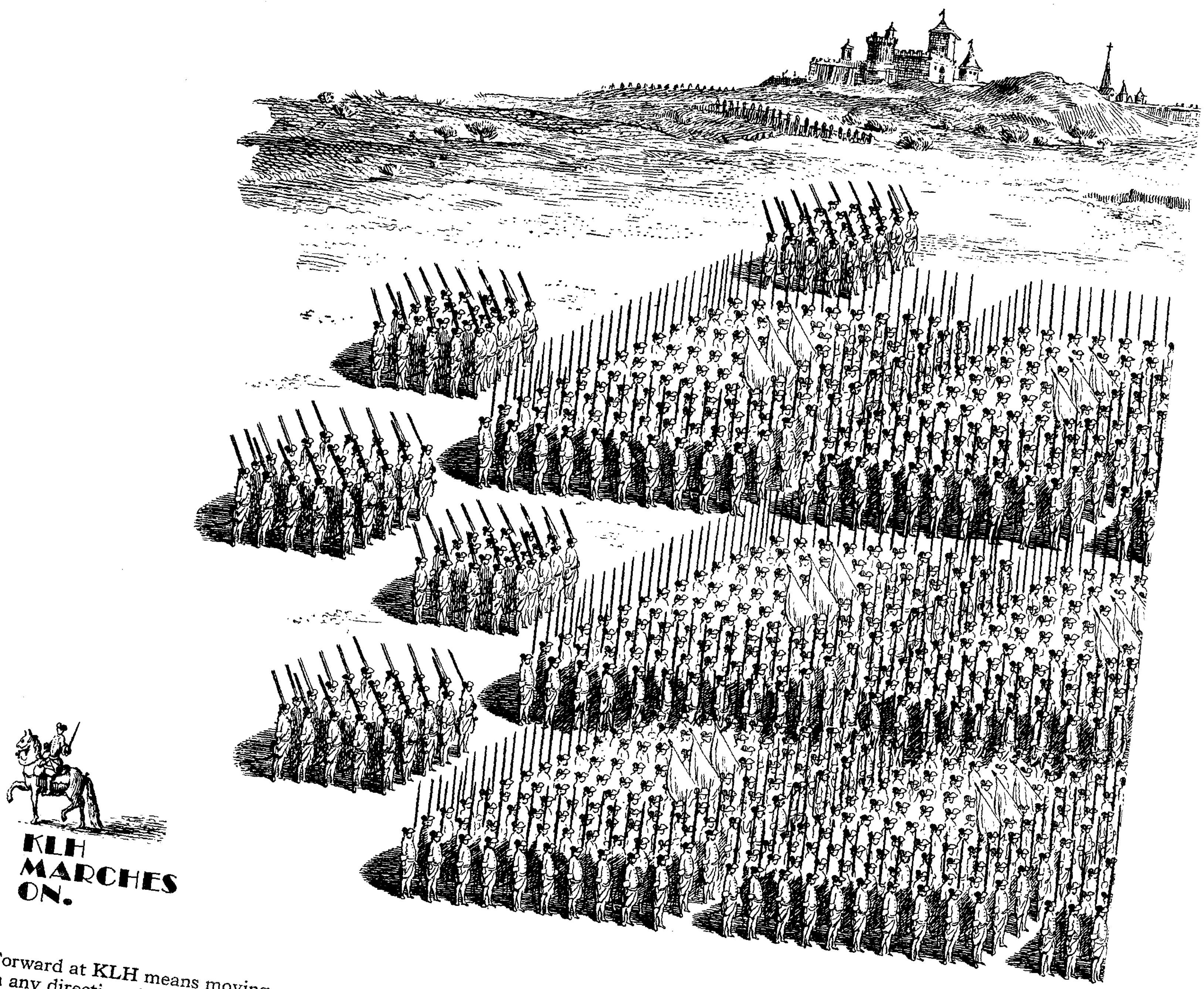

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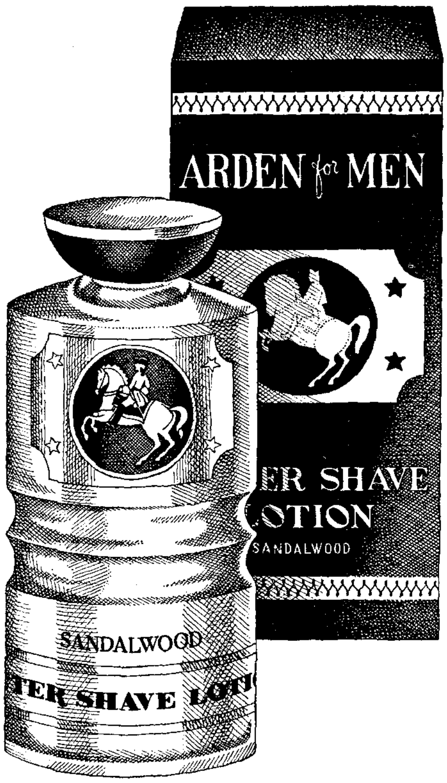

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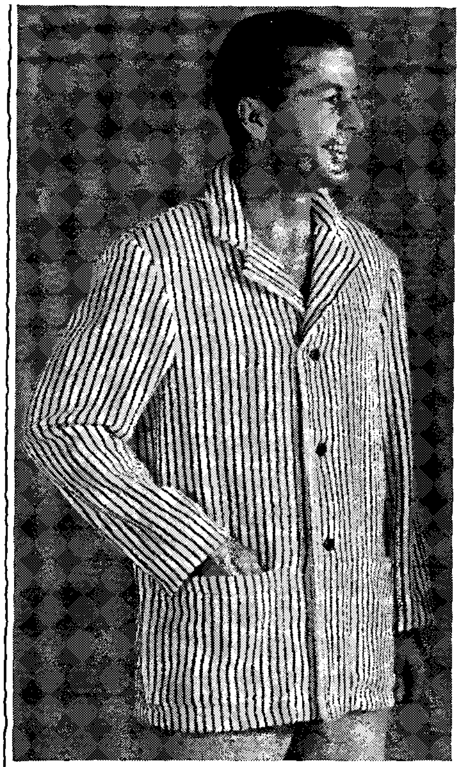
Oklahoma State coach, who was coach of the Olympic team, sent him in. During much of the game, he had been threading passes to others, but at that point, he says, he felt that he had to try to do something about the score. Bang, bang, bang—he hit a running one-hander, a seventeen-foot jumper, and a lay-up on a fast break, and the United States won by eight points.

Actually, the United States basketball squad encountered no real competition at the Olympics, despite all sorts of rumbling cumulus beforehand to the effect that some of the other teams, notably Russia's, were made up of men who had been playing together for years and were now possibly good enough to defeat an American Olympic basketball team for the first time. But if the teams that the Americans faced were weaker than advertised, there were nonetheless individual performers of good calibre, and it is a further index to Bradley's completeness as a basketball player that Henry Iba, a defensive specialist as a coach, regularly assigned him to guard the stars of the other nations. "He didn't show too much tact at defense when he started, but he's a coach's basketball player, and he came along," Iba said after he had returned to Oklahoma. "And I gave him the toughest man in every game." Yugoslavia's best man was a big forward who liked to play in the low post, under the basket. Bradley went into the middle with him, crashing shoulders under the basket, and held him to thirteen points while scoring eighteen himself. Russia's best man was Yuri Korneyev, whose specialty was driving; that is, he liked to get the ball somewhere out on the edge of the action and start for the basket with it like a fullback, blasting everything out of the way until he got close enough to ram in a point-blank shot. With six feet five inches and two hundred and forty pounds to drive, Korneyev was what Iba called "a real good driver." Bradley had lost ten pounds because of all the Olympics excitement, and Korneyev outweighed him by forty-five pounds. Korneyev kicked, pushed, shoved, bit, and scratched Bradley. "He was tough to stop," Bradley says. "After all, he was playing for his life." Korneyev got eight points.

Bradley was one of three players who had been picked unanimously for the twelve-man Olympic team. He was the youngest member of the squad and the only undergraduate. Since his trip to Tokyo kept him away from Princeton for the first six weeks of the fall term, he had to spend part of his time



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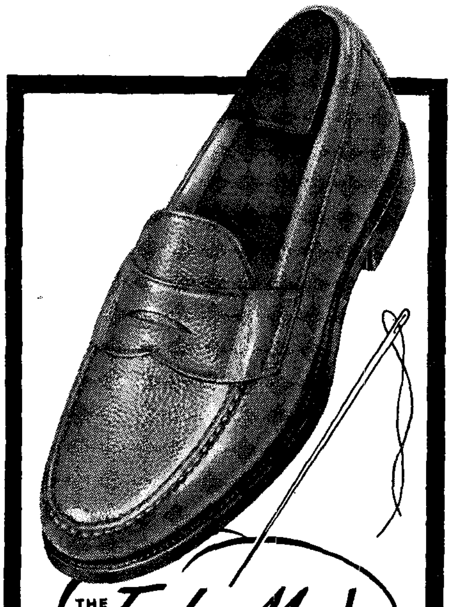

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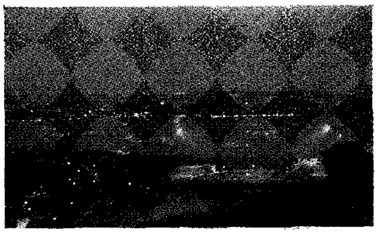

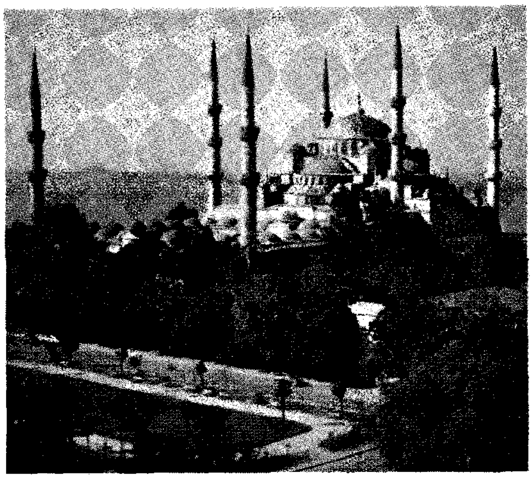

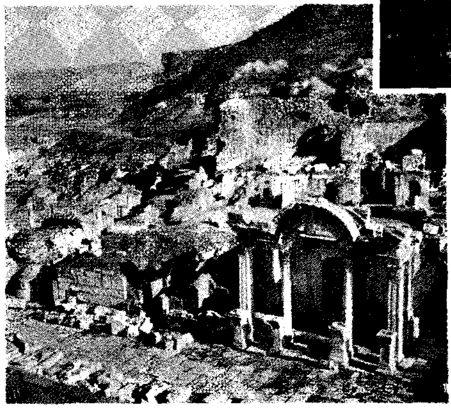

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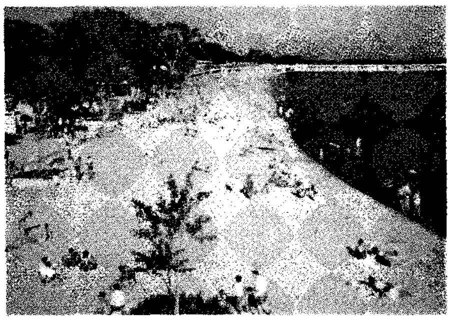

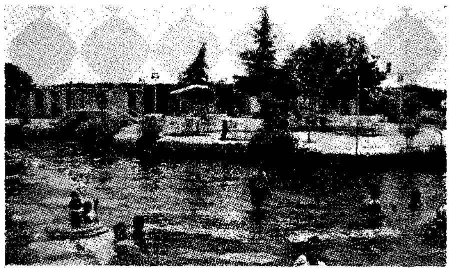

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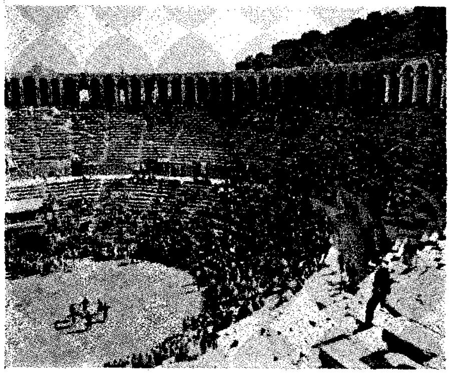

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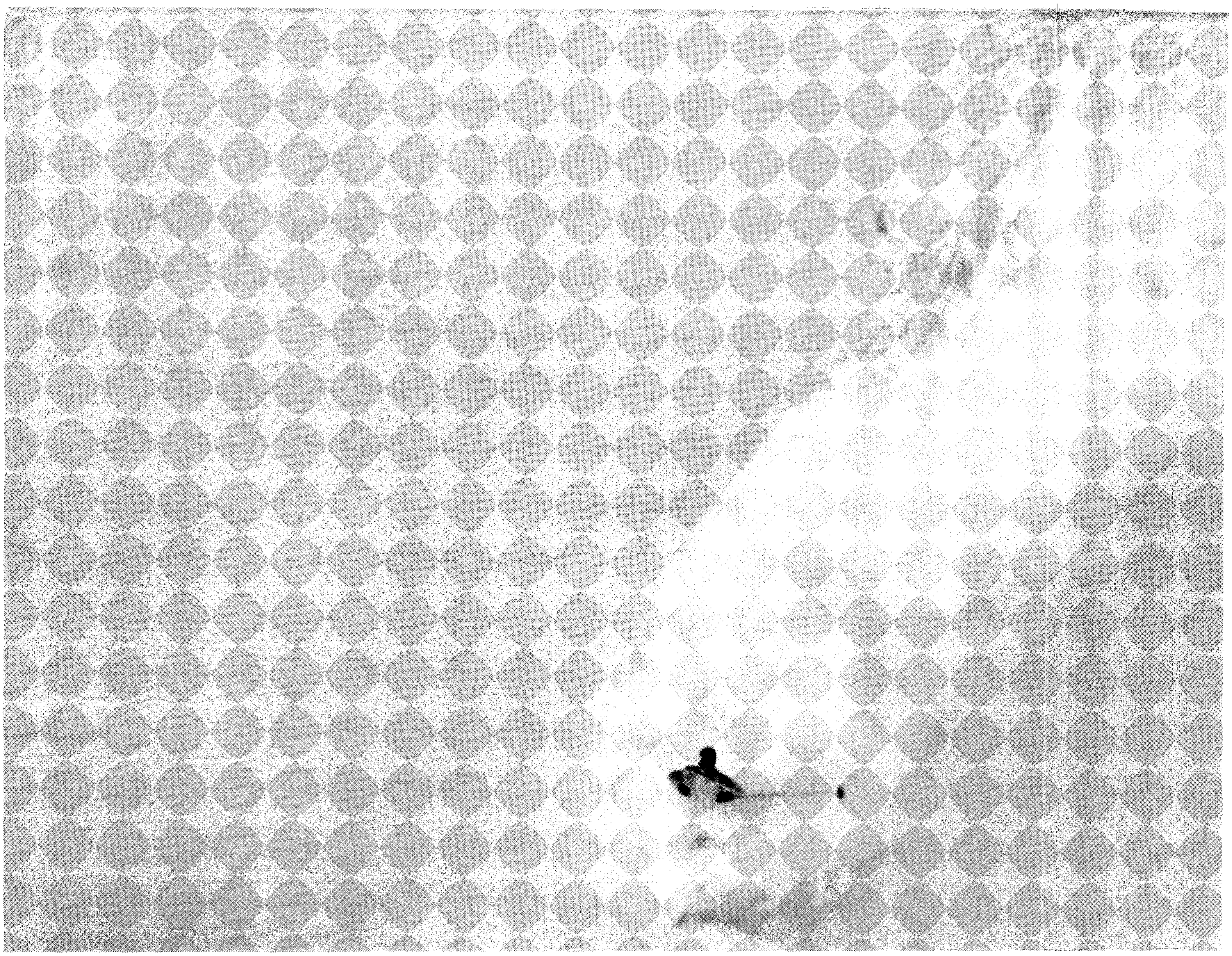

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reading, and the course he worked on most was Russian History 323. Perhaps because of the perspective this gave him, his attitude toward the Russian basketball team was not what he had expected it to be. With the help of three Australian players who spoke Russian, Bradley got to know several members of the Russian team fairly well, and soon he was feeling terribly sorry for them. They had a leaden attitude almost from the beginning. "All we do is play basketball," one of them told him forlornly. "After we go home, we play in the Soviet championships. Then we play in the Satellite championships. Then we play in the European championships. I would give anything for five days off." Bradley says that the Russian players also told him they were paid eighty-five dollars a month, plus housing. Given the depressed approach of the Russians, Bradley recalls, it was hard to get excited before the Russian-American final. "It was tough to get chills," he says. "I had to imagine we were about to play Yale." The Russians lost, 73–59.

WHEN Bradley talks about basketball, he speaks with authority, explaining himself much as a man of fifty might do in discussing a profession or business. When he talks about other things, he shows himself to be a polite, diffident, hopeful, well-brought-up, extremely amiable, and sometimes naïve but generally discerning young man just emerging from adolescence. He was twenty-one last summer, and he seems neither older nor younger than his age. He is painfully aware of his celebrity. The nature of it and the responsibility that it imposes are constantly on his mind. He remembers people's names, and greets them by name when he sees them again. He seems to want to prove that he finds other people interesting. "The main thing I have to prevent myself from becoming is disillusioned with transitory success," he said recently. "It's dangerous. It's like a heavy rainstorm. It can do damage or it can do good, permitting something to grow." He claims that the most important thing basketball gives him at Princeton is "a real period of relief from the academic load." Because he is the sort of student who does all his academic course work, he doesn't get much sleep; in fact, he has a perilous contempt for sleep, partly because he has been told that professional basketball players get along on almost none of it. He stays up until his work is done, for if he were to retire any earlier he would be betraying the discipline

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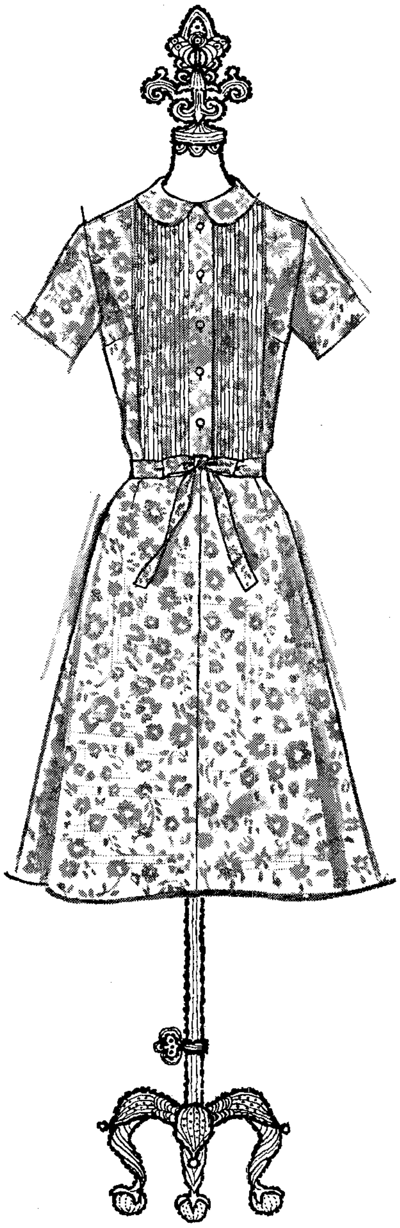

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he has placed upon himself. When he has had to, he has set up schedules of study for himself that have kept him reading from 6 A.M. to midnight every day for as long as eight weeks. On his senior thesis, which is due in April (and is about Harry Truman's senatorial campaign in 1940), he has already completed more research than many students will do altogether. One of his most enviable gifts is his ability to regiment his conscious mind. After a game, for example, most college players, if they try to study, see all the action over again between the lines in their books. Bradley can, and often does, go straight to the library and work for hours, postponing his mental re-play as long as he cares to. If he feels that it's necessary, he will stay up all night before a basketball game; he did that last winter when he was completing a junior paper, and Princeton barely managed to beat a fairly unspectacular Lafayette team, because Bradley seemed almost unable to lift his arms. Princeton was losing until Bradley, finally growing wakeful, scored eight points in the last two minutes.

Ivy League basketball teams play on Friday and Saturday nights, in order to avoid travelling during the week, yet on Sunday mornings Bradley gets up and teaches a nine-thirty Sunday-school class at the First Presbyterian Church. During his sophomore and junior years at the university, he met a class of seventh-grade boys every Sunday morning that he was resident in Princeton. If the basketball bus returned to Princeton at 4:30 A.M., as it sometimes did, he would still be at the church by nine-thirty. This year, having missed two months while he was in the Far East, he is working as a spot teacher whenever he is needed. Religion, he feels, is the main source of his strength, and because he realizes that not everybody shares that feeling today, he sometimes refers to "the challenge of being in the minority in the world." He belongs to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, an organization that was set up eight years ago, by people like Otto Graham, Bob Pettit, Branch Rickey, Bob Feller, Wilma Rudolph, Doak Walker, Rafer Johnson, and Robin Roberts, for the advancement of youth by a mixture of moral and athletic guidance. Bradley has flown all over the United States to speak to F.C.A. groups. One of his topics is a theory of his that conformists and nonconformists both lack moral courage, and another is that "the only way to solve a problem is to go through it rather than around it"—which has struck some

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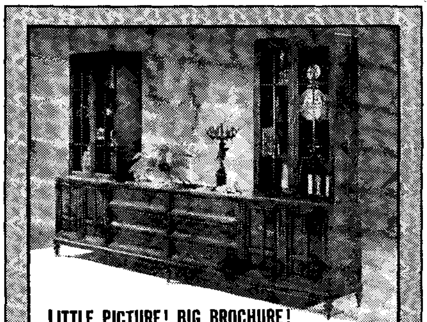

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listeners as an odd view for a basketball player to have. Nevertheless, Bradley often tells his audiences, "Basketball discipline carries over into your life," continuing, "You've got to face that you're going to lose. Losses are part of every season, and part of life. The question is, can you adjust? It is important that you don't get caught up *in your own little defeats.*" If he seems ministerial, that is because he is. He has a firm sense of what is right, and apparently feels that he has a mission to help others see things as clearly as he does. "I don't try to be overbearing in what I believe, but, given a chance, I will express my beliefs," he says. After the Olympics were over, he stayed in the Far East an extra week to make a series of speeches at universities in Taiwan and Hong Kong.

As a news story once said of Bradley—quite accurately, it seems—he is everything his parents think he is. He approximates what some undergraduates call a straight arrow—a semi-pejorative term for unfortunates who have no talent for vice. Nevertheless, considerable numbers of Princeton undergraduates have told me that Bradley is easily the most widely admired student on the campus and probably the best liked, and that his skill at basketball is not the only way in which he atones for his moral altitude. He has worked for the Campus Fund Drive, which is a sort of Collegiate Gothic community chest, and for the Orange Key Society, an organization that, among other things, helps freshmen settle down into college life. One effect that Bradley has had on Princeton has been to widen noticeably the undergraduate body's tolerance for people with high ethical standards. "He is a source of inspiration to anyone who comes in contact with him," one of his classmates says. "You look at yourself and you decide to do better."

Bradley has built his life by setting up and going after a series of goals, athletic and academic, which at the moment have culminated in his position on the Olympic basketball team and his Rhodes Scholarship. Of the future beyond Oxford, he says only that he wants to go to law school and later "set a Christian example by implementing my feelings within the structure of the society," adding, "I value my ultimate goals more than playing basketball." I have asked all sorts of people who know Bradley, or know about him, what they think he will be doing when he is forty. A really startling number of them, including teachers, coaches, college boys, and even journalists, give the same answer: "He will be the governor of Missouri." The chief dissent comes from people who look beyond the stepping stone of the Missouri State House and calmly tell you that Bradley is going to be President. Last spring, Leonard Shecter, of the New York *Post*, began a column by saying, "In twenty-five years or so our presidents are going to have to be better than ever. It's nice to know that Bill Bradley will be available." Edward Rapp, Bradley's high-school principal, once said, "With the help of his friends, Bill could very well be President of the United States. And without the help of his friends he might make it anyway."

Some of Bradley's classmates, who think he is a slave to his ideals, call him The Martyr, though he is more frequently addressed as Brads, Spin, Star, or Horse. He is also called Hayseed, and teased about his Missouri accent. Additional abuse is piled on him by his five roommates, who kid him by saying that his good grades are really undeserved gifts from a hero-worshipping faculty, and who insistently ask him to tell them how many points he scored in various bygone games, implying that he knows exactly but is feigning modesty when he claims he doesn't. He is a good-looking, dark-haired boy whose habits of dress give him protective coloration on the Princeton campus; like nearly everyone else, he wears khaki trousers and a white shirt. His room is always littered, and he doesn't seem to care when he runs out of things; he has been known to sleep without sheets for as long as five weeks, stretched out on a bare mattress under a hairy bit of blanket. He drives automobiles wildly. When he wastes time, he wastes it hurriedly rather than at leisure. He dates with modest frequency—girls from Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Randolph-Macon, Manhattanville. Just before leaving his room to go dress for a basketball game, he invariably turns on his hi-fi and listens to "Climb Every Mountain," from "The Sound of Music." He is introspective, and sometimes takes himself very seriously; it is hard, too, for him to let himself go. His reserve with people he doesn't know well has often caused him to be quite inaccurately described as shy and sombre. He has an ambiguous, bemused manner that makes people wonder on occasion whether he is in earnest or just kidding;

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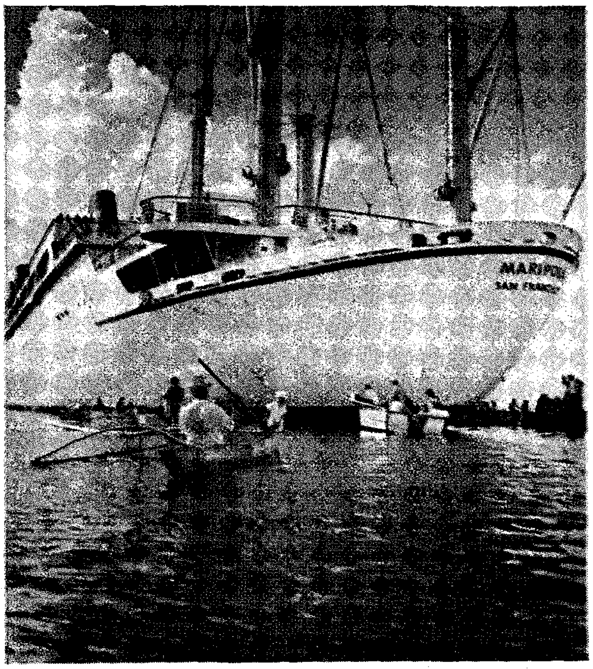

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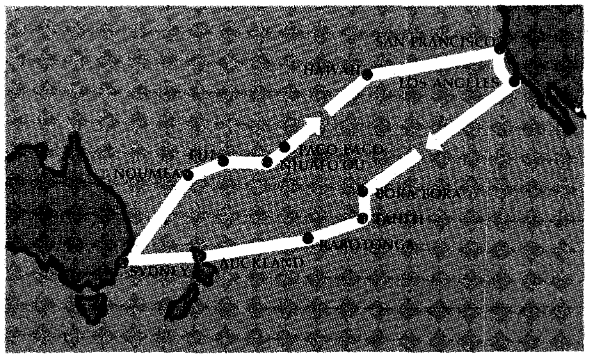

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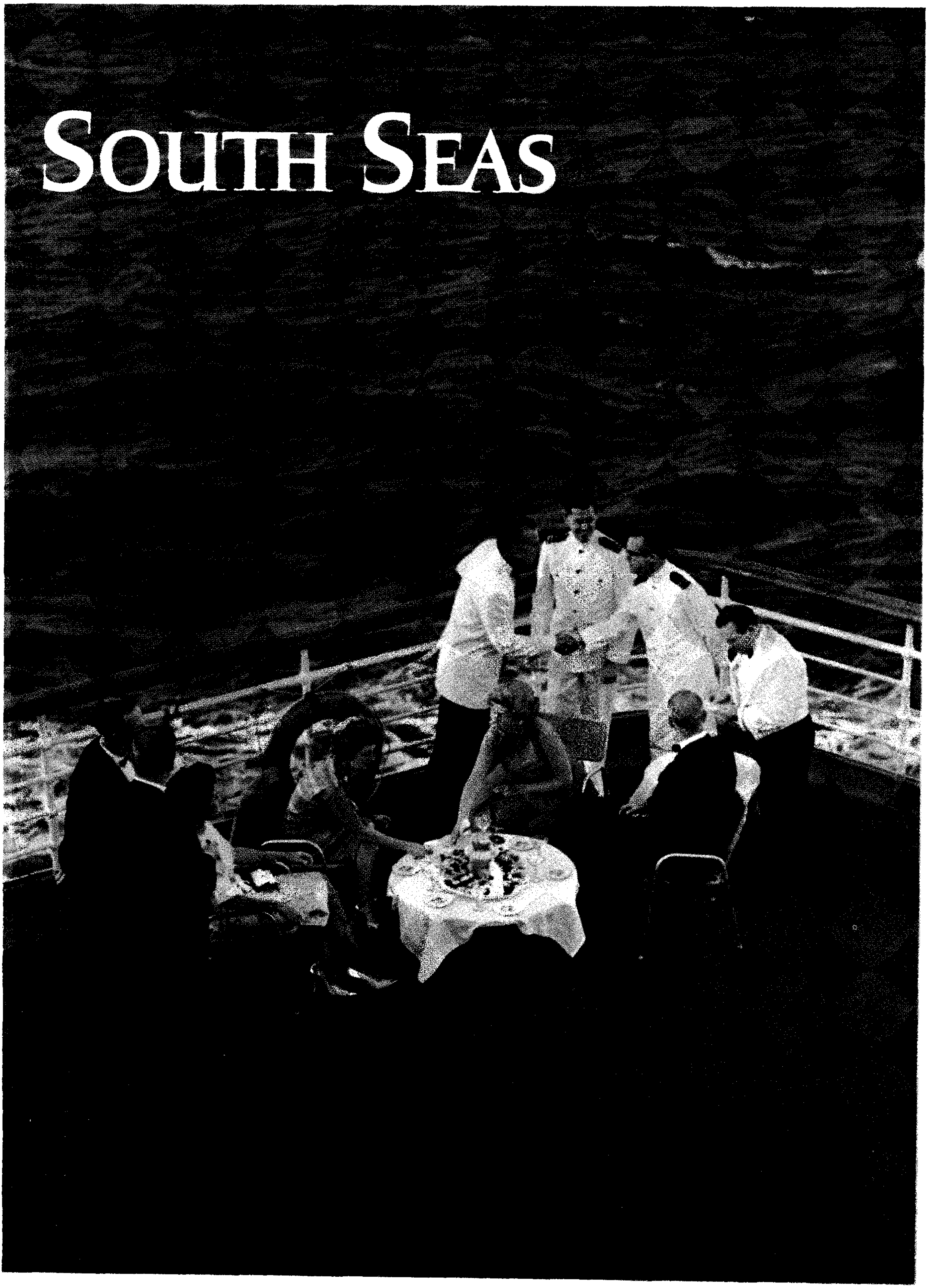
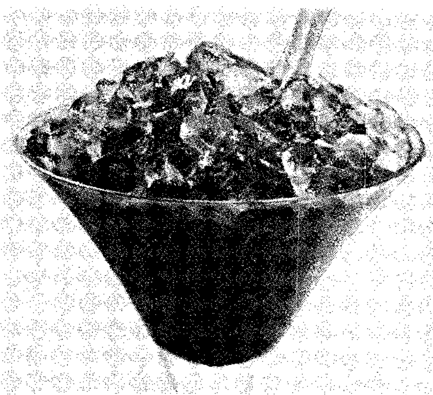
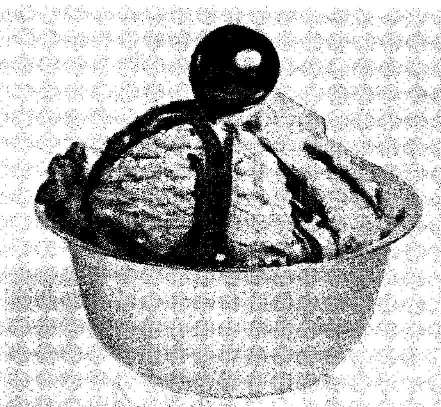




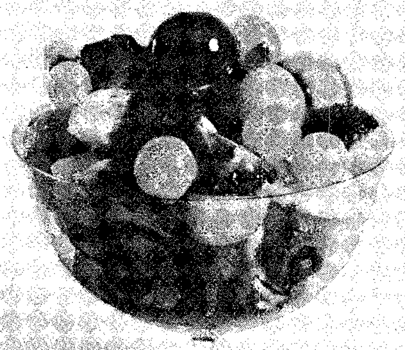
CHERRY HEERING FRAPPE: Pour 2 oz. Cherry Heering Liqueur over shaved ice in a cocktail glass. Serve with short straws.



CHERRY HEERING JUBILEE: Pour ½ oz. of Denmark's Liqueur Delight over vanilla ice cream. Top with Bing cherry.

DRY COPENHEERING: Into an Old-Fashioned glass: 1 or 2 ice cubes, ½ oz. Cherry Heering, 1 oz. gin or vodka, juice of ¼ lime. Stir to chill.

GRAPEFRUIT ROYALE: Spoon Imported Cherry Heering Liqueur over a chilled, sectioned grapefruit half. (Delicious at either end of the meal.)



FRUIT DELICE: Prepare your favorite fruit cup recipe. Chill one hour, spoon into dessert cups. Glorify each portion with ½ oz. of Cherry Heering.

KING PETER COCKTAIL: To an Old-Fashioned glass with ice add: ¾ oz. Cherry Heering and juice of ¼ lime. Fill with tonic water. Stir.

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BRADLEY calls practically all men "Mister" whose age exceeds his own by more than a couple of years. This includes any N.B.A. players he happens to meet, Princeton trainers, and Mr. Willem Hendrik van Breda Kolff, his coach. Van Breda Kolff was a Princeton basketball star himself, some twenty years ago, and went on to play for the New York Knickerbockers. Before returning to Princeton in 1962, he coached at Lafayette and Hofstra. His teams at the three colleges have won two hundred and fifty-one games and lost ninety-six. Naturally, it was a virtually unparalleled stroke of good fortune for van Breda Kolff to walk into his current coaching job in the very year that Bradley became eligible to play for the varsity team, but if the coach was lucky to have the player, the player was also lucky to have the coach. Van Breda Kolff, a cheerful and uncomplicated man, has a sportsman's appreciation of the nuances of the game, and appears to feel that mere winning is far less important than winning with style. He is an Abstract Expressionist of basketball. Other coaches have difficulty scouting his teams, because he does not believe in a set offense. He likes his offense free-form.

Van Breda Kolff simply tells his boys to spread out and keep the ball moving. "Just go fast, stay out of one another's way, pass, move, come off guys, look for one-on-ones, two-on-ones, two-on-twos, three-on-threes. That's about the extent," he says. That is, in fact, about the substance of basketball, which is almost never played as a five-man game anymore but is, rather, a constant search, conducted semi-independently by five players, for smaller combinations that will produce a score. One-on-one is the basic situation of the game—one man, with the ball, trying to score against one defensive player, who is trying to stop him, with nobody else involved. Van Breda Kolff does not think that Bradley is a great one-on-one player. "A one-on-one player is a hungry player," he explains. "Bill is not hungry. At least ninety per cent of the time, when he gets the ball, he is looking for a pass." Van Breda Kolff has often tried to force Bradley into being more of a one-on-one player, through gentle persuasion in practice, through restrained pleas during time-outs, and even through open clamor. During one game last year, when Princeton was losing and Bradley was

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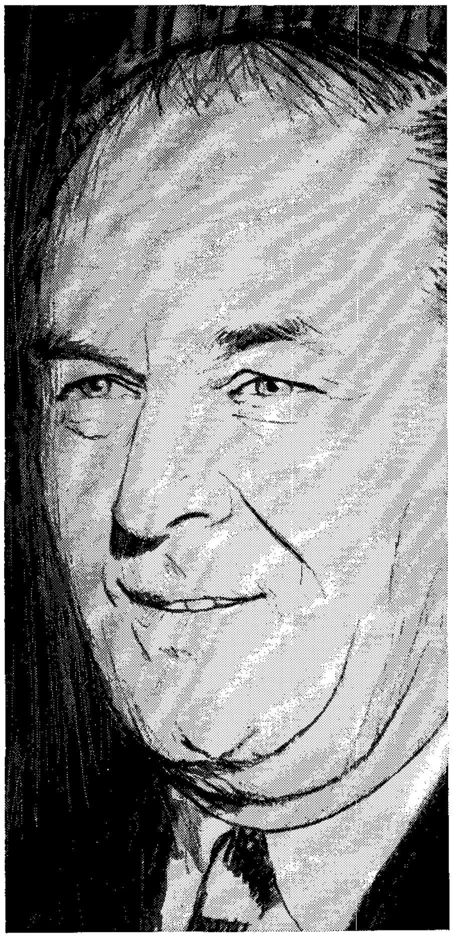

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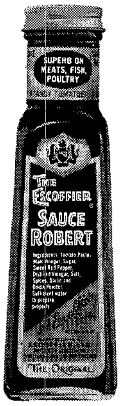

still flicking passes, van Breda Kolff stood up and shouted, "*Will . . . you . . . shoot . . . that . . . ball?*" Bradley, obeying at once, drew his man into the vortex of a reverse pivot, and left him standing six feet behind as he made a soft, short jumper from about ten feet out.

If Bradley were more interested in his own statistics, he could score sixty or seventy-five points, or maybe even a hundred, in some of his games. But this would merely be personal aggrandizement, done at the expense of the relative balance of his own team and causing unnecessary embarrassment to the opposition, for it would only happen against an opponent that was heavily outmatched anyway. Bradley's highest point totals are almost always made when the other team is strong and the situation demands his scoring ability. He has, in fact, all the mechanical faculties a great one-on-one player needs. As van Breda Kolff will point out, for example, Bradley has "a great reverse pivot," and this is an essential characteristic of a one-on-one specialist. A way of getting rid of a defensive man who is playing close, it is a spin of the body, vaguely similar to what a football halfback does when he spins away from a would-be tackler, and almost exactly what a lacrosse player does when he "turns his man." Say that Bradley is dribbling hard toward the basket and the defensive man is all over him. Bradley turns, in order to put his body between his opponent and the ball; he continues his dribbling but shifts the ball from one hand to the other; if his man is still crowding in on him, he keeps on turning until he has made one full revolution and is once more headed toward the basket. This is a reverse pivot. Bradley can execute one in less than a second. The odds are that when he has completed the spin the defensive player will be behind him, for it is the nature of basketball that the odds favor the man with the ball—if he knows how to play them. Bradley doesn't need to complete the full revolution every time. If his man steps away from him in anticipation of a reverse pivot, Bradley can stop dead and make a jump shot. If the man stays close to him but not close enough to be turned, Bradley can send up a hook shot. If the man moves over so that he will be directly in Bradley's path when Bradley comes out of the turn, Bradley can scrap the reverse pivot before he begins it, merely suggesting it with his shoulders and then continuing his original dribble to the basket, making his man look like a

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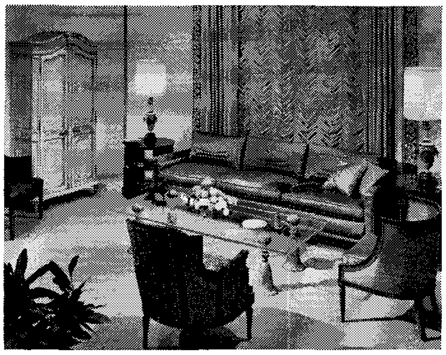

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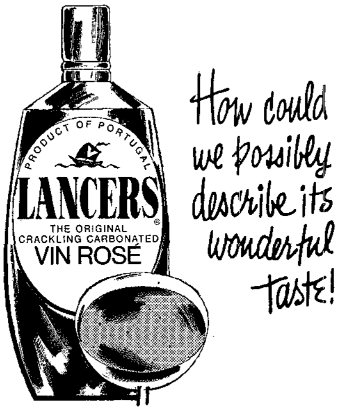
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The Lunts in Washington

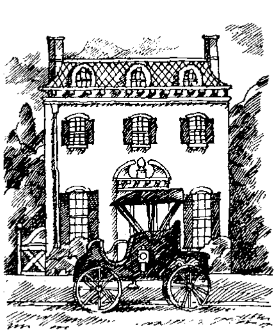
It was smack in the middle of the Depression that a certain acting couple turned down an offer of a million dollars for making four movies. (It had to be a certain couple, because an uncertain couple never would have had the nerve.)

But this was Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and they simply wouldn't sign a contract that did not give them script approval.

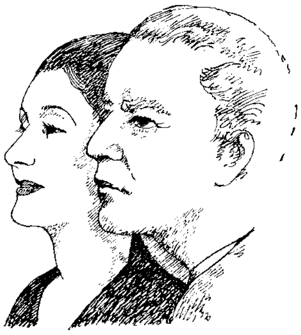
Hand-Picked Vehicles

Such care about the works in which they appear has served the Lunts well in four decades of performing together. It is a reason, too, for viewers' looking ahead with special anticipation to the evening of Thursday, Jan. 28.

On that night (9:30 to 11 pm EST) the Lunts will be starring in NBC-TV's Hallmark Hall of Fame presentation of "The Magnificent Yankee", a 90-minute color adaptation of Emmet Lavery's warm, witty and winning stage play about U.S. Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.



The play is, essentially, a non-legal (we almost said "illegal") story about the last 30 years in the public and private life of the colorful Bostonian who came to be known as the Court's "Great Dissenter." Set entirely in Washington, the action spans the administrations from Theodore to Franklin Roosevelt.



Prominent in the Hallmark special's brilliant cast are Eduard Franz, as Justice Louis Brandeis; Robert Emhardt, as historian Henry Adams; and James Daly, as author Owen Wister. Through "The Magnificent Yankee"—adapted for television by Robert Hartung—millions of viewers will get to know Holmes as a seeker after truth; as a loyal friend; and as a devoted husband. They will come to admire, too, the charm and wisdom of his wife, a lady who understood her frequently difficult spouse as thoroughly as he understood his Constitutional Law.

Just how much of a contribution Fanny Holmes made to her husband's growth and well-being is wrapped up neatly by Holmes himself in a kidding remark he makes to her in their very last scene together: "It's as the minister said the day we were married ...two people *did* become one ...only trouble was that you were the one."

Such is the reverence with which theatre people regard the Lunts that even so accomplished a producer-director as George Schaefer (whose roster of Hallmark stars includes such names as Maurice Evans, Richard Burton, Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes) found himself troubled by a bad case of awe before "The Magnificent Yankee's" first TV rehearsals. However, the Lunts put him at ease immediately. "Mr. Schaefer," he was assured, "please remember one thing—you *can't* give us enough direction."

Energy Without End

Schaefer, himself, has a reputation for being a tireless taskmaster on the set, but the inexhaustible energy of the Lunts made him feel like a shirker. "They'd show up for rehearsals a half hour before anybody else," he reports. "Then, after they'd worked their hearts out all day, I'd have the devil of a time getting them to quit." And that's not so surprising. Whether it's a rehearsal or an entire acting career, the very idea of quitting has always been terribly alien to Mr. and Mrs. Lunt. For which audiences throughout the world should be ever grateful.

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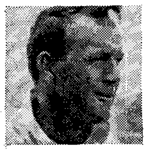

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pedestrian who has leaped to get out of the way of a speeding car.

The metaphor of basketball is to be found in these compounding alternatives. Every time a basketball player takes a step, an entire new geometry of action is created around him. In ten seconds, with or without the ball, a good player may see perhaps a hundred alternatives and, from them, make half a dozen choices as he goes along. A great player will see even more alternatives and will make more choices, and this multiradial way of looking at things can carry over into his life. At least, it carries over into Bradley's life. The very word "alternatives" bobs in and out of his speech with noticeable frequency. Before his Rhodes Scholarship came along and eased things, he appeared to be worrying about dozens of alternatives for next year. And he still fills his days with alternatives. He apparently always needs to have eight ways to jump, not because he is excessively prudent but because that is what makes the game interesting.

The reverse pivot, of course, is just one of numerous one-on-one moves that produce a complexity of possibilities. A rocker step, for example, in which a player puts one foot forward and rocks his shoulders forward and backward, can yield a set shot if the defensive man steps back, a successful drive to the basket if the defensive man comes in too close, a jump shot if he tries to compromise. A simple crossover—shifting a dribble from one hand to the other and changing direction—can force the defensive man to overcommit himself, as anyone knows who has ever watched Oscar Robertson use it to break free and score. Van Breda Kolff says that Bradley is "a great mover," and points out that the basis of all these maneuvers is footwork. Bradley has spent hundreds of hours merely rehearsing the choreography of the game—shifting his feet in the same patterns again and again, until they have worn into his motor subconscious. "The average basketball player only likes to play basketball," van Breda Kolff says. "When he's left to himself, all he wants to do is get a two-on-two or a three-on-three going. Bradley practices techniques, making himself learn and improve instead of merely having fun."

Because of Bradley's super-serious approach to basketball, his relationship to van Breda Kolff is in some respects a reversal of the usual relationship between a player and a coach. Writing to van Breda Kolff from Tokyo

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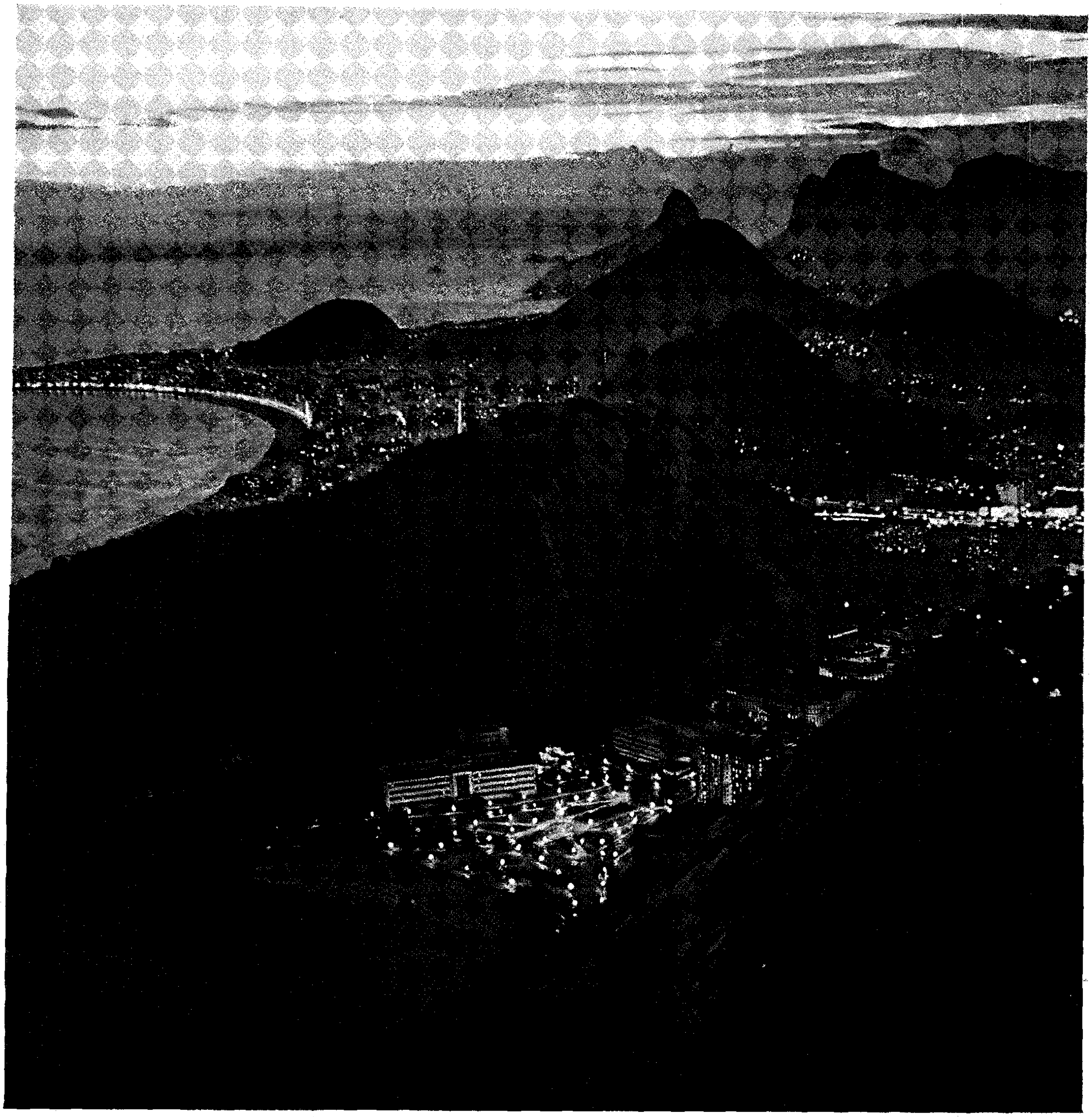

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in his capacity as captain-elect, Bradley advised his coach that they should prepare themselves for "the stern challenge ahead." Van Breda Kolff doesn't vibrate to that sort of tune. "Basketball is a game," he says. "It is not an ordeal. I think Bradley's happiest whenever he can deny himself pleasure." Van Breda Kolff's handling of Bradley has been, in a way, a remarkable feat of coaching. One man cannot beat five men—at least not consistently—and Princeton loses basketball games. Until this season, moreover, the other material that van Breda Kolff has had at his disposal has been for the most part below even the usual Princeton standard, so the fact that his teams have won two consecutive championships is about as much to his credit as to his star's. Van Breda Kolff says, "I try to play it just as if he were a normal player. I don't want to overlook him, but I don't want to over-look for him, either, if you see what I'm trying to say." Bradley's teammates sometimes depend on him too much, the coach explains, or, in a kind of psychological upheaval, get self-conscious about being on the court with a superstar and, perhaps to prove their independence, bring the ball up the court five or six times without passing it to him. When this happens, van Breda Kolff calls time out. "Hey, boys," he says. "What have we got an All-American for?" He refers to Bradley's stardom only when he has to, however. In the main, he takes Bradley with a calculated grain of salt. He is interested in Bradley's relative weaknesses rather than in his storied feats, and has helped him gain poise on the court, learn patience, improve his rebounding, and be more aggressive. He refuses on principle to say that Bradley is the best basketball player he has ever coached, and he is also careful not to echo the general feeling that Bradley is the most exemplary youth since Lochinvar, but he will go out of his way to tell about the reaction of referees to Bradley. "The refs watch Bradley like a hawk, but, because he never complains, they feel terrible if they make an error against him," he says. "They just love him because he is such a gentleman. They get upset if they call a bad one on him." I asked van Breda Kolff what he thought Bradley would be doing when he was forty. "I don't know," he said. "I guess he'll be the governor of Missouri."

Many coaches, on the reasonable supposition that Bradley cannot beat their teams alone, concentrate on choking off the four other Princeton players, but Bradley is good enough to rise

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by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
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to such occasions, as he did when he scored forty-six against Texas, making every known shot, including an eighteen-foot running hook. Some coaches, trying a standard method of restricting a star, set up four of their players in either a box-shaped or a diamond-shaped zone defensive formation and put their fifth player on Bradley, man-to-man. Wherever Bradley goes under these circumstances, he has at least two men guarding him, the man-to-man player and the fellow whose zone he happens to be passing through. This is a dangerous defense, however, because it concedes an imbalance of forces, and also because Bradley is so experienced at being guarded by two men at once that he can generally fake them both out with a single move; also, such over-guarding often provides Bradley with enough free throws to give his team the margin of victory. Most coaches have played Princeton straight, assigning their best defensive man to Bradley and letting it go at that. This is what St. Joseph's College did in the opening round of the N.C.A.A. Tournament in 1963. St. Joseph's had a strong, well-balanced team, which had lost only four games of a twenty-five-game schedule and was heavily favored to rout Princeton. The St. Joseph's player who was to guard Bradley promised his teammates that he would hold Bradley below twenty points. Bradley made twenty points in the first half. He made another twenty points in the first sixteen minutes of the second half. In the group battles for rebounds, he won time after time. He made nearly sixty per cent of his shots, and he made sixteen out of sixteen from the foul line. The experienced St. Joseph's man could not handle him, and the whole team began to go after him in frenzied clusters. He would dribble through them, disappearing in the ruck and emerging a moment later, still dribbling, to float up toward the basket and score. If St. Joseph's forced him over toward the sideline, he would crouch, turn his head to look for the distant basket, step, kick his leg, and follow through with his arms, sending a long, high hook shot—all five parts intact—into the net. When he went up for a jump shot, St. Joseph's players would knock him off balance, but he would make the shot anyway, crash to the floor, get up, and sink the dividend foul shot, scoring three points instead of two on the play. On defense, he guarded St. Joseph's highest-scoring player, Tom Wynne, and held him to nine points. The defense was expensive, though. An aggressive defensive player

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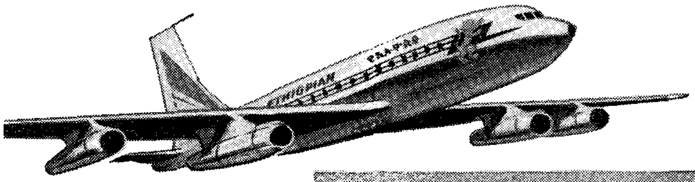
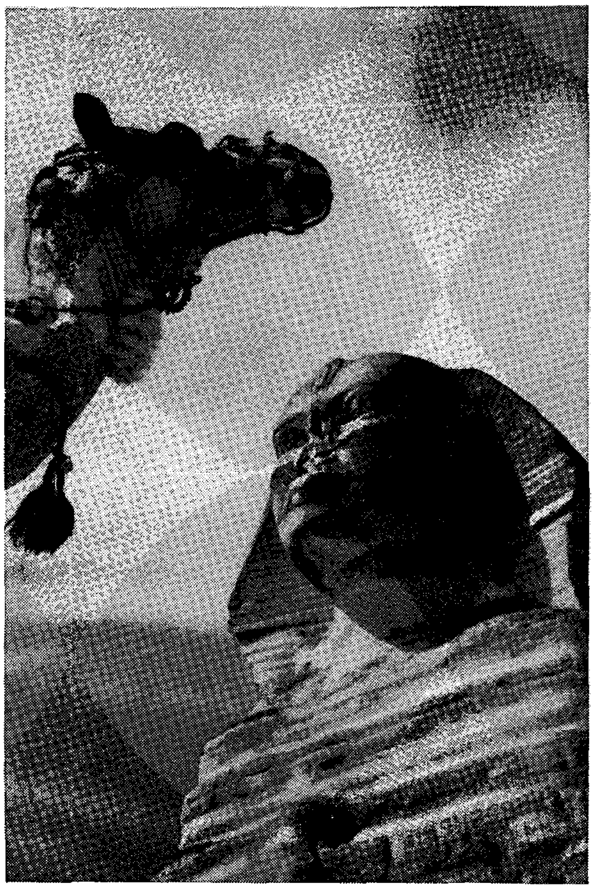
has to take the risk of committing five personal fouls, after which a player is obliged by the rules to leave the game. With just under four minutes to go, and Princeton comfortably ahead by five points, Bradley committed his fifth foul and left the court. For several minutes, the game was interrupted as the crowd stood and applauded him; the game was being played in Philadelphia, where hostility toward Princeton is ordinarily great but where the people know a folk hero when they see one. After the cheering ended, the blood drained slowly out of Princeton, whose other players could not hold the lead. Princeton lost by one point. Dr. Jack Ramsey, the St. Joseph's coach, says that Bradley's effort that night was the best game of basketball he has ever seen a college boy play.

Some people, hearing all the stories of Bradley's great moments, go to see him play and are disappointed when he does not do something memorable at least once a minute. Actually, basketball is a hunting game. It lasts for forty minutes, and there are ten men on the court, so the likelihood is that any one player, even a superstar, will actually have the ball in his hands for only four of those minutes, or perhaps a little more. The rest of the time, a player on offense either is standing around recovering his breath or is on the move, foxlike, looking for openings, sizing up chances, attempting to screen off a defensive man—by "coming off guys," as van Breda Kolff puts it—and thus upset the balance of power. The depth of Bradley's game is most discernible when he doesn't have the ball. He goes in and swims around in the vicinity of the basket, back and forth, moving for motion's sake, making plans and abandoning them, and always watching the distant movement of the ball out of the corner of his eye. He stops and studies his man, who is full of alertness, because of the sudden break in the rhythm. The man is trying to watch both Bradley and the ball. Bradley watches the man's head. If it turns too much to the right, he moves quickly to the left. If it turns too much to the left, he goes to the right. If, ignoring the ball, the man focusses his full attention on Bradley, Bradley stands still and looks at the floor. A high-lobbed pass floats in, and just before it arrives Bradley jumps high, takes the ball, turns, and scores. If Princeton has an out-of-bounds play under the basket, Bradley takes a position just inside the baseline, almost touching the teammate who is going to throw the ball into play. The defensive man crowds in to try to





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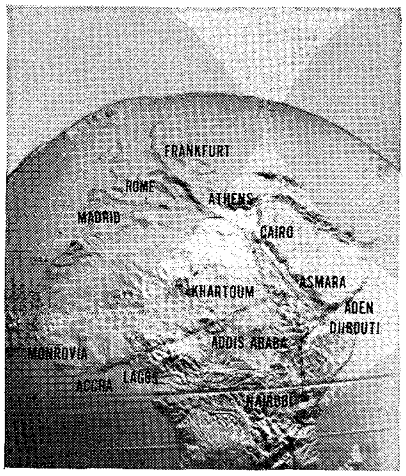

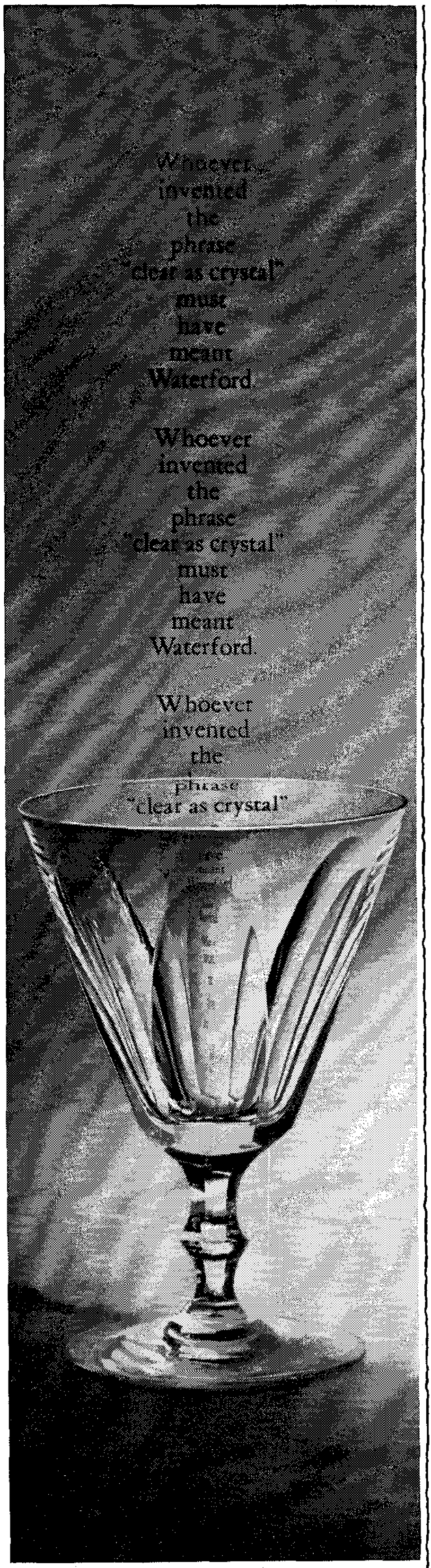

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stop whatever Bradley is planning. Bradley whirls around the defensive man, blocking him out with one leg, and takes a bounce pass and lays up the score. This works only against naïve opposition, but when it does work it is a marvel to watch. To receive a pass from a backcourt man, Bradley moves away from the basket and toward one side of the court. He gets the ball, gives it up, goes into the center, and hovers there awhile. Nothing happens. He goes back to the corner. He starts toward the backcourt again to receive a pass like the first one. His man, who is eager and has been through this before, moves out toward the backcourt a step ahead of Bradley. This is a defensive error. Bradley isn't going that way; he was only faking. He heads straight for the basket, takes a bounce pass, and scores. This maneuver is known in basketball as going back door. Bradley is able to go back door successfully and often, because of his practiced footwork. Many players, once their man has made himself vulnerable, rely on surprise alone to complete a back-door play, and that isn't always enough. Bradley's fake looks for all the world like the beginning of a trip to the outside; then, when he goes for the basket, he has all the freedom he needs. When he gets the ball after breaking free, other defensive players naturally leave their own men and try to stop him. In these three-on-two or two-on-one situations, the obvious move is to pass to a teammate who has moved into a position to score. Sometimes, however, no teammate has moved and Bradley sees neither a pass nor a shot, so he veers around and goes back and picks up his own man. "I take him on into the corner for a one-on-one," he says, imagining what he might do. "I move toward the free-throw line on a dribble. If the man is overplaying me to my right, I reverse pivot and go in for a left-handed lay-up. If the man is playing even with me, but off me a few feet, I take a jump shot. If the man is playing me good defense—honest—and he's on me tight, I keep going. I give him a head-and-shoulder fake, keep going all the time, and drive to the basket, or I give him a head-and-shoulder fake and take a jump shot. Those are all the things you need—the fundamentals."

Bradley develops a relationship with his man that is something like the relationship between a yoyoist and his yoyo. "I'm on the side of the floor," he postulates, "and I want to play with my man a little bit, always knowing where the ball is but not immediately concerned with getting it. Basketball is a game of two or three men, and you have to know how to stay out of a play and not clutter it up. I cut to the baseline. My man will follow me. I'll cut up to the high-post position. He'll follow me. I'll cut to the low-post position. He'll follow me. I'll go back out to my side position. He'll follow. I'll fake to the center of the floor and go hard to the baseline, running my man into a pick set at the low-post position. I'm not running him into a pick in order to get free for a shot—I'm doing it simply to irritate him. I come up on the other side of the basket, looking to see if a teammate feels that I'm open. They can't get the ball to me at that instant. Now my man is back with me. I go out to the side. I set a screen for the guard. He sees the situation. He comes toward me. He dribbles hard past me, running his man into my back. I feel the contact. My man switches off me, leaving the pass lane open for a split second. I go hard to the basket and take a bounce pass for a shot. Two points."

Because Bradley's inclination to analyze every gesture in basketball is fairly uncommon, other players look at him as if they think him a little odd when he seeks them out after a game and asks them to show him what they did in making a move that he particularly admired. They tell him that they're not sure what he is talking about, and that even if they could remember, they couldn't possibly explain, so the best offer they can make is to go back to the court, try to set up the situation again, and see what it was that provoked his appreciation. Bradley told me about this almost apologetically, explaining that he had no choice but to be analytical in order to be in the game at all. "I don't have that much natural ability," he said, and went on to tell a doleful tale about how his legs lacked spring, how he was judged among the worst of the Olympic candidates in ability to get high off the floor, and so on, until he had nearly convinced me that he was a motor moron. In actuality, Bradley does have certain natural advantages. He has been six feet five since he was fifteen years old, so he had most of his high-school years in which to develop his coördination, and it is now exceptional for a tall man. His hand span, measuring only nine and a half inches, does not give him the

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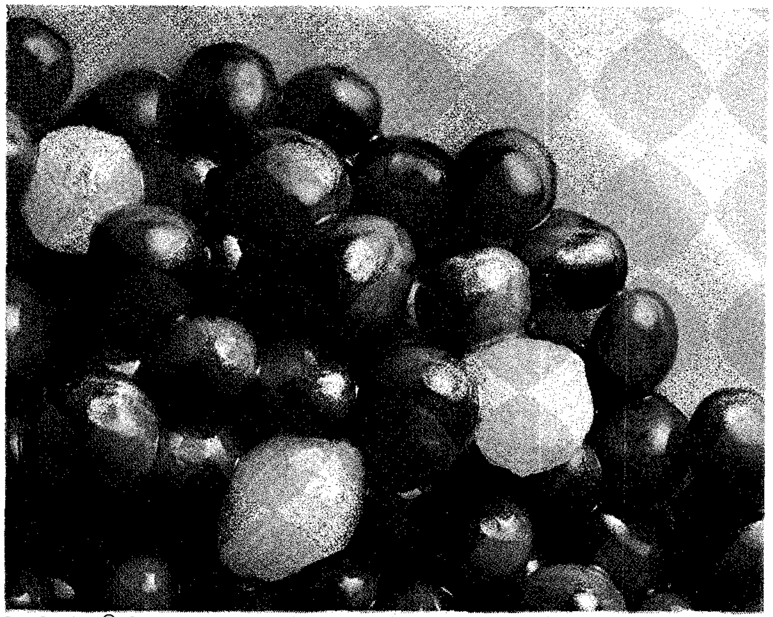

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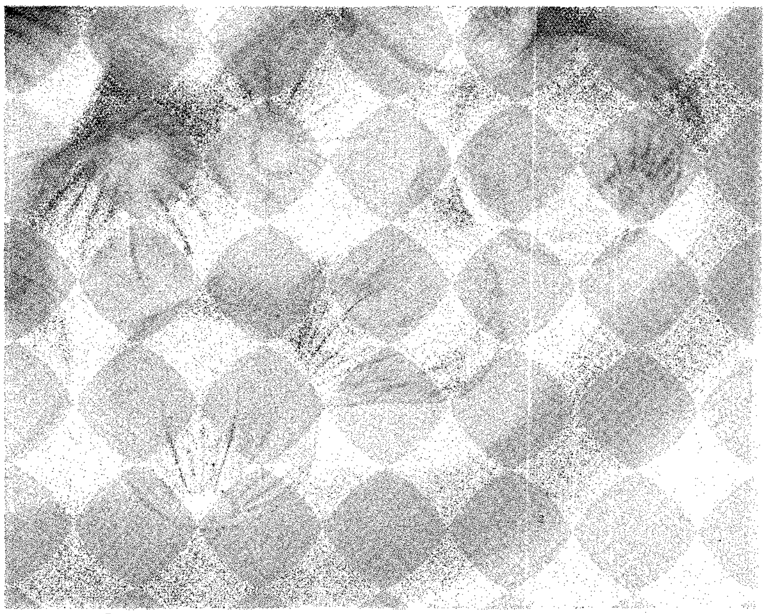

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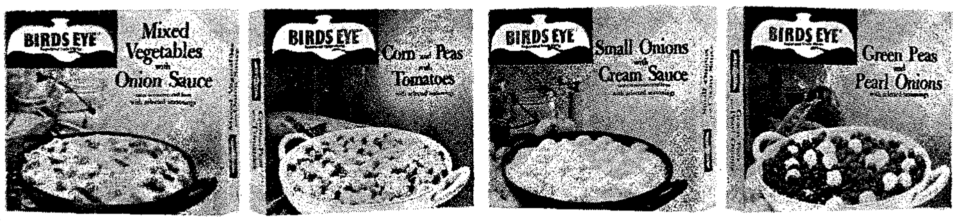
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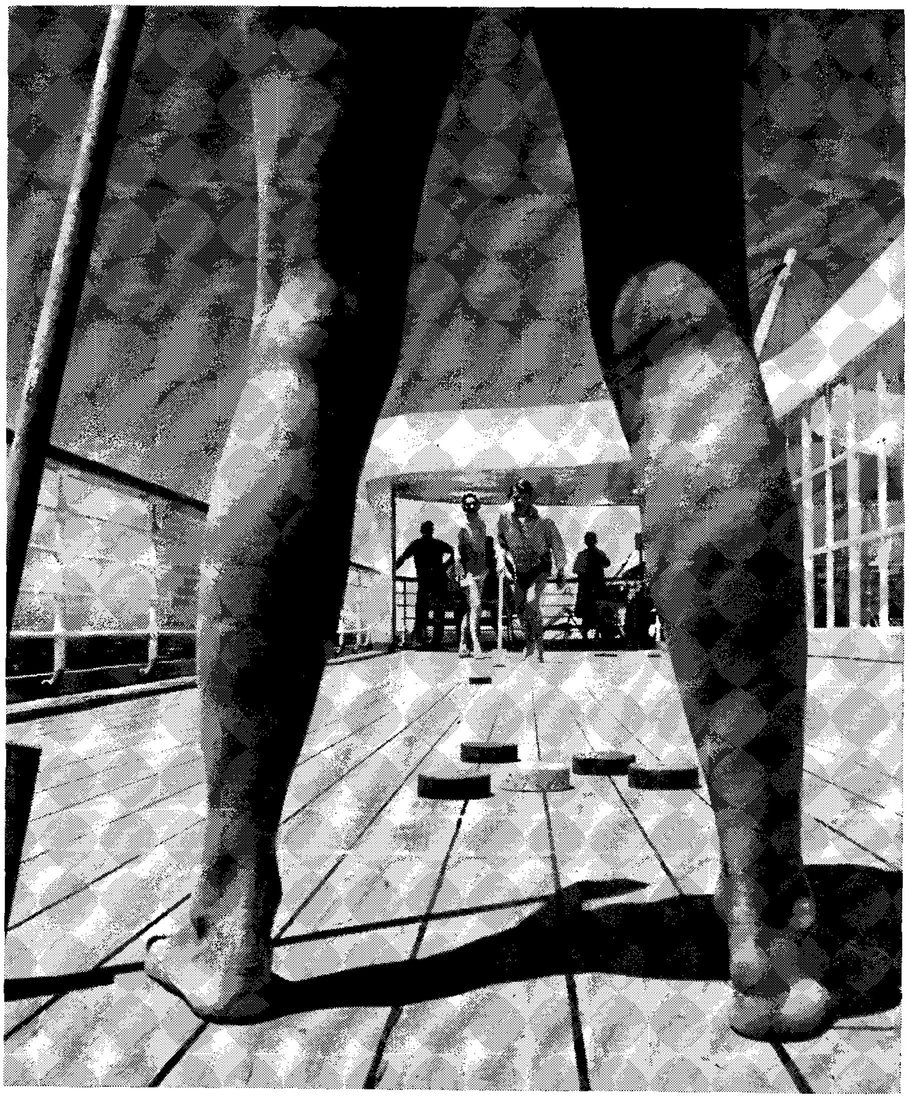
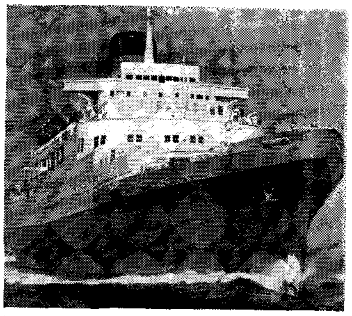
wraparound control that basketball players like to have, but, despite relatively unimpressive shoulders and biceps, he is unusually strong, and he can successfully mix with almost anyone in the Greco-Roman battles under the backboards. His most remarkable natural gift, however, is his vision. During a game, Bradley's eyes are always a glaze of panoptic attention, for a basketball player needs to look at everything, focussing on nothing, until the last moment of commitment. Beyond this, it is obviously helpful to a basketball player to be able to see a little more than the next man, and the remark is frequently made about basketball superstars that they have unusual peripheral vision. People used to say that Bob Cousy, the immortal backcourt man of the Boston Celtics, could look due east and enjoy a sunset. Ed Macauley once took a long auto trip with Cousy when they were teammates, and in the course of it Cousy happened to go to sleep sitting up. Macauley swears that Cousy's eyelids, lowered as far as they would go, failed to cover his coleopteran eyes. Bradley's eyes close normally enough, but his astounding passes to teammates have given him, too, a reputation for being able to see out of the back of his head. To discover whether there was anything to all the claims for basketball players' peripheral vision, I asked Bradley to go with me to the office of Dr. Henry Abrams, a Princeton ophthalmologist, who had agreed to measure Bradley's total field. Bradley rested his chin in the middle of a device called a perimeter, and Dr. Abrams began asking when he could see a small white dot as it was slowly brought around from behind him, from above, from below, and from either side. To make sure that Bradley wasn't, in effect, throwing hope passes, Dr. Abrams checked each point three times before plotting it on a chart. There was a chart for each eye, and both charts had irregular circles printed on them, representing the field of vision that a typical perfect eye could be expected to have. Dr. Abrams explained as he worked that these printed circles were logical rather than experimentally established extremes, and that in his experience the circles he had plotted to represent the actual vision fields of his patients had without exception fallen inside the circles printed on the charts. When he finished plotting Bradley's circles, the one for each eye was larger than the printed model and, in fact, ran completely outside it. With both eyes open and looking straight ahead,





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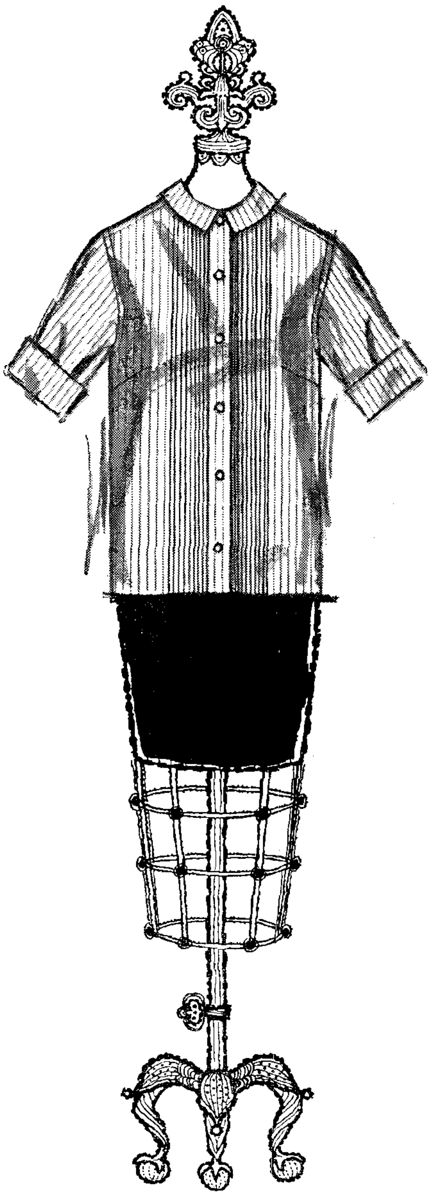

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Bradley sees a hundred and ninety-five degrees on the horizontal and about seventy degrees straight down, or about fifteen and five degrees more, respectively, than what is officially considered perfection. Most surprising, however, is what he can see above him. Focussed horizontally, the typical perfect eye, according to the chart, can see about forty-seven degrees upward. Bradley can see seventy degrees upward. This no doubt explains why he can stare at the floor while he is waiting for lobbed passes to arrive from above. Dr. Abrams said that he doubted whether a person who tried to expand his peripheral vision through exercises could succeed, but he was fascinated to learn that when Bradley was a young boy he tried to do just that. As he walked down the main street of Crystal City, for example, he would keep his eyes focussed straight ahead and try to identify objects in the windows of stores he was passing. For all this, however, Bradley cannot see behind himself. Much of the court and, thus, a good deal of the action are often invisible to a basketball player, so he needs more than good eyesight. He needs to know how to function in the manner of a blind man as well. When, say, four players are massed in the middle of things behind Bradley, and it is inconvenient for him to look around, his hands reach back and his fingers move rapidly from shirt to shirt or hip to hip. He can read the defense as if he were reading Braille.

Bradley's optical endowments notwithstanding, Coach van Breda Kolff agrees with him that he is "not a great physical player," and goes on to say, "Others can run faster and jump higher. The difference between Bill and other basketball players is self-discipline." The two words that Bradley repeats most often when he talks about basketball are "discipline" and "concentration," and through the exercise of both he has made himself an infectious example to younger players. "Concentrate!" he keeps shouting to himself when he is practicing on his own. His capacity for self-discipline is so large that it is almost funny. For example, he was a bit shocked when the Olympic basketball staff advised the Olympic basketball players to put in one hour of practice a day during the summer, because he was already putting in two hours a day—often in ninety-five-degree temperatures, with his feet squishing in sneakers that had become so wet that he sometimes skidded and crashed to the floor. His creed, which he picked up from Ed Macauley, is

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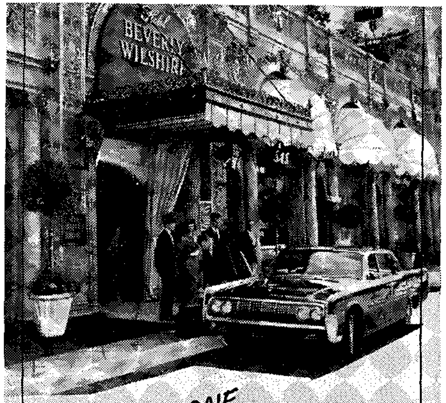

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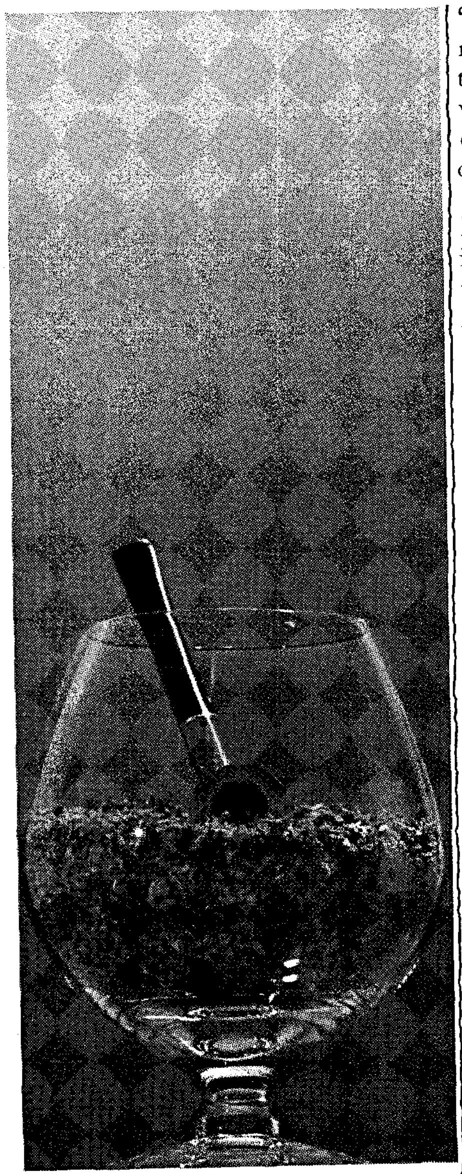

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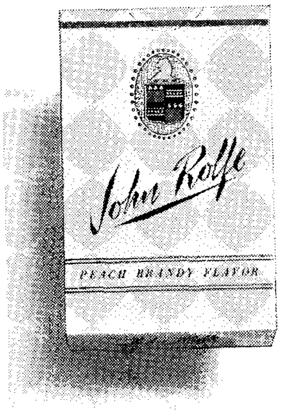

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"When you are not practicing, remember, someone somewhere is practicing, and when you meet him he will win." He also believes that the conquest of pain is essential to any seriously sustained athletic endeavor. In 1963, he dressed for a game against Harvard although he had a painful foot injury. Then, during the pre-game warmup, it bothered him so much that he decided to give up, and he started for the bench. He changed his mind on the way, recalling that a doctor had told him that his foot, hurt the night before at Dartmouth, was badly bruised but was not in danger of further damage. If he had sat down, he says, he would have lowered his standards, for he believes that "there has never been a great athlete who did not know what pain is." So he played the game. His heavily taped foot went numb during the first ten minutes, but his other faculties seemed to sharpen in response to the handicap. His faking quickened to make up for his reduced speed, and he scored thirty-two points, missing only five shots during the entire evening.

HOW Bradley acquired these criteria and became a superstar is not what interests people in basketball. If they think about it at all, they wonder *why* he did it. "Where did this kid get his dedication?" Macauley asks. "Why did he decide to make the sacrifices?" The pattern of his life seems to provide an answer to the question, beginning with the fact that he used the sport as a way to get to know other boys, for he was an only child.

Crystal City, which was once an active river port, now has a population of about four thousand, with a preponderance of Italians, Greeks, French, and Slavs, and a considerable proportion of Negroes. Its principal street, Mississippi Avenue, is paved with red brick and overhung with the limbs of oak and tulip trees. Although the town is fully incorporated, its people see it as a collection of unofficial subdivisions, various neighborhoods being known as Crystal Valley, Crystal Terrace, Crystal Heights, Old Town, Downtown, Crystal Village, and North Crystal. A stranger arriving at night and hearing talk of all these areas might well believe he was in a sprawling megalopolis. In reality, the town has a three-man police force; it has one factory, an enormous one that makes plate glass and that indirectly gave the town its name; and it has one bank president, and one bank president's son.

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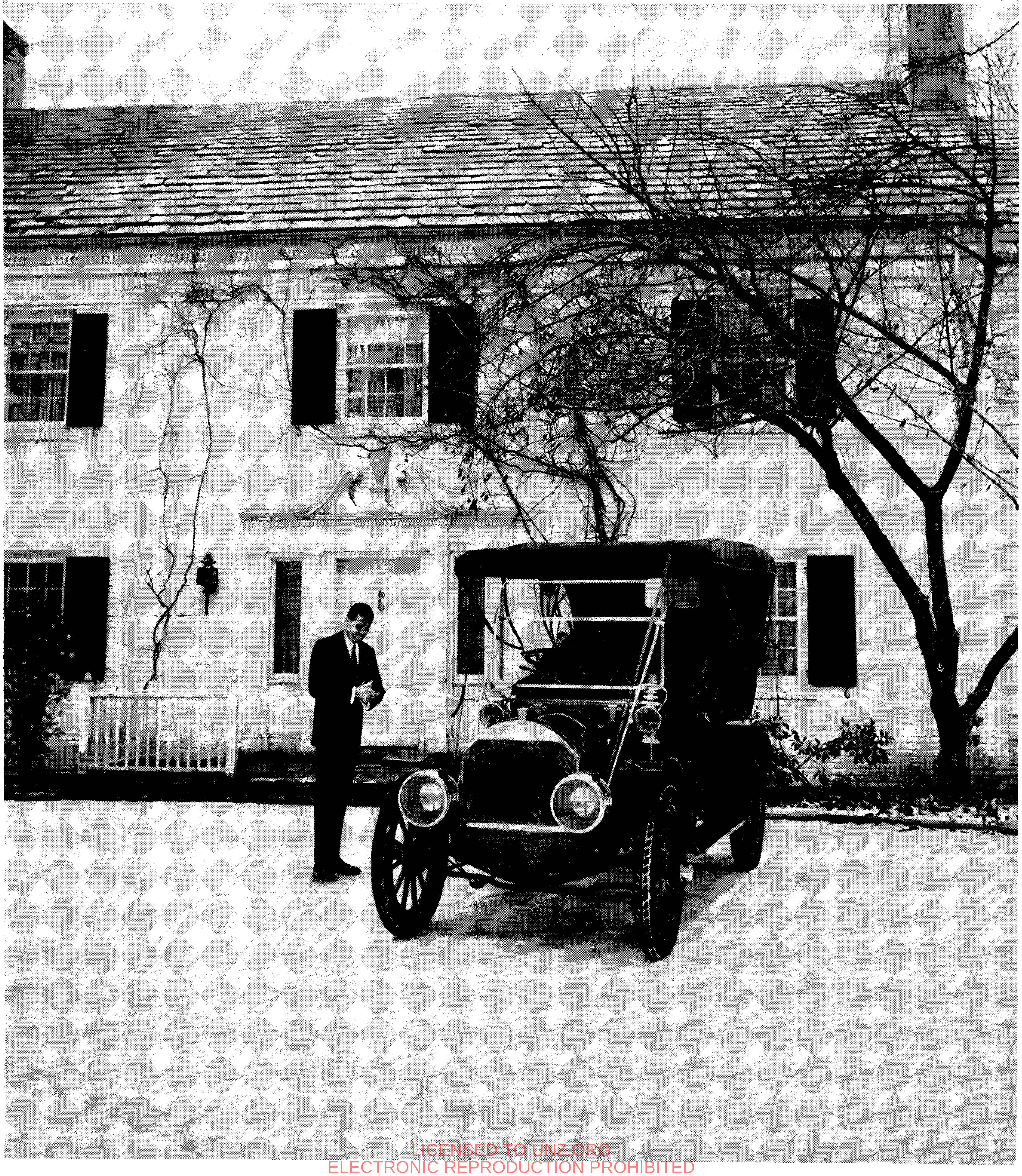

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nue, behind picture windows that look out on the Grace Presbyterian Church, across the street, whose ample churchyard forms a kind of town common. Elsewhere in Crystal City, weeds sometimes grow at forty-five-degree angles out of the clefts where the streets meet the curbstones, and property owners tend to resign themselves to having brown lawns in summer, but in and around the churchyard everything is trim, immaculate, and green. When Warren Bradley, Bill's father, goes to work in the morning, he walks halfway around the churchyard to the Crystal City State Bank, where, according to his wife, he "started out as a penny shiner" in 1921. His father had died in 1910, when he was nine, and he had been able to complete only one year at Crystal City High School before going to work, first as a ticket-seller for the Missouri & Illinois Railroad and later as a yard clerk for the Frisco Line. "The feel of money seemed to appeal to me," he says in explaining his switchover to banking. Sixteen years after joining the bank, he became its president. In the meantime, he compensated for his abbreviated education by reading on his own, and although his son is a Rhodes Scholar, he is still the most incisive and articulate member of the family. He cares about politics with a studious passion and, ignoring the possible effect of his beliefs on his business, is a contentious Republican in a town full of Democrats. He is ordinarily a reserved man, and he has a soft voice, but when something worth reacting to comes along, he reacts, and often bluntly. Four years ago, when his son was under very heavy recruitment pressure from college coaches, Mr. Bradley was disturbed by all the attention his family was getting, because he didn't think that basketball was that important. One day, a man walked into the Crystal City State Bank without an appointment and asked Mr. Bradley's secretary to say that Adolph Rupp had come to call. Rupp, known throughout basketball as The Baron, has for thirty-five years been the coach at the University of Kentucky. He works more meticulously and expensively than any other coach, having movies taken at every practice, which he studies each morning as if he were John Huston going over the daily rushes. He once drove Artur Rubinstein out of his gym because the pianist, preparing for a concert, disturbed the concentration of the Kentucky Wildcats. He has won more than seven hundred games while losing only a hundred and forty-five, and he once

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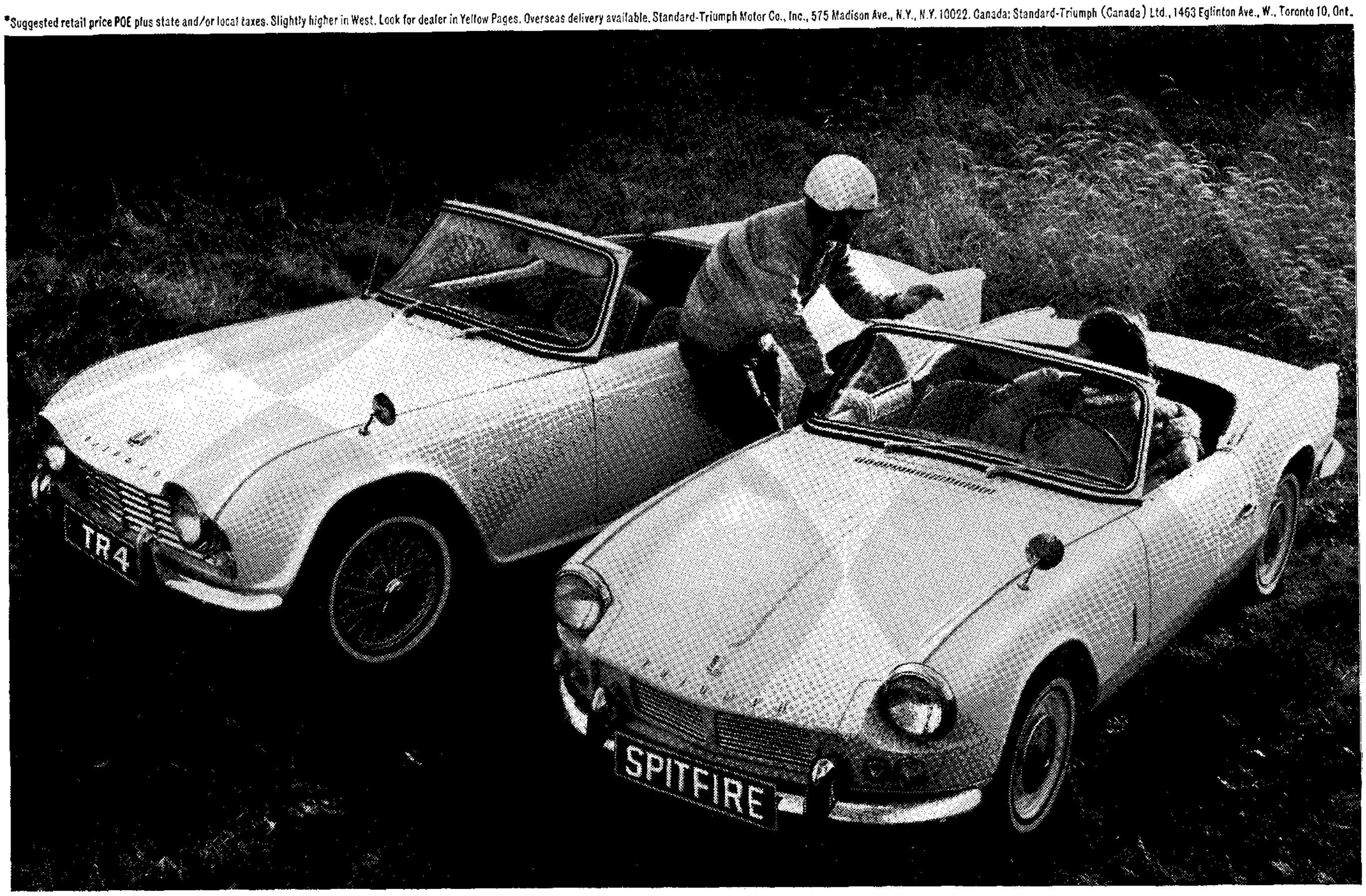

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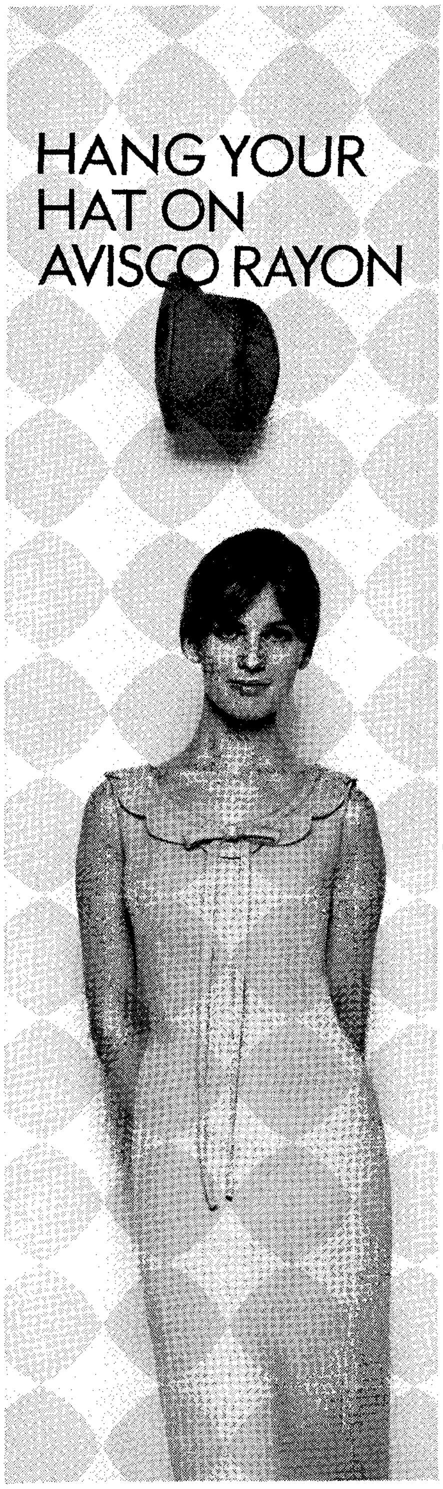
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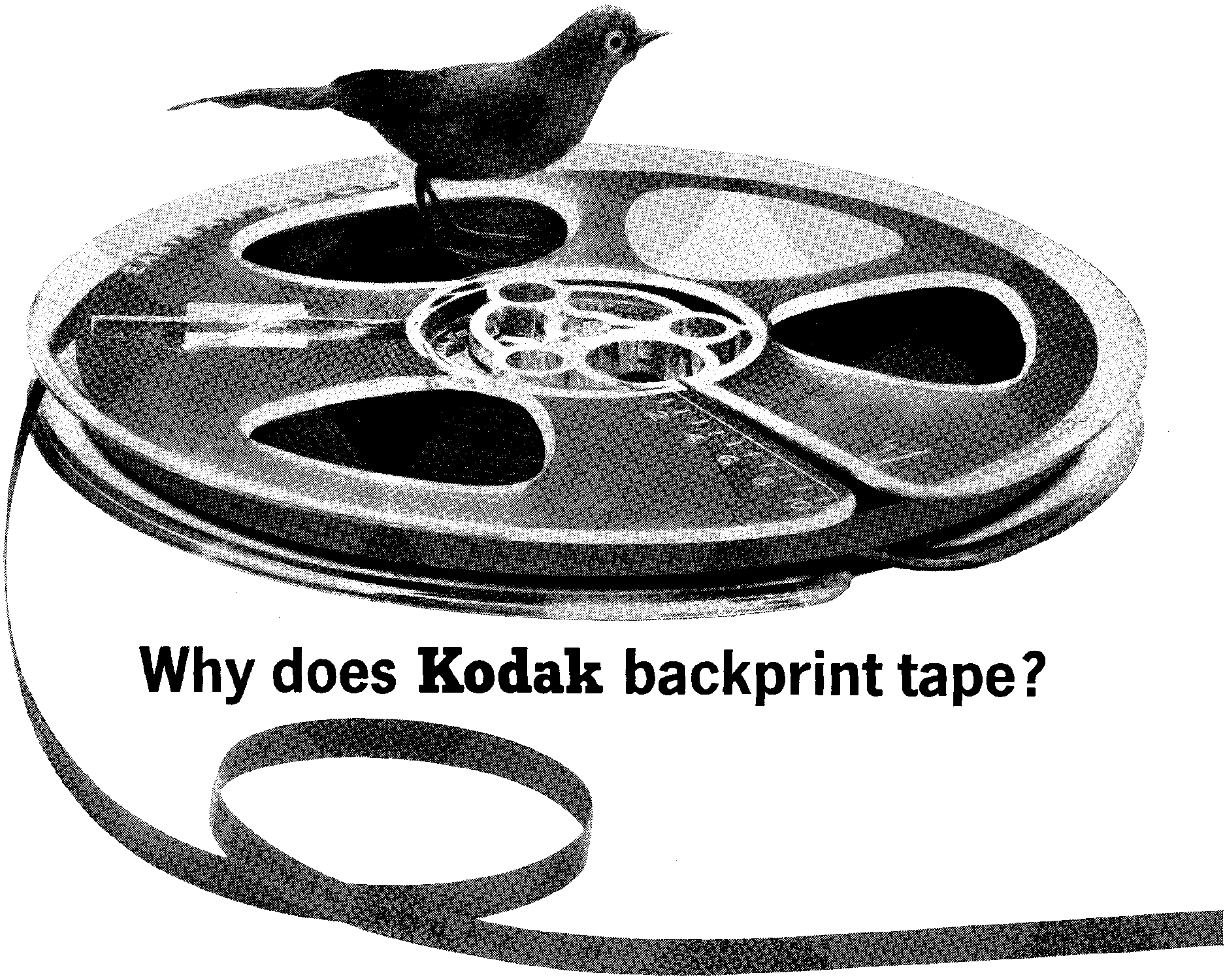
won three national championships in four years. Rupp still gets indignant when he remembers that Mr. Bradley was too busy to see him immediately. Rupp had to wait an hour and a half.

Thanks to a noteworthy stamina of spirit, Mr. Bradley has overcome the inconveniences of having calcified arthritis of the lower spine, which has made him unable to bend over for nearly twenty-five years. He uses long wooden tweezers to pick up objects from the floor. He was almost forty when he married Susan Crowe, who was a graduate of Central College, in Fayette, Missouri, and was then teaching in a junior high school in St. Louis. She grew up near Herculaneum, a town a few miles up the river from Crystal City, and she played interscholastic basketball for Herculaneum High School—a bit of family history that amuses her son. She is five feet seven, and her husband is six feet one and a half. What Bill Bradley calls the luck of being the son of these parents arises from the marked differences in their personalities. If Mr. Bradley is a contemplative man with "an enlightened disinterest," in his son's words, in regard to athletic pinnacles, Mrs. Bradley is an outgoing and amiably competitive woman of immense dynamism. Her father, a coffee salesman, was a big, rough man who could bend spikes in his hands, could do six things at once, liked to tell jokes all night, and was proud of a mark on his forehead where a stallion had once bit him. Mrs. Bradley, who is full of high spirits herself, spends her life doing things for other people, except when she's on the links at the Joachim Country Club. She says that she couldn't care less who wins and who loses at any game, but she usually wins, and she has been club champion. Edward Rapp, the principal of the Crystal City High School, grew up with Mrs. Bradley and watched with interest as she raised her son. "Susie knew what kind of a son she wanted, and by dint of determination she has him," Rapp says. She herself says, "I wanted a Christian upright citizen, and I thought the best way to begin was by promoting things that would interest a little boy." She always had a busy program planned for him, full of golf lessons, swimming lessons, piano lessons, French lessons, trumpet lessons, dancing lessons, and tennis lessons.

When Bradley went out on his own, he sometimes encountered attitudes that disconcerted him. The churchyard was a favorite site with boys in the town for pickup games of tackle football. Crossing the street with the idea of joining in, he would sometimes hear the other boys say something like "Oh, here comes the banker's son," in a tone that made it clear enough that they did not want him. "This was something that hurt me in a very personal way," he says. "They would not judge me for what I was." In one form or another, the stigma of being the banker's son remained with him for some years, and it made him feel that he had more of a need to prove himself than others did. He gradually became tolerated in the churchyard football games, whereupon he displayed another peculiarity, which no one really minded. All little boys playing tackle do so with the understanding that they are not really themselves but small and temporary incarnations of the greatest playing stars. The other boys in the churchyard would announce their names one by one, all of them claiming to be stalwarts of the University of Missouri or some other Midwestern school. Bradley, for his part, always told them that he was Dick Kazmaier, of Princeton, who in the early fifties won the Heisman Trophy as the outstanding college football player in the United States. Today, Bradley wears on his basketball uniform at Princeton the number 42, which is the number that Kazmaier used in football.

Bradley first played basketball, in the Crystal City Y.M.C.A., when he was nine years old. "It was just for something to do," he recalls. When his mother saw that he was interested in the game, she put a basket on the side of the garage so that he could play with his fellow Cub Scouts, to whom she was den mother. Each year, however, the seasonal fever for basketball had just begun to rise when it was time to go to Palm Beach. This was a recurrent frustration, for at the Palm Beach Private School, which he attended, soccer, fencing, and boxing were the major sports. When the school day ended at two, Bradley would hurry out past the limousines that were picking up his classmates, run back to the hotel where his parents stayed, go to his room, and reach under his bed for his basketball—an odd item to take along on a trip to Florida. With a series of tympanic thumps, he would dribble out of the room, across the lobby and the street, and along the sidewalks, under the columnar palms. There was a public schoolyard several blocks away with a basket in it, and he played there every day. Now and then, a few tatterdemal-



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ions from West Palm Beach came to the playground, and he befriended them eagerly. "Basketball was a way to get to know guys," he says. But usually he was alone. This, as much as any place, was where the fundamental narcotic of basketball entered his system. He can remember quite vividly how he felt about the game and about himself as he played it, and once, when I asked him about it, he closed his eyes and said, "What attracted me was the sound of the swish, the sound of the dribble, the feel of going up in the air. You don't need eight others, like in baseball. You don't need any brothers or sisters. Just you. I wonder what the guys are doing back home. I'd like to be there, but it's as much fun here, because I'm playing. It's getting dark. I have to go back for dinner. I'll shoot a couple more. Feels good. A couple more."

Toward the end of seventh grade, Bill told his father he wanted to stay in Crystal City in future winters, and his father consented. The Bradley house then became the community center, for Bill had things that the other boys didn't have—television in his bedroom, for example, and a pinball machine in the basement. On the inside of his bedroom door he had a basketball net, and when the weather was bad outdoors he would get down on his knees—he was six feet three when he was in the eighth grade—and play against boys his own age, two at a time. Conditions outside had to be pretty unsavory before that happened, though; he and his friends played around the outdoor basket in gloves, if necessary, and at night, under floodlights. Gradually, Bradley's back yard evolved into a basketball court nearly as good as Princeton's. "Our yard wasn't for the purpose of raising grass," his father recalls. "There was no grass in it at all." This was because they had a macadam surface put over it, flat and smooth, around the steel pole supporting a fan-shaped backboard, whose hoop was exactly ten feet above the ground. There must be at least five million back-yard baskets in the United States, yet it is possible to search through a whole community without finding more than half a dozen at the regulation height.

Bradley's high-school basketball coach, Arvel Popp (pronounced "Pope"), says that he began cultivating Bradley when the boy was still in grade school. What Popp was mainly cultivating, however, was a football player, because at that time, at least, he was a football coach first and a bas-

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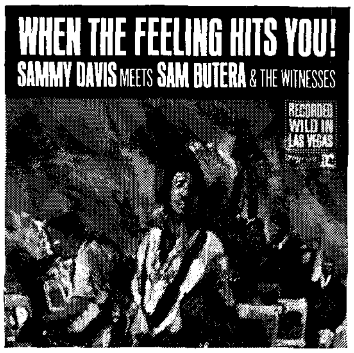
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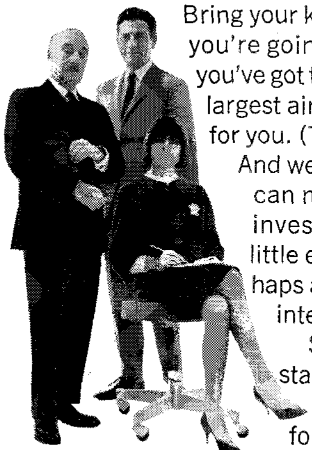

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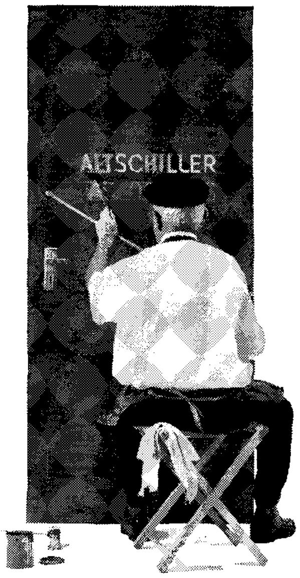

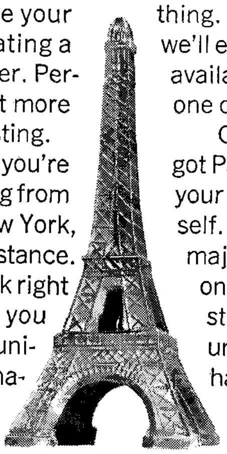

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ketball coach second. Before Bradley reached high-school age, Popp told him, "I'm going to make you into the finest end who ever played for the University of Missouri." Bradley therefore incurred double jeopardy when, entering high school, he showed no interest in football. He had to do what he could to dispel gossip that he was chicken, and he had to prove himself as a basketball player to Coach Popp, for Popp was not interested in having boys on his basketball team who didn't play football.

If basketball was going to enable Bradley to make friends, to prove that a banker's son is as good as the next fellow, to prove that he could do without being the greatest-end-ever at Missouri, to prove that he was not chicken, and to live up to his mother's championship standards, and if he was going to have some moments left over to savor his delight in the game, he obviously needed considerable practice, so he borrowed keys to the gym and set a schedule for himself that he adhered to for four full years—in the school year, three and a half hours every day after school, nine to five on Saturday, one-thirty to five on Sunday, and, in the summer, about three hours a day. He put ten pounds of lead slivers in his sneakers, set up chairs as opponents and dribbled in slalom fashion around them, and wore eyeglass frames that had a piece of cardboard taped to them so that he could not see the floor, for a good dribbler never looks at the ball. Aboard the Queen Elizabeth on a trip to Europe one summer, he found that the two longitudinal corridors on C Deck, Tourist Class, were each about four hundred and fifty feet long, making nine hundred feet in all, or ten times the length of a basketball floor. This submarine palaestra became the world's finest training area in two respects. It was not only the longest gym on earth, it was also the narrowest, measuring forty-eight inches across. The width was ideal for the practice of dribbling, since it tended to bunch the opposition, or fellow-passengers, who got used to hearing the approaching thump-thump of the basketball, and to seeing what appeared to be a six-foot-five-inch lunatic come bearing down upon them with a device on his face that cut off much of his vision.

Coach Popp, as it turned out, was less inflexible than his reputation suggested. After his varsity basketball team lost its first four games, he decided to put a freshman—Bradley—in his lineup, for the second time ever, and after that the Crystal City Hornets won sixteen out

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of twenty-one. The older boys on the team resented Bradley's presence a little, and were also suspicious of him, because he would sometimes use the waiting time in the locker room before a game to bring out a textbook and study. They passed to him fairly infrequently in that first year, but, largely as a result of vacuuming rebounds, he averaged twenty points a game. The resentment arose from the natural tendency of high-school boys to give a great deal of importance to seniority, and by his third year it was gone. Once an anomaly, he was now a model. One of his teammates of those years, Sam La Presta, has recalled, "Bill did what he did by hard work. Everyone looked up to him. He was sort of inspirational. Basketball was one-millionth of what he had to offer."

At Princeton, Bradley has become such an excellent basketball player that it is necessary to look beyond college basketball to find a standard that will put him in perspective. The standard's name is Oscar Robertson, of the Cincinnati Royals, who is the finest basketball player yet developed. He is five years older than Bradley, and now that Bradley is leaving basketball, the question of who would ultimately have been the better player will not be answered. Robertson, who is known in basketball as The O, stands out among all professionals for the same reason that Bradley stands out among all amateurs. Other players have certain individual skills that are sharper, but Bradley and Robertson are brilliant in every aspect of the game. To make a detailed comparison between Bradley and Robertson as they are now, Robertson is a better rebounder and a better defensive player, notwithstanding the defensive performance that Bradley gave in an exhibition game last fall between the Olympic team and the Royals, when he held Robertson to eleven points. Bradley is as good a passer as Robertson, and they are about even in dribbling, too. Going hard for the basket, Robertson is a better driver. "When I watch Robertson," Bradley says, "I just stand with my mouth wide open. There are so many things he does that I could never do in a hundred years. I could never feel confident, the way he can, that I could shoot jump shots against anybody at all. He's the best basketball player alive." Bradley adds that one of the big differences between his abilities and Robertson's is that The O has better body control and is more deceptive when he moves. Bradley, for his part, has a

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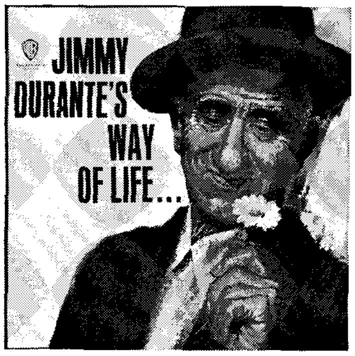

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greater variety of shots than Robertson, and is, in general, a more accurate shooter. As Bradley notes, however, he doesn't have the same jump shot. Bradley is merely outstanding with his jumper. But no one has a jump shot like Robertson's—frozen in the air, with his back arched and his hands behind his head, where the ball is totally protected until he sends it into the basket. Bradley's jump shot is released, more conventionally, from just above his head. The O's jump shot is literally "unstoppable"—the most intoxicating adjective in basketball. If Bradley does enough shooting this year, he may become the second-highest scorer in the records of college basketball, but he will still be nearly five hundred points under the final count that Robertson left behind him at the University of Cincinnati. Robertson and his Royals teammate Jerry Lucas, who played for Ohio State, are the only two basketball players who have been included on the *Sporting News* All-American team, which is picked by the professional scouts, in all three of their college basketball seasons. This year, barring the unforeseen, Bradley will become the third. Among Bradley's Olympic teammates was U.C.L.A.'s Walt Hazzard, now a Los Angeles Laker, who, like Robertson, is a Negro, and he passed along to Bradley a compliment of unforgettable magnitude. "Where I come from," Hazzard told Bradley, "you are known as The White O."

With all his analyses of its mechanics, Bradley may have broken his game down into its components, but he has reassembled it so seamlessly that all the parts, and also his thousands of hours of practice, are concealed. He is as fluidly graceful as any basketball player I have ever seen. Quite apart from the excitement produced by the scoreboard, a spectator cannot help feeling a considerable elation as he watches Bradley accomplish his fakes and moves and shots. He does it all with a floating economy of motion and a beguiling offhandedness that appeal to the imagination. Many basketball players, outstanding ones included, have a tendency to be rather tastelessly rococo in their style, and Bradley stands out in contrast to them because he adorns nothing that he does. When a game is won beyond doubt, and Bradley leaves the court with three or four minutes to go, the coach of the opposing team has sometimes halted play to walk down to the Princeton bench and shake his hand. The coach doesn't do this just because Bradley has scored thirty-five

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or forty points but because he has done it so uncompromisingly well.

THIS season, in the course of a tournament held during the week after Christmas, Bradley took part in a game that followed extraordinarily the pattern of his game against St. Joseph's. Because the stakes were higher, it was a sort of St. Joseph's game to the third power. Whereas St. Joseph's had been the best team in the East, Princeton's opponent this time was Michigan, the team that the Associated Press and the United Press International had rated as the best college team of all. The chance to face Michigan represented to Bradley the supreme test of his capability as a basketball player. As he saw it, any outstanding player naturally hopes to be a member of the country's No. 1 team, but if that never happens, the next-best thing is to be tested against the No. 1 team. And the Michigan situation seemed even more important to him because, tending as he sometimes does to question his own worth, he was uncomfortably conscious that a committee had picked him for the Olympic team, various committees had awarded him his status as an All-American, and, for that matter, committees had elected him a Rhodes Scholar. Michigan, he felt, would provide an exact measurement of him as an athlete. The height of the Michigan players averages six feet five, and nearly every one of them weighs over two hundred pounds. Smoothly experienced, both as individuals and as a coördinated group, they have the appearance, the manner, and the assurance of a professional team. One of them, moreover, is Cazzie Russell, who, like Bradley, was a consensus All-American last year. For a couple of days before the game, the sports pages of the New York newspapers were crammed with headlines, articles, and even cartoons comparing Bradley and Russell, asking which was the better player, and looking toward what one paper called the most momentous individual confrontation in ten years of basketball. One additional factor—something that meant relatively little to Bradley—was that the game was to be played in Madison Square Garden. Bradley had never played in the Garden, but, because he mistrusts metropolitan standards, he refused to concede that the mere location of the coming test meant anything at all. When a reporter asked him how he felt about appearing there, he replied, "It's just like any other place. The baskets are ten feet high."

Bradley now says that he prepared

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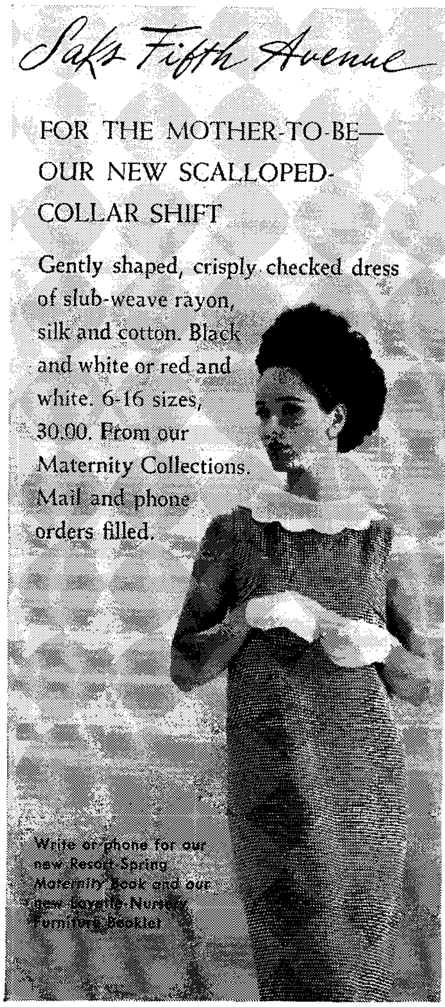

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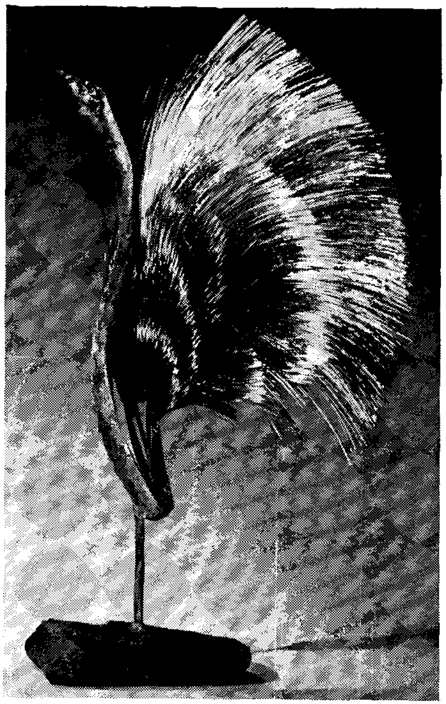
for the Michigan game as he had prepared for no other. He slept for twelve hours, getting up at noon. Then, deliberately, he read the New York newspapers and absorbed the excited prose which might have been announcing a prizefight: FESTIVAL DUEL: BILL BRADLEY VS. CAZZIE RUSSELL . . . CAZZIE—BRADLEY: KEY TEST . . . BRADLEY OR CAZZIE? SHOWDOWN AT HAND . . . BILL BRADLEY OF PRINCETON MEETS CAZZIE RUSSELL OF MICHIGAN TONIGHT AT THE GARDEN!! This exposure to the newspapers had the effect he wanted; he developed chills, signifying a growing stimulation within him. During most of the afternoon, when any other player in his situation would probably have been watching television, shooting pool, or playing ping-pong or poker—anything to divert the mind—Bradley sat alone and concentrated on the coming game, on the components of his own play, and on the importance to him and his team of what would occur. As much as anything, he wanted to prove that an Ivy League team could be as good as any other team. Although no newspaper gave Princeton even the slightest chance of winning, Bradley did not just hope to do well himself—he intended that Princeton should win.

Just before he went onto the court, Bradley scrubbed his hands with soap and water, as he always does before a game, to remove any accumulated skin oil and thus increase the friction between his fingers and the ball. When the game was forty-two seconds old, he hit a jump shot and instantly decided, with a rush of complete assurance of a kind that sometimes comes over an athlete in action, that a victory was not only possible but probable. Michigan played him straight, and he played Michigan into the floor. The performance he delivered had all the depth and variation of theoretical basketball, each move being perfectly executed against able opposition. He stole the ball, he went back door, he threw unbelievable passes. He reversed away from the best defenders in the Big Ten. He held his own man to one point. He played in the backcourt, in the post, and in the corners. He made long set shots, and hit jump shots from points so far behind the basket that he had to start them from arm's length in order to clear the backboard. He tried a hook shot on the dead run and hit that, too. Once, he found himself in a corner of the court with two Michigan players, both taller than he, pressing in on him shoulder to shoulder. He parted



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them with two rapid fakes—a move of the ball and a move of his head—and leaped up between them to sink a twenty-two-foot jumper. The same two players soon cornered him again. The fakes were different the second time, but the result was the same. He took a long stride between them and went up into the air, drifting forward, as they collided behind him, and he hit a clean shot despite the drift. Bradley, playing at the top of his game, drew his teammates up to the best performances they could give, too, and the Princeton team as a whole outplayed Michigan. The game, as it had developed, wasn't going to be just a close and miraculous Princeton victory, it was going to be a rout. But, with Princeton twelve points ahead, Bradley, in the exuberance of sensing victory, made the mistake of playing close defense when he did not need to, and when he was too tired to do it well. He committed his fifth personal foul with four minutes and thirty-seven seconds to go, and had to watch the end of the game from the bench. As he sat down, the twenty thousand spectators stood up and applauded him for some three minutes. It was, as the sportswriters and the Garden management subsequently agreed, the most clamorous ovation ever given a basketball player, amateur or professional, in Madison Square Garden. Bradley's duel with Russell had long since become incidental. Russell scored twenty-seven points and showed his All-American calibre, but during the long applause the announcer on the Garden loudspeakers impulsively turned up the volume and said, "Bill Bradley, one of the greatest players ever to play in Madison Square Garden, scored forty-one points." Bradley had ratified his reputation—not through his point total nearly so much as through his total play. After he left the court—joining two of his teammates who had also fouled out—Michigan overran Princeton, and won the game by one basket. Bradley ultimately was given the trophy awarded to the most valuable player in the tournament, but his individual recognition meant next to nothing to him at the time, because of Princeton's defeat. It had become fully apparent, however, that Bradley would be remembered as one of basketball's pre-eminent stars. And like Hank Luisetti, of Stanford, who never played professional basketball, he will have the almost unique distinction of taking only the name of his college with him into the chronicles of the sport.

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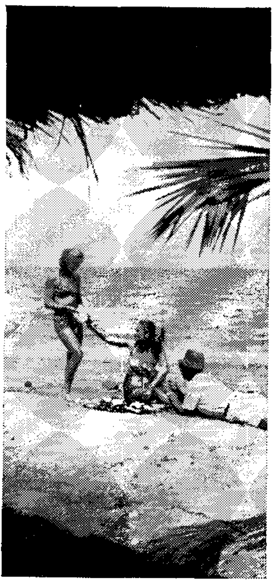

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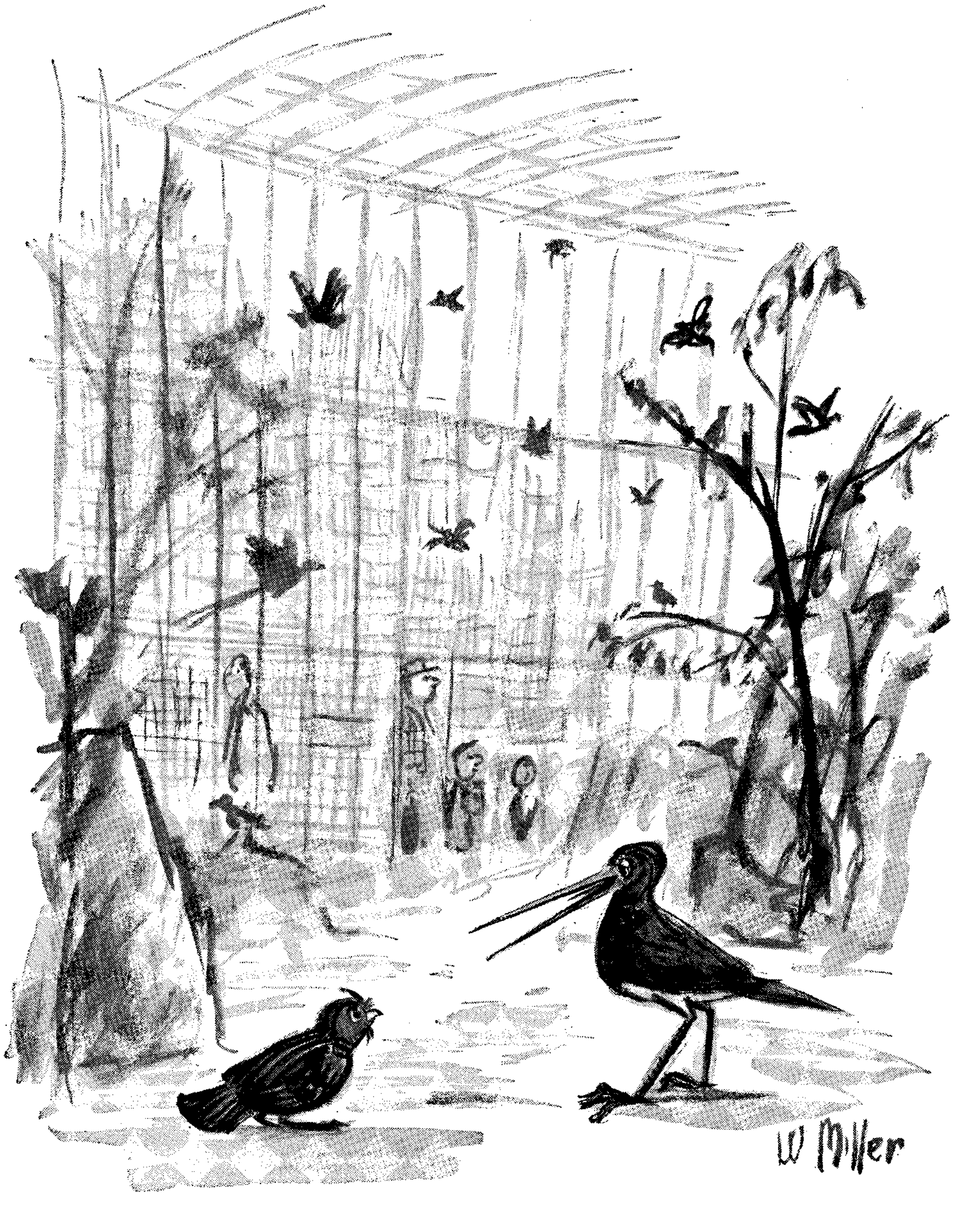
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

APA has given "War and Peace" a superb production at the Phoenix. The whole company is fine, and I don't see how Ellis Rabb's direction could have been better—every moment is vital and clear, and there is never a hint of empty pageantry, for all the time (1805-12) and space (Austerlitz to Moscow) that are covered. The action, although it barely exists as drama, is certainly theatrical. There is at least one advantage in not having read Tolstoy's novel (as I have not); one brings to the play—which was adapted by Alfred Neumann, Erwin Piscator, and Guntram Prufer, and translated from the German by Robert David MacDonald—no prior conceptions about characters and incidents, so that it can almost be looked at as something new. Not entirely, though. Clayton Corzatte, who is listed as narrator but who mixes in the action and converses with the characters like the Stage Manager in "Our Town," steps before the curtains at the opening and immediately recalls the novel by outlining Tolstoy's thesis about the inhumanity of war and the interlocking of public events and private lives. (Not that this thesis is precisely illustrated on the stage, where the private lives are often controlled by private events.) As for the many *dis*advantages of not having read "War and Peace," one of them is that it is tough to separate the words and ideas of the Russian begetter from those of his German adaptors. A dopy line of Mr. Corzatte's to the effect that the theatre is the last surviving platform for prophecy simply cannot be by Tolstoy, and it is only because Mr. Corzatte is able to make anything sound plausible that he gets away with it. Other lumpy spots—stretches of sentimentality and didacticism and heavy moralizing—occur from time to time, but not often enough really to spoil anything.



"I'm a Wilson's snipe. What are you?"

As the play begins, the curtains part in a romantic kind of way. Natasha (Rosemary Harris) is standing in a doorway at one side of the stage, and Prince Andrei (Donald Moffat) is standing in a doorway at the other. Mr. Corzatte turns to them and presents them to the audience, along with all the other characters, who slowly come on and arrange themselves, some in family groups and some in groups of friends or associates. Ramps at the rear of the stage fill with soldiers carrying banners, a platform high above it suddenly lights up, and there are Napoleon and the Czar, surrounded by their military aides. The scenes that follow are ingenious and sad and passionate and stirring and funny and charming. The mawkish final ones are, through no fault of the performers or the director, the only duds in the lot. The most ingenious scene is the Battle of Borodino, in which Mr. Corzatte flings one bolt of cloth across the stage to represent a river and another bolt to represent a road, and then, with the help of Ronald Bishop, as Pierre, sets up toy houses and onion-topped churches, and moves toy troops about, along with artillery pieces that really go off with tiny puffs of smoke. The most charming is one in which old Prince Bolkonski, trying to show up Natasha as a featherbrain, subjects her to a geometry lesson and gets his comeuppance.

Miss Harris makes a delightful Natasha, swept by her feelings and affections from one mood to the next. Mr. Moffat's Andrei is the essence of an ardent, controlled, intelligent nobleman. Sydney Walker is magnificent as the fiery, cranky, proud, and suddenly tender old prince who sees his Russia crumbling before his eyes, as much because of the invasion of French notions about the rights of man as because of the invasion of the French Army. What a pair they are—father

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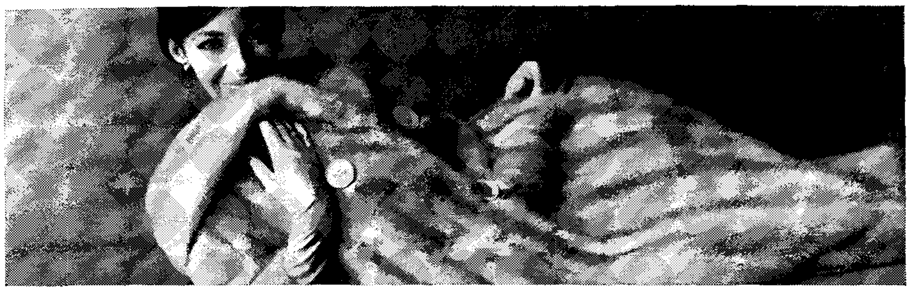

• In fact, just knowing the name "Emba mink" at all means that you're halfway on toward buying mink knowledgeably. For EMBA is the Great Mink. The superlative of mink, bred in a ravishing range of natural colors (one of them is *you*).

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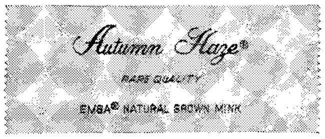

Autumn Haze®
RARE QUALITY
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And that "Autumn Haze" you see on the label is also proof that your mink is Rare Quality Emba. It is one of the famous Emba trademarks that identify *which* natural mink color you have selected. These trademarks appear only on Rare Quality labels. They are, in effect, titles of mink noblesse. You may know some of them:

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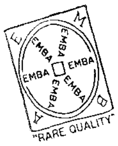
CERULEAN,® Emba natural blue mink
TOURMALINE,® Emba natural pale beige mink
AZURENE,® Emba natural blue-gray mink
JASMINE,® Emba natural white mink
ARGENTA,® Emba natural gray mink
DESERT GOLD,® Emba natural light brown mink
LUTETIA,® Emba natural gunmetal mink
ARCTURUS,® Emba natural lavender beige mink
MORNING LIGHT,® Emba natural blue beige mink
AEOLIAN,® Emba natural taupe mink
DIADEM,® Emba natural pale brown mink

And just to make absolutely sure, you might ask the furrier for a peek beneath the lining. All Rare Quality pelts are stamped on the leather side in blue-green ink. Like this:



2. A BEAUTIFUL ALTERNATIVE

In addition to this grand-luxe Rare Quality Emba, you may also buy the perfectly splendid regular Emba mink called "Royal Quality." Lovingly graded for beauty of fur and correct color type, this, too, is fine, natural mink bred in subtle, gentling colors that do wonders for your looks. (Emba is the individualist mink; it doesn't limit you to the same mink color your best friend owns.)

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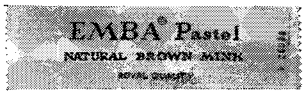
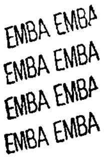


EMBA® Pastel
NATURAL BROWN MINK
ROYAL QUALITY

Second, all Royal Quality labels designate color-types by what are called *generic* names, used by mink ranchers themselves to describe the mink they raise: pearl, pastel, etc. Thus:

EMBA Pastel natural brown mink
EMBA Sapphire natural blue mink
EMBA Pearl natural pale beige mink
EMBA Violet natural blue-gray mink
EMBA White mink
EMBA Silverblu natural gray mink
EMBA Topaz natural light brown mink
EMBA Gunmetal natural mink
EMBA Lavender natural mink
EMBA Hope natural blue beige mink
EMBA Taupe natural mink
EMBA Fawn natural pale brown mink

If you're still not sure, ask the furrier to loosen a bit of the lining. Royal Quality skins will show an Emba stamp like this—in *black* ink on the leather side:



Do remember though — whether it's Rare or Royal, *as long as it is EMBA mink at all,* you already know certain reassuring things about it.

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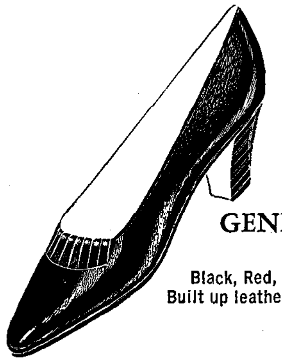

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and son! Paul Sparer, as the profligate aristocrat whom Pierre challenges to a duel, flashes a whole character in a few moments. As for Pierre, the butterfingered, virtuous soul, who certainly seems to be more appealing to his creator than he is to me, I cannot quite separate the character (a bore) from the performance, but no doubt Mr. Bishop does exactly what is required of him. Everyone else does, too, for that matter—notably Peter Wexler, Judith Haugan, and Nancy Potts, who are variously responsible for the lovely sets and costumes. I'm tired of all this wistful talk about British repertory. We've got APA, and right on Seventy-fourth Street.

DEAR old "The Cat and the Canary," which was first done here in 1922 and is currently being revived, is described in the program as "a mystery melodrama." The melodramatist was a fellow named John Willard, and even from the evidence on display at Stage 73 it is clear that his modest purpose was to amuse and scare the audience. The play is an amiable piece of foolishness, but no more foolish than at least six or seven works of more immediate vintage and much more solemn intent; it is occasionally quite funny and occasionally quite scary (in a funny kind of way), and the characters are playable, though, of course, much of the writing and business is stiff and archaic. The action, for the benefit of those who have never been exposed to it in one medium or another over the years, occurs in a spooky old house, and is a cornucopia of thriller tricks, all there for the taking—the midnight reading of a will, a beautiful heiress, creaking shutters, grabby relatives, banging doors, concealed panels that open to admit clawlike hands, a portrait with eyes that suddenly move, a lost necklace, a corpse that falls smack into the footlights, a guard from the local insane asylum who issues grave warnings, and, for good measure, a West Indian voodoo woman who functions as housekeeper and is much given to waving her hands and droning incantations against evil spirits.

Even at its silliest and most archaic, the play is frequently better than the current production. Adale O'Brien, as the heiress, and Tom Wheatley, as her comical, timid suitor, are just what is called for in the way of a romantic hero and heroine, and Bruce Kimes and Helen Martin also do well enough, as a lawyer and that voodoo expatriate, respectively. The rest of the actors waste a good deal of time posing and making

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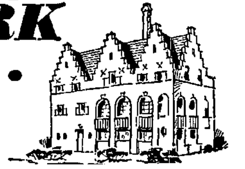

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hokey gestures, enjoying themselves at the expense of the play and the audience, or, if female, mincing around in their period costumes (long dresses with hobble skirts and with anachronistic zippers plainly showing up the back) and piping their lines in falsetto or worse. Spoiling "The Cat and the Canary" is, I suppose, fairly trivial as theatrical misdemeanors go, but it is an act of bad faith all the same. If any of those miscast or misguided players are ever haunted, it will be by the ghost of the late Mr. Willard, and it will serve them right.

FOR the record: "All Women Are One," a surge of hot air about a frisky postmistress, a dumb wrestler, and his crooked manager, blew in and out of the Gate a couple of weeks ago. Marian Seldes cavorted, Louis Zorich flexed, and Paul E. Richards chewed the scenery—which, come to think of it, wasn't bad at all. It was designed by James Nisbet Clark. —EDITH OLIVER

•

DISTANCES

On the hill's top we stood
  Neck back to see which star
Stood farthest; we had heard
  Some lights made turns so far
Through such deep space no man
  Knew of them; we had read
Some lights could not be known.
  "But they are nearer," I said,
"Than I to this my brother,
  The dark boy of my lies,
Than him the great stars bend over
  In inches from my eyes."

Indeed, man may not pierce
  Those bending circles, might
Conceivably not reach
  Even that first dome's light;
Yet this dark friend, my brother,
  Sets close to me his face,
And I could force that outer
  Sky before the space
That bars me from him. Eyes
  Look on me as I start
My hand to him. He says
  Nothing. I depart.

—JEREMY KINGSTON

•

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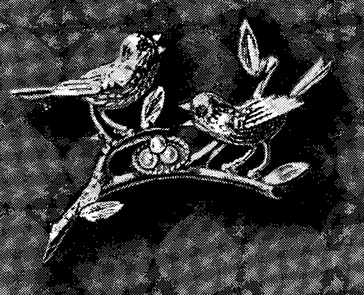

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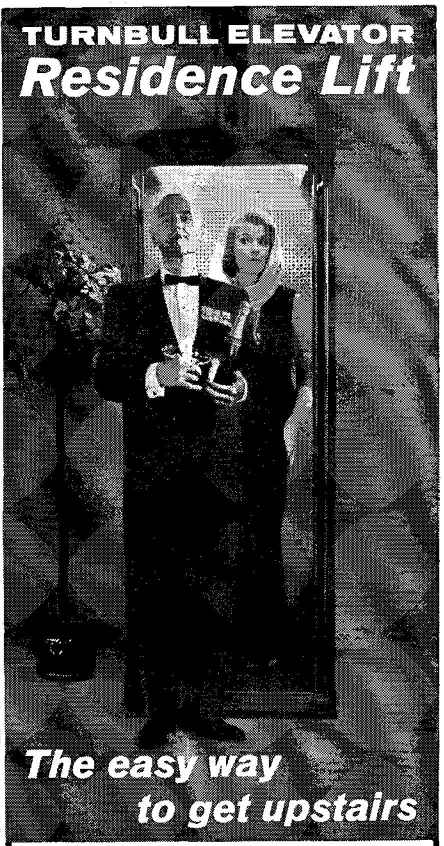
THE RACE TRACK

They're Off at Hialeah

JANUARY is the time for resolutions, but none are suggested here. Horseplayers forget them so quickly. Instead, let's get down to business. Hialeah, Miami's swank racecourse, opened last weekend in the style to which it is accustomed. The sun shone for part of the afternoon; the crowd was large, enthusiastic, and liberal at the betting windows, tossing $1,885,013 into the tote; and for the first time there were ten races on the program. (There will be ten on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the meeting, which will end on March 3rd.) As for the racing, the Royal Poinciana Handicap, which was run in a downpour, looked to be a very lively affair as I caught it on television; Dark King, who, you may remember, won four times in a row at Aqueduct last autumn, scored comfortably over Rainy Lake, with Big End third and Lord Birchfield, the early pacemaker, fourth. That wasn't the end of the excitement, though, for Rotz, who rode Rainy Lake, claimed a foul against Dark King, but after an inquiry it was disallowed by the stewards. As no doubt you noticed, Rainy Lake, Black Mountain (his stablemate, who finished last), and Pack Trip, who was entered for the Royal Poinciana and was later scratched, are owned by J. M. Roebling and are all out of the same mare, but by different sires. Two half brothers in the same race is a rarity; three is one for the book.

For me, the big event at Hialeah last Saturday was the return of Chateaugay, an old pet of mine, who had been idle since August. He won, of course, passing the post a neck ahead of Knightly Manner; then an objection was lodged against him for crowding, but it was dismissed. It was an encouraging performance, and Jim Conway, who trains Chateaugay, deserves full marks for bringing him back to the races in such sharp condition after all the ankle trouble that plagued him. It had been thought that he would make short work of any opposition he might meet in the Tropical Park Handicap (which, for the record, was won by something named Suspicious), but obviously, and wisely, Conway picked an easier race at a shorter distance.



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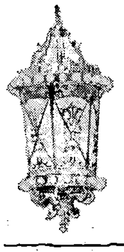

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AS for the current Santa Anita meeting, I was more interested, to tell the truth, in the comeback of Candy Spots, Chateaugay's closest rival when they were three-year-olds, than in anything else that has happened there. Candy Spots went amiss in the autumn of 1963 and had had only one race before he came out for the San Carlos Handicap a fortnight ago. Though he didn't win, he finished a fast-closing second to Native Diver, one of the better sprinters on the West Coast. Needless to say, if Candy Spots' tendons stand the strain, he will run for the Santa Anita Handicap on February 27th, for which Gun Bow is the Caliente future-book favorite. By the way, Ycaza has been engaged to ride Gun Bow, replacing Blum, who was badly injured recently when his mount fell in a race.

Hill Rise, it would seem, is back in his California form. At any rate, he won the San Fernando Stakes that way last weekend. He had showed indications of resuming his old ways when he finished third to Power of Destiny and Maker's Mark in the Malibu Stakes a couple of weeks before. In the San Fernando, he simply outclassed the same lot of runners. He'll be a short price for the six-figure Charles H. Strub Stakes a week from Saturday. Observers out there don't know what to think of Roman Brother. He ran last in the Malibu and not much better in the San Fernando. Perhaps, being a Florida-bred, he doesn't like California.

IN spite of a snowstorm the day before, Bowie opened the season in Maryland, as scheduled, the first of last week. There were nearly ten thousand hardy horseplayers in the stand, and although the track was muddy, there were plenty of horses and the racing was first-rate. So the meeting boomed along until Saturday, when a small blizzard closed everything up. Just racing luck. —AUDAX MINOR

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Heart Has Its Reasons," by the Duchess of Windsor*]

. . . as a child I was called not Bessie but Bessiewallis. I always hated the name Bessie. . . . Eventually I succeeded in persuading everyone but my grandmother to drop it. —*Pages 4 and 5.*

My grandmother suffered a fall and broke her hip. . . . One day as I sat beside her, she said, "Wallis, I shall never get out of bed again." —*Page 45.*

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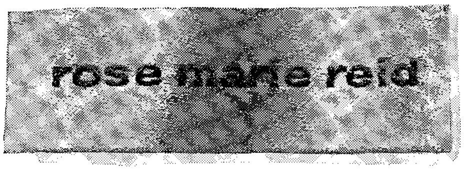
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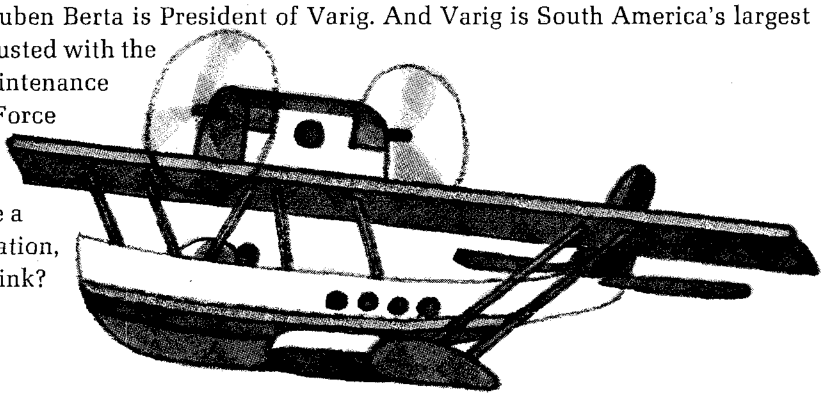

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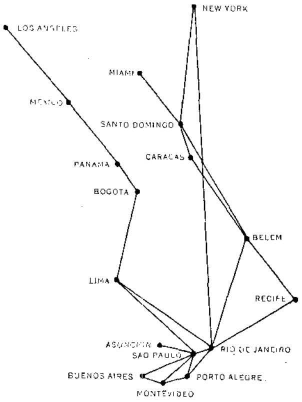

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THE ART GALLERIES

East and West

ORDINARILY, my envy goes out to artists who matured in settled periods, when the popular attitudes—moral, social, and otherwise—were fairly stable (as they were, let's say, in mid-nineteenth-century England) and a Trollope, a Tennyson, and a Thackeray could write, and a Constable and a Turner could paint, serenely, untroubled by any worrisome doubts about the permanence of these attitudes, their validity, and their place in the structure of the arts. No one questioned the supreme importance of faith, family, and fidelity in literature. No one questioned the artistic lineage that led from antiquity, through the Renaissance, to the painters of the Low Countries and Spain, and as a result it has seemed to me that the men working then were just lucky, that's all. With no non-aesthetic problems to disconcert them, they could go placidly ahead, concentrating on their expression and technique; at any rate, this combination of happy circumstances, one that has recurred from time to time in history, produced a considerable number of unquestioned masterpieces.

Now, though, having seen the Max Beckmann memorial exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, I have been wondering if there isn't a compensatory value in having grown up at the wrong time—that is, in a time of change—if the artist is powerfully enough endowed to survive in and even make use of the shifting currents around him. This is by no means the first time the idea has occurred to me, and I am sure, as well, that I am not the first to have conceived it. The fact still is, though, that the Beckmann affair—a big one, and one that is beautifully selected and arranged—brings the point home to me more forcefully than ever before.

Beckmann was born in Leipzig in 1884, which makes him more or less a contemporary of a large generation of German artists—Klee, Lehmbruck, Grosz, Dix, Nolde, Marc, and so on—who grew up in an era of almost unparalleled artistic freedom, only to run head on into an era of equally unparalleled repression. At the outset, they felt themselves to be the inheritors—the beneficiaries, in fact—of the Impressionists' revolution, and that as such they were entitled to even greater freedom of expression. At the time, too, throughout Europe, there was a healthy movement toward a true spirit of internationalism in art, and however the several schools might label themselves (Fauves here, Expressionists there, Cubists, Futurists, and so forth), there was a cheerful solidarity among them, which is evidenced by the amount of junketing—usually by bands of six or eight artists and their wives or mistresses, in excursions that inevitably produced now treasured group photographs—from one capital to another.

The First World War summarily ended that sort of fraternizing, and then, after the briefest of interludes artistically, German artists were confronted with first the threat and then the fact of Nazism, which abolished all hope of artistic freedom—it must at the moment have seemed for all time. The artists reacted according to their circumstances. George Grosz, true Dadaist that he was, tried first to make mock of the matter (and succeeded mightily), then apparently decided to ignore it, and not until his final years, with his apocalyptic representations of the Stickmen and the Ham-Men and the "Last War of the Worlds," did he really come to grips with things. Klee, driven from the Bauhaus, took refuge in Switzerland and in more and more elaborate fantasy. Marc was killed in the war.

Beckmann never belonged to the Bauhaus group; he was closer to Grosz, Dix, and others of the New Realists. But he taught at the State Art School in Frankfurt, and was ritually stripped of his honors and dismissed from his post in 1933, when the Nazis came to power. Also ritually, a set of his paintings was included in the famous, or infamous, Berlin Exhibition of Degenerate Art, in 1937—the year he left Germany. He went to Holland and then, in 1947, to the United States, where he died, in 1950. I have no intention of trying to tie the man's life and times in too closely with his artistic progress. Yet there is no doubt in my mind that the debacle, national as well as personal, contributed enormously to the queer, slightly savage, sombre mood to be found in many of his later pieces. A key painting, I think, in his life's production is the triptych "Departure," which was done, I am sure not entirely by coincidence, when he was getting ready to flee his native Germany. As is the case with so many of his later

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works, it is a picture that is heavy with sometimes enigmatic metaphorical references. (His earlier canvases, though frequently tinged with something of the "northern," or Gothic, grotesquerie of Bruegel or the early van Gogh, are generally more direct in expression.) So many attempts have already been made to unravel all these references that I shall content myself mainly with plain description, which is enough, I believe, to convey the general purport of the composition. What we have, then, in the left panel of the triptych is a kind of mock execution, with, for all that, some exceedingly savage aspects—in the background a man, his hands already chopped off, tied spraddle-legged to a post; in the foreground another man, also bound, and naked except for a miniature steel torture corset, laid out across a barrel; in the center of the panel, an almost ludicrously pint-sized sweatered figure, clearly the executioner. But his axe is more like a flail—a flail that really looks like a basket, and a basket filled with objects that look like fish heads. The right panel is a stage set in which a woman clad in Grecian robes is carrying a lamp and lugging the figure of a man bound upside down to her side, while a sideshow comic or clown beats a drum in the pit before her. Both side panels are dark in tonality, confined, and closely interrelated compositionally; one notes particularly the interplay of diagonals in the foreground figures in both, contrasted with the statuesque quality of those in the background—a statuesqueness emphasized by the columnar verticals behind them. The middle panel, the true "departure," is by contrast all space, sun, and sky, centered on a royal group of king, queen, and infant son garbed in a rather theatrical version of ancient regal raiment and accompanied by a masked boatman, all of them aboard a royal barge, blandly, peacefully setting out across a sparkling blue sea for—where?

There is obvious bitterness here, and irony, too, in the staginess of the side panels, and a recourse to secrecy in the symbolism. But there is hopefulness, as well, in the contrast between these and the serenity of the central panel, and it seems to me that the whole composition is at once a kind of fairy-tale version of good and evil and an allegory of the artist's own impending departure. It occurs to me, too, that a good deal of Beckmann's power (which, as the exhibition amply reveals, is considerable) lay in his ability to "triangulate" (if I may use the term) a number of disparate emotional approaches and

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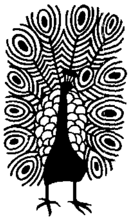
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bring them to focus on a single subject. In this respect, the big, multi-panelled pieces, such as the handsome triptych "The Actors," and the separate but paired compositions, such as "Birth" and "Death," offer the widest range for his expression. But Beckmann had already shown his strength in his less ambitious and slightly earlier works, and even in the earliest of all, among them the curiously stippled "Gray Sea" and "Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery," he had revealed his ability to isolate the essence of a subject and dramatize it. On occasion, his work is a little too dramatic, and at times the very intricacy of his symbols leads to the verge of turgidity, as in the thoroughly enigmatic big triptych called "Blindman's Buff." Yet that wide range of expression, his fluency, and the strength of his technique rank him as one of the great artists of our time.

THE Marlborough-Gerson is showing new paintings by Sidney Nolan, which are focussed largely on the exploits of a half-legendary Australian back-country bandit chieftain of about a century ago named Ned Kelly. Kelly was remarkable for the fact that he outfitted himself and his band with crude bucket-shaped iron helmets and primitive chest armor, after which—with their pursuers' bullets bouncing harmlessly off them—they proceeded cheerfully to terrorize the Australian badlands until they were trapped in a small hotel, the Glenrowan, and burned ruthlessly to death when the hotel was deliberately set afire. Good riddance, some might say. But not Nolan. An Australian himself, he was fascinated by the legend, and six years ago, in his first showing in New York, he dealt at length with it. Now, after excursions into other fields, he has returned to the theme of Kelly, and to my mind profitably, for in the new set of paintings he has succeeded in quintessentializing legend and reality, setting highly simplified and stylized masked and other figures against the desert wasteland—its barrenness also stylized—in a manner that, if not Surrealist, is certainly dreamlike. I liked especially "Kelly and Policeman" (struggling in a truly dismal swamp), "Floating Policeman" (which may represent the vanquished policeman drowned after the struggle), and "After Glenrowan," the charred hulk of the hotel, in addition to such non-Kelly subjects as the hazy "Stockman," a portrait head, and the starkly desolate but impressive landscape "Interior Australia."

—Robert M. Coates

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Anti-Poverty

THERE'S an old joke that goes "Do you know what kind of people live in the Po Valley?," to which the snappy answer is, of course, "Po' people." Well, the kind of people that inhabit "Baby the Rain Must Fall" are all po', and po' in more ways than one, and among the causes of the picture's quite spectacular failure is the fact that their poverty, emotional and intellectual and financial, is conveyed with such a conspicuous expenditure of talent and technical skill. The picture is at once so rich and so threadbare that everything in it rings false, like the well-intended philanthropies of a bankrupt. The screenplay was taken by Horton Foote from his unsuccessful play of a few years back called "The Traveling Lady." (Not a good title, but better than the movie's, which comes from a song composed by the hero and, with characteristic irritatingness, brings to mind a couple of our oldest maxims by a vulgar abuse of them.) The story concerns a young misfit who, on parole after a term in prison for stabbing a man in a drunken brawl, returns to his dusty small home town in Texas and, contrary to the wishes of his harsh foster mother, starts singing and playing the gee-tar in local roadhouses. It turns out that in another town, and unbeknownst to the foster mother, the young man has acquired a wife and child, who one day appear and oblige him to settle down as a husband and father. He accepts this unwelcome burden but soon puts his parole in jeopardy by a fight with a loudmouthed roadhouse patron. His foster mother takes time off from her dying to inform him that he never *was* any good; this bitter bequest, which is all that she leaves him, causes the poor fellow to run amuck, and as the picture ends we see him going off to prison again, while his helpless wife and helpless, doltish little girl are once more obliged to set out upon their travels.

A tale too simple for its own good, in which everyone remains exactly as he was from start to finish, this tour de force of meagre mindlessness is at every stage of its undevelopment heightened and polished and made to call attention to itself by the baroque direction of Robert Mulligan and the brilliant, if self-conscious, camerawork of Ernest Laszlo. As the misfit, Steve McQueen holds our attention mostly by virtue of his interesting face, which we often observe in closeups that are at least twenty feet high, and Lee Remick, as the wife, is so pretty and so loving, and so loving in vain, that we rush to forgive her for not having found more in the part than Mr. Foote took the trouble to put there.

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

"Thank Heaven for Small Favors" is a French film that bore, in the original, a much more appropriate title, not in French but in Latin—"Deo Gratias." An aristocratic Parisian family, no member of which has worked for many generations, is now so desperately impoverished that what furniture hasn't been sold to buy food is being broken up for firewood, and at any moment the family is likely to be evicted from its flat. The son of the family, devout and middle-aged, hastens to church to beg God for some hint of what he may do to get money without the humiliation of taking a job for pay, and God in His infinite goodness gives a sign: the son hears the clink of coins being dropped into a nearby poor box and concludes that it is the divine intention that he make some practical use of these anonymous donations. The fastidious amateur is soon at work, first with a bit of soft caramel candy on the end of a string and eventually with a battery-powered vacuum cleaner and other highly refined mechanical devices. The one hundred and fifty churches of Paris are made to yield a formidable daily harvest of francs, and in a matter of weeks the family is back in its elegant *temps perdu*, with gaunt tapestries again adorning the walls and liveried footmen serving dinner by candlelight. Needless to say, the police are frantic to apprehend the unknown arch-criminal, and the climax of the picture is their extremely funny pursuit of him, in innumerable transparent disguises. The picture has but the one joke, every aspect of which is exploited with wit and charm, and the acting—by Bourvil, Francis Blanche, Jean Poiret, and Jean Yonnel, among others—is impeccable. I salute with enthusiasm the director of this perfect little comedy, Jean-Pierre Mocky, who also helped write the

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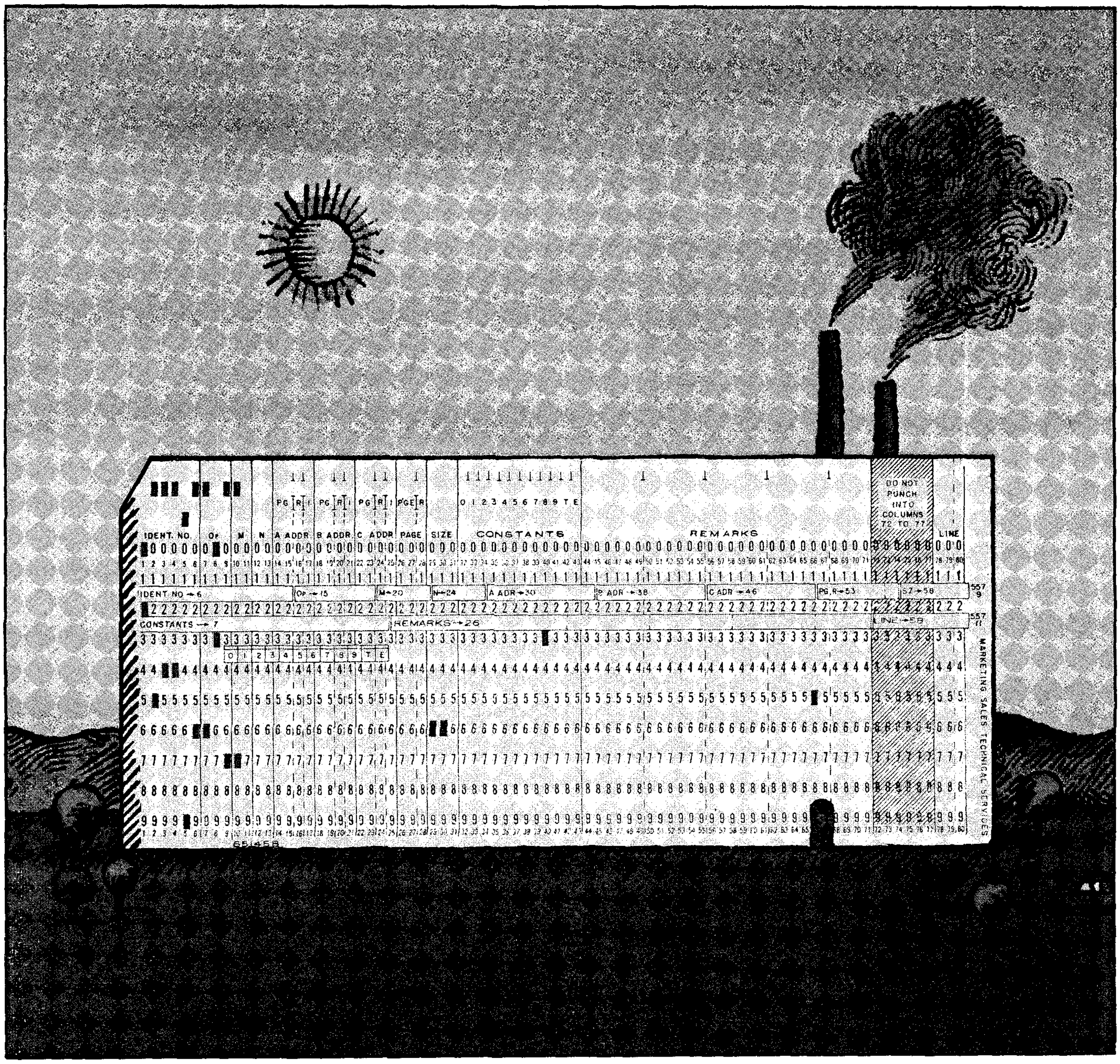
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screenplay. Mr. Mocky evidently takes a dark view of our nature but is far from wishing to throw in the sponge on behalf of the human race; instead, he makes the darkness shine and makes us laugh to see it shine.

"LOVE À LA CARTE" is, as a title, all too true—this ungainly Italian movie has to do with four prostitutes who, the government having officially closed all houses of prostitution, cast about for a way to remain unobtrusively employable. They decide to open a restaurant in a decayed villa outside Rome, with simple, old-fashioned cooking downstairs and simple, old-fashioned business above. The picture starts as a comedy, but the screenwriters and the director lose their hearts to the girls along the way, and when the plot requires the hard-working creatures to suffer certain reverses, sympathy gets in the way of aesthetic good sense and the picture winds up as a nineteenth-century tragedy, whose faded heroine staggers drunkenly about the streets in a cruel rain, ignored by passing men and jeered at by her younger colleagues. "Love à la Carte" was made a number of years ago, and the only reason it has reached our shores is that its cast, not especially notable at the time, boasts such stars as Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret, Emmanuelle Riva, and Sandra Milo. They all work hard and ably, and their admirers would do well to pay a brief courtesy call on them, but the picture itself is terrible.

—BRENDAN GILL

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The address of the evening was given by Earl Reum, coordinator of student activities of the Denver schools. His subject was "Magic of Miracles." His number was well received. He emulated the part of a magician and included sleight of hand performances, the feat of taking quantities of silk handkerchiefs from small containers.

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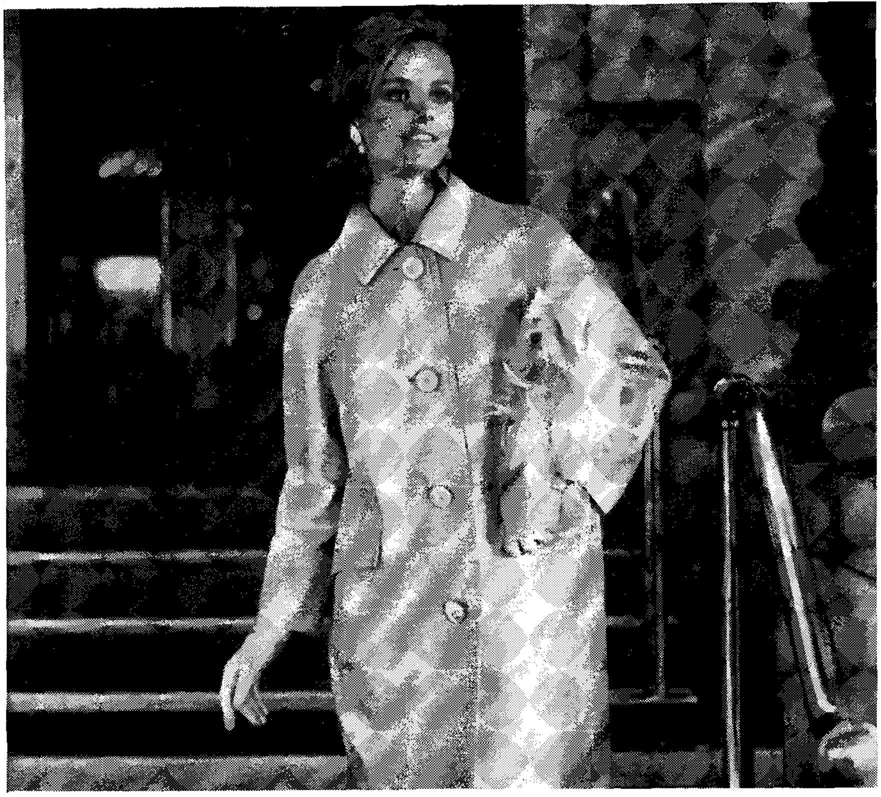

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LETTER FROM PARIS

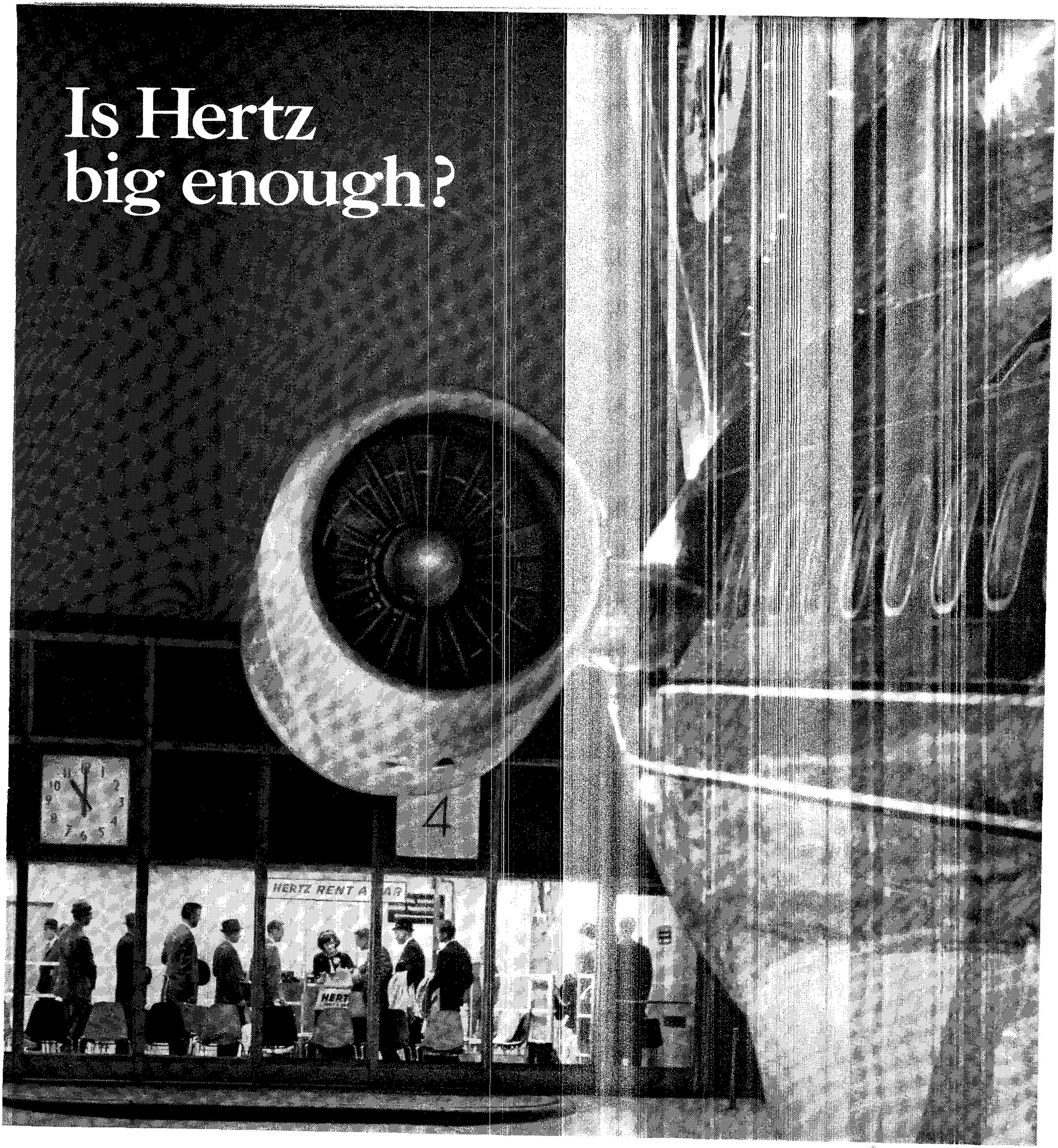
JANUARY 13

THE reassuring fact about François Billetdoux as the recently accredited playwright leader of the French avant-garde is that the human material in his latest play is not new, is not even newfangled; is old, is even old-fashioned, realistic, dramatic, emotional, tried and true. It is how he uses this material that makes it fresh. He obtains altitude and breadth—his special dimensions—by showing and telling the audience more than they have been accustomed to see and hear about characters in a crisis on a stage. His "Il Faut Passer par les Nuages" ("Passage Through the Clouds" about sums it up) is the theatrical event of Paris as it is presented at the state-owned Théâtre de France—the old Odéon—by the Madeleine Renaud–Jean-Louis Barrault repertory troupe. In it, Billetdoux has given what might well have been a man's role to a woman, which, of course, changes all the perspectives, though not the facts. She, Claire by name, is a self-made woman with a typical self-made man's past: youthful poverty, an unforgettable first love with a social superior who then disappeared, an illegitimate son, and two more sons by her first marriage, to the town's industrialist, whose factory, on his death, she so reanimates as to make her enormously rich, holding in fief her new, intelligentsia husband, the town's populace, and all her sons—until the early lover's remains are unexpectedly sent back home. This is the audience's first dark view of her—alone in one corner of the stage, with a cemetery tree being pulled aloft to the flies as its scenic use is terminated. Lighted zones of communication are used on the large, bare stage, usually with some temporary identifying morsel of scenery—a mansion door, a chapel dome, a breakfast table—which disappears as the next zone is lighted and more talk begins, between different talkers. This mosaic method affords a scenic speed like that in films. The talk, which is always brief, is a monologue, telling something, or an interview, asking something—in any case, building biographies and information. For more than half the first act, Claire herself never speaks; she is merely talked about or talked to. During this time, her sons are intimately revealed in their little islands of probing light—the eldest, illegitimate one, now a bank president, as a wretched lecher confessing himself (in a daring comic scene) to the family priest; the second son, her favorite, as a weak cuckold; and the third as a French beatnik. Along with the dozen or more related characters, such as her servants and factory hands, all three become identified through gossip, like neighbors in a small-town novel.

There also occasionally appears, in a special backstage effulgence, her vision of her first love, in démodé youthful attire, vainly calling to her. Upon her sudden decision that each human being is entitled to his destiny in liberty and love, such as she had missed, Claire dominates the play in speech and well-intentioned active destruction, dividing up her worldly responsibilities among her ill-fitted sons. In Act II, she is rather like King Lear, abandoned by her unloving children and servants, and homeless. In this short act, accompanied only by her little grandson, she talks her heart out in a series of Gallic aphorisms and logical conclusions about modern life generally and about her life specifically—a classic tragic heroine except for her analytical intelligence.

In the role of Claire, Madeleine Renaud is as incomparable in her early long, difficult listening silences as she is in her lengthy final revelatory speeches, which she lets burst forth as if from her own mind, not her trained memory—surely the acme of her stage art. Her husband, Jean-Louis Barrault, has the major invisible role in this play, as director of its complex *mise en scène;* Pierre Bertin, France's subtlest, wittiest, most civilized character actor, deliciously enacts her amoral intelligentsia husband; and Jean Desailly gives probably the richest characterization of his career as the lecher.

"LA BÂTARDE," the autobiography of the only recently much discussed middle-aged writer Violette Leduc, understandably outsold last month's Prix Goncourt winner ("L'État Sauvage," by Georges Conchon), to which, as to all prize books today, it is the literary superior, its popularity being heightened by its inclusion of several erotic Lesbian experiences. Though Parisians continue their persistent self-destructive Americanization of Paris, there has been no imitation of the recent American phenomenon of erotic books on contemporary life, so Leduc's volume auto-



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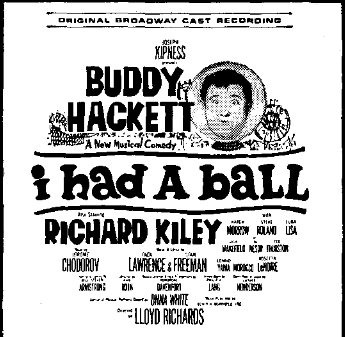
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matically attracted a certain attention as a rarity here. Furthermore, its general remarkable qualities are exceptionally heralded in a magnanimous twelve-page preface by Mlle. Simone de Beauvoir, who, impatient at the long lack of public appreciation of this gifted writer's peculiar talents, energetically reproves the French reading public for its indifference. She says in this preface, "When, in 1945, I began reading a manuscript of Violette Leduc's, I was immediately struck by it—by a temperament, by a style. Genet, Jouhandeau, Sartre all saluted her as a writer. In her books that followed, her talent was confirmed. Critics not easy to please gave her high praise. But the public would have nothing to do with her. Despite her very considerable *succès d'estime*, Violette Leduc remained obscure." To this Mlle. de Beauvoir adds, "I hope I have persuaded the reader to partake of this book. He will find in it even more than I have promised." In the month before Christmas alone, "The Bastard" sold forty thousand copies, and it and its author were the literary topics of Paris. Its opening paragraph starts, "My case is not unique; I am afraid to die, and I am heartbroken at being on earth. I have not worked, I have not studied. I have wept, I have cried aloud. Tears and crying have taken much of my time—the torture of lost time as soon as one starts reflecting on it! I shall leave as I arrived, intact, burdened with my defects, which have tortured me. I wish I had been born a statue. Virtues, qualities, courage, meditation, culture. Arms folded. Upon these words I have broken myself to bits." She early knew that she was monstrously ugly, and suffered from this human disgrace. Born in the Pas de Calais and now aged fifty-seven, she has the inherited face of a Brueghel peasant woman from those parts, with the long carrot nose drooping below eyes that are slits, a big, thin-lipped curving mouth, and a thick head of faded hair, like a haystack.

She began writing what eventually became the story of her life, up through her thirty-seventh year, in a Norman village early in the war, when she was sharing a rented peasant cottage with Maurice Sachs, author of "Sabbat" and member of the Bœuf sur le Toit and Cocteau coterie—elegant, snobbish, a self-adulatory brilliant young homosexual, with whom she fell in love, since, as she says of herself, it is her distinction always to desire the impossible. It was he who advised her, when she talked so much of her childhood and youth, to write it down, so he could

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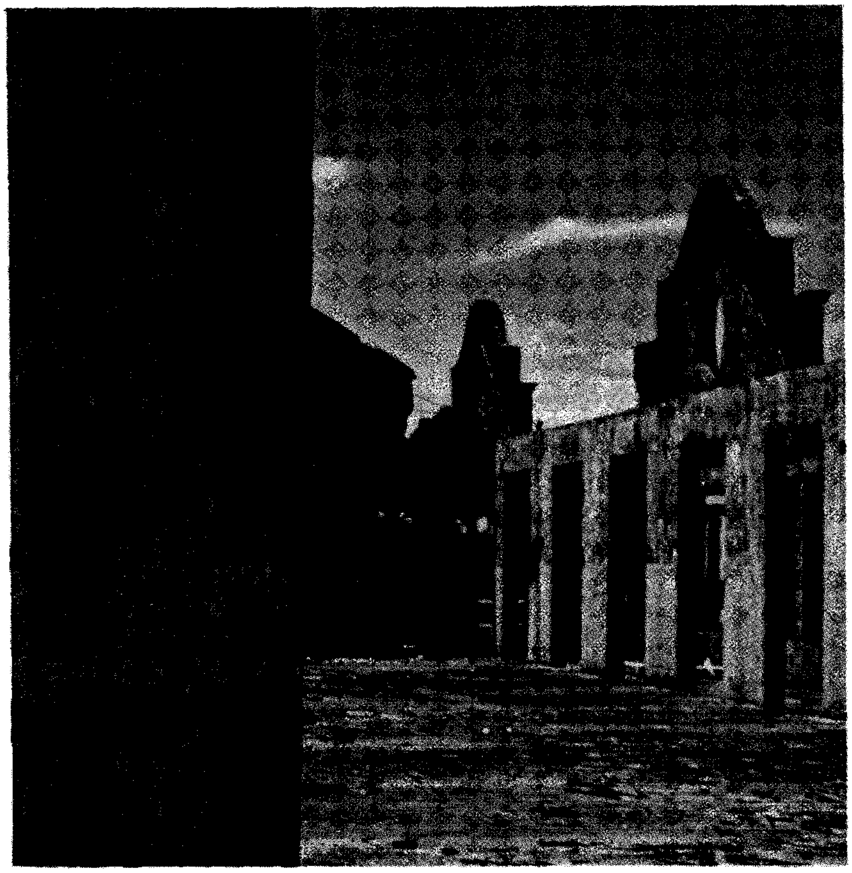

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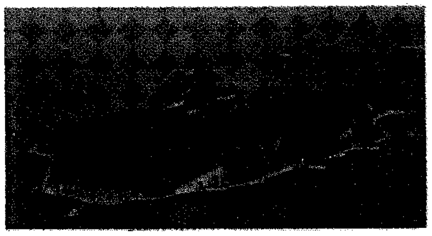

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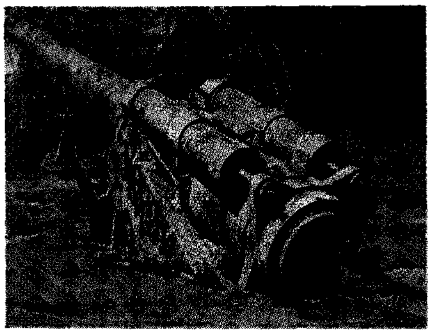

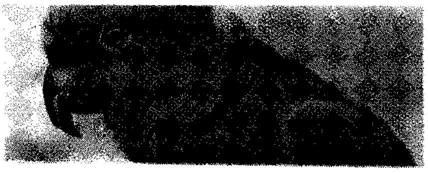

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have some silence, since she suffered from total recall—and, indeed, the reader often suffers from it, too, in this autobiography of nearly five hundred pages. Her mother, a remarkable woman who had been a servant seduced by the son of the house and who taught her daughter to regard men as beasts of prey, later married a shopkeeper with a decorating business and did well, ambitiously offering her daughter an education in good small-town boarding schools. It was in one of their dormitories, divided into cubicles of sheeted privacy, that the adolescent Violette's intimacy with her classmate Isabelle began. This she recounts with delicacy, as if trying to translate the senses into words. Later, there is a long liaison with Hermine, who was a music student in Paris—a relationship of pleasures and pains destroyed largely by Violette's egoistic possessiveness, which made her resent her partner's even going to sleep, since she herself was an insomniac. The events in her life are recounted with an acute sense of balance, in which she always weighs her faults. She was a constant lamenter and complainer, with cause. In this Paris period, in which she worked in a publishing house, wore a bargain suit from Schiaparelli, and led a civilizing life, she had her hideous nose operated on, without any aesthetic improvement. She met and eventually married a semi-impossible, impoverished young Frenchman, aborted a child, and continued that concentrated comprehension of her existence from which she later wrote her five unpopular, lugubriously titled novels—"L'Asphyxie," "L'Affamée," "Ravages" (containing another Lesbian interlude, which Gallimard refused to publish except as a separate special item, called "Thérèse et Isabelle"), "La Vieille Fille et le Mort," and "Trésors à Prendre." Mlle. de Beauvoir and Sartre had used their influence with Gallimard, who was their publisher, to make him publish Leduc as well, and there is a report that at one time he even gave her an ill-paid post as a reader. During the war, in dire poverty in her Norman village, she became a black-marketeer, trundling eggs and fresh meat to Paris. Through this handling of important sums of money and making big profits for the first time in her life, she discovered that she was avaricious. Yet she supplied Sachs with a roll of precious thousands of francs when he perversely set off for Germany under Marshal Pétain's plan for French labor-camp workers, from which he never returned. His departure at dawn in the cold country rain is one of her

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JANUARY is always a dull month in Paris, with people recovering from the fêtes and all the money they spent on them and, this year especially, on skiing at distant snow stations in the Massif Central or in Switzerland, one and a quarter million Parisians having gone off to the snow slopes. January is also the month for the payment to the landlord of the *trimestriel terme*, or the first installment of one's annual rent. The price of food keeps rising in Paris, with lunch even in a modest good *bistro* being now a luxury that costs the equivalent of at least four dollars. Oddly, prices at the really expensive, high-class restaurants have gone up relatively less. Because of the high cost of living, the *secteur-publique* unions that work for the government in gas and electricity are planning another strike for the extra pay they did not get in their last strike—if they don't lose their courage, for the strike will be very unpopular with everybody else.

The last fortnight's gold-rush flurry on the Bourse here had less meaning for the average French citizen than the fact that he is soon to have a new ten-franc piece, which is now being struck at the French Mint and will be used for the first time to pay the January old-age pension here in Paris. It will recall to many old people their childhood, since it is a copy in size of the famous, desirable old royal écu, still in use in 1900 and still seen by many of us in remote country villages after the First World War, when the peasants finally started emptying their wool socks, the écu being by that time contraband. It was of handsome, heavy silver, which the village tobacconist always rang on a piece of marble on his counter, to make sure it had not been plugged. The new ten-franc piece looks like silver but is not, being metallically worth only about six francs, to discourage *thésauriseurs*, or hoarders. In a *bistro* at the lunch hour, it will be

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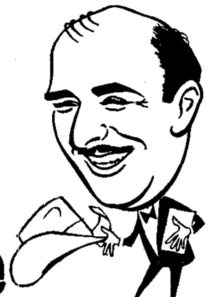

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FOR years, foreign tourists here have been saying that the French drive their cars like lunatics. In the past month, a kind of real madness has been seizing enough of them to make daily headlines in the newspapers, which call these drivers "*les énervés du volant*"—"the nervous wrecks at the wheel." At the slightest scratch of a fender or question of who shall pass first at a country road crossing, the *énervés* leap out and begin hitting each other. One belligerent *énervé* dropped dead recently in the Rue Richepanse of a heart attack, although it was on his head that he had been hit by the other nervous wreck. Two days ago, a Parisian old enough to be retired from his profession got out and smacked an ambulance driver, and in the tieup that ensued three people were injured. The fisticuffs have become so common and violent that a special procedure has just been instituted by the Minister of Justice, by which motorists who climb out of their cars to hit each other on the street are arrested, tried within three days, fined, and punished with six-day jail sentences. The afternoon paper *France-Soir* has been running a "campaign against violence," which features a sticker to paste on your rear window saying in big letters "NE NOUS FÂCHONS PAS!"—"LET'S NOT LOSE OUR TEMPERS!" They look disquieting in a civilized capital city. —GENÊT

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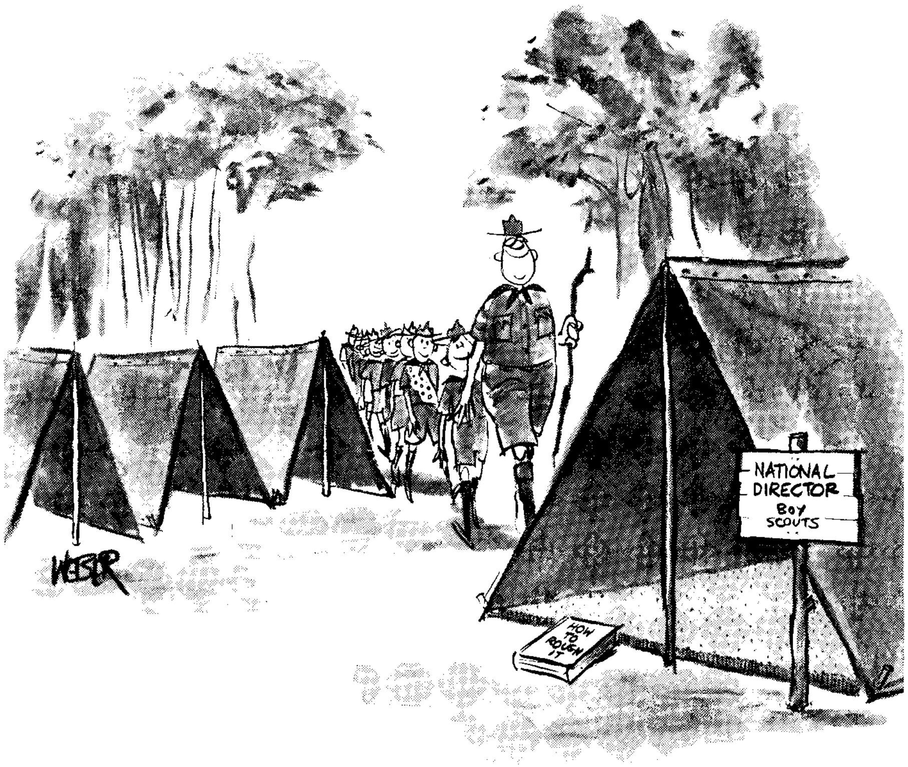

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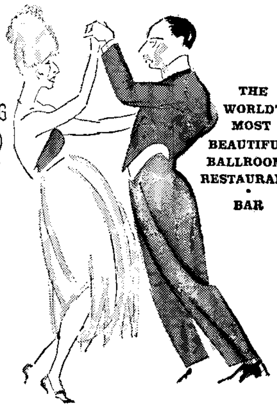

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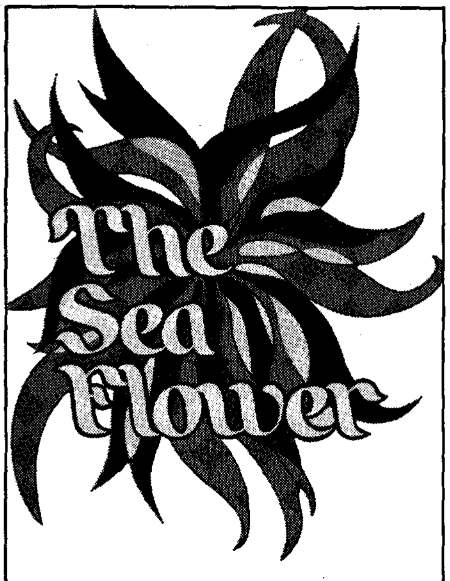
MUSICAL EVENTS

Brotherly Love

DESPITE an atrocious performance, the American première of Jean-Philippe Rameau's masterpiece, "Castor and Pollux," done by the Concert Opera Association, under Thomas Scherman's direction, in Philharmonic Hall on Monday night of last week, turned out to be an interesting occasion. If one penetrated beyond Mr. Scherman's conducting (which was done from the harpsichord, without a baton, and was not even up to *his* usual efficiency) and beyond some ragged choral singing (which was largely Mr. Scherman's fault) and some indifferent instrumental ensemble work and a great deal of poor vocalism, one could discern that "Castor and Pollux" is indeed a masterpiece, and a very remarkable work for its period. (It was first performed in 1737.) Unlike Handel's "Alcina," which was written a couple of years earlier, and which was produced by the American Opera Society here a fortnight ago, "Castor and Pollux" is not conceived as a display piece for the virtuosity of abnormally agile singers. Its melodic writing is pure, and innocent of any striving for flashy effects. It has, moreover, a story that, though it deals with mythological characters, is capable of arousing some sympathy and interest in the listener. Besides all this, it has an orchestral score full of originality, in which woodwinds (particularly the bassoon) are prominent—one that teems with little touches of color which the sturdy Handel, with his more standardized attitude toward orchestration, would never have thought of. The most striking thing about it from a historical point of view, however, is its relationship to Gluck's much-talked-about operatic revolution, which occurred only a decade or so later, and to one specific opera of Gluck's—"Orfeo ed Euridice," which came along some twenty-five years after "Castor and Pollux" was written.

The evidence that Gluck might have heard Rameau's opera before writing "Orfeo" is rather impressive, at least to the casual listener. The plots of the two operas are remarkably similar in several respects. Each involves a rescue from Hades of a character dearly beloved by one of the earthly characters of the story. In each, attached to the rescue operation there is a penalty, which is incurred, to the dismay of everybody involved, and in each there is a divine intervention that finally absolves the participants from the penalty, leaving everybody happy forever and ever. In Rameau's case, this story requires Pollux's entry into Hades to rescue his brother Castor, who has recently died. Jupiter gives his consent to the rescue, but only with the proviso that Pollux take his brother's place. Pollux descends into Hades prepared to remain there, but when Castor discovers the sacrifice his brother is making, he agrees to return to earth for only one day. Jupiter is moved by this display of brotherly affection, and, at the close of the opera, not only restores both to life but confers immortality on them. There are endless additions to this simple myth in the opera. Castor is provided with a mourning lady friend named Télaïre; Pollux is adored, without his knowing it, by a lady named Phébé; and a number of gods and goddesses appear on the stage in an elaborate prologue. Often, the music prefigures Gluck's "Orfeo," especially the music accompanying the demons and furies guarding the entrance to Hades. All this makes one wonder about the version of Gluck's revolution presented in most books of musical history. Rameau's work contains all the elements of musical drama that Gluck was striving for. Is it possible that Gluck, in making his proclamations on the subject, was merely urging something that already existed in the work of Rameau? That the revolution was needed is attested to by the excessive—indeed, almost indecent—floridity of Handel's "Alcina" and numerous other operas of its type. But Rameau seems to have adopted the ideas of Gluck before Gluck thought of them. Rameau was a great man in other respects, too. He was the first musician to codify the theories of modern harmony, including the building of chords in adjacent thirds and the principle of inversion of chords. His analytical French mind was, in this case, formulating theories about what had long been current practice, but his books on musical structure are nevertheless impressive for their pioneering value. Moreover, Rameau was the first important French opera composer; his predecessor, Lully, the contriver of operatic spectacles for Louis XIV, was



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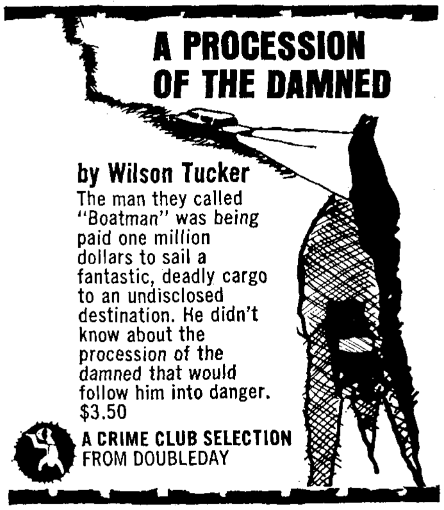

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A CRIME CLUB SELECTION FROM DOUBLEDAY

an Italian, who originally spelled his name Lulli.

"Castor and Pollux" has taken over certain traditions of the Lully period. Among them are elaborate ballet sequences that are nearly as important as the portions devoted to singing. These were presented the other night on the half of the stage that was not occupied by Mr. Scherman and his forces. The choreography was quite tasteful, and the principal dancers, Lupe Serrano and Scott Douglas, did very well indeed. But the total effect was disappointing. It seemed to prove that you have either to perform opera in concert form or to stage it. Compromises are apt to be unhappy. As for the singers, only a few were of a calibre to cope with Rameau's classical style and make any real impression on the audience. Gérard Souzay, a fine French baritone already known hereabouts, sang the role of Pollux with authority; Jeannine Crader was an admirable Télaïre. Otherwise—except for Raymond Michalski, a superb bass who is a regular at Concert Opera productions, and who undertook the small role of Mars—it was not an evening for those who delight in the expert use of fine voices. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Charles W. Bogert, borough clerk, announced yesterday that there seemed to be some confusion about the days when the scavenger firm picked up the extra material cleaned out by householders. The confusion is presumably due to an earlier announcement that the scavengers would make the cleanup pickup on the last collection day of each month.

That this was not completely accurate was explained by Mr. Bogert, who said that if the last pickup day of the month fell also on the second pickup day of the week that would be the day for picking up the cleanup material, but if the last collection of the month was made on a Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday the cleanup pickup would not be made then but on the previous Thursday, Friday or Saturday. In other words, if the last pickup day of the month was the first pickup day of the week it would not be a special pickup day—and if anyone needs a clearer explanation, perhaps he'd better ask the scavenger on his route.—*Ramsey (N.J.) Journal.*

When will *that* be?

•

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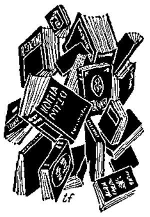
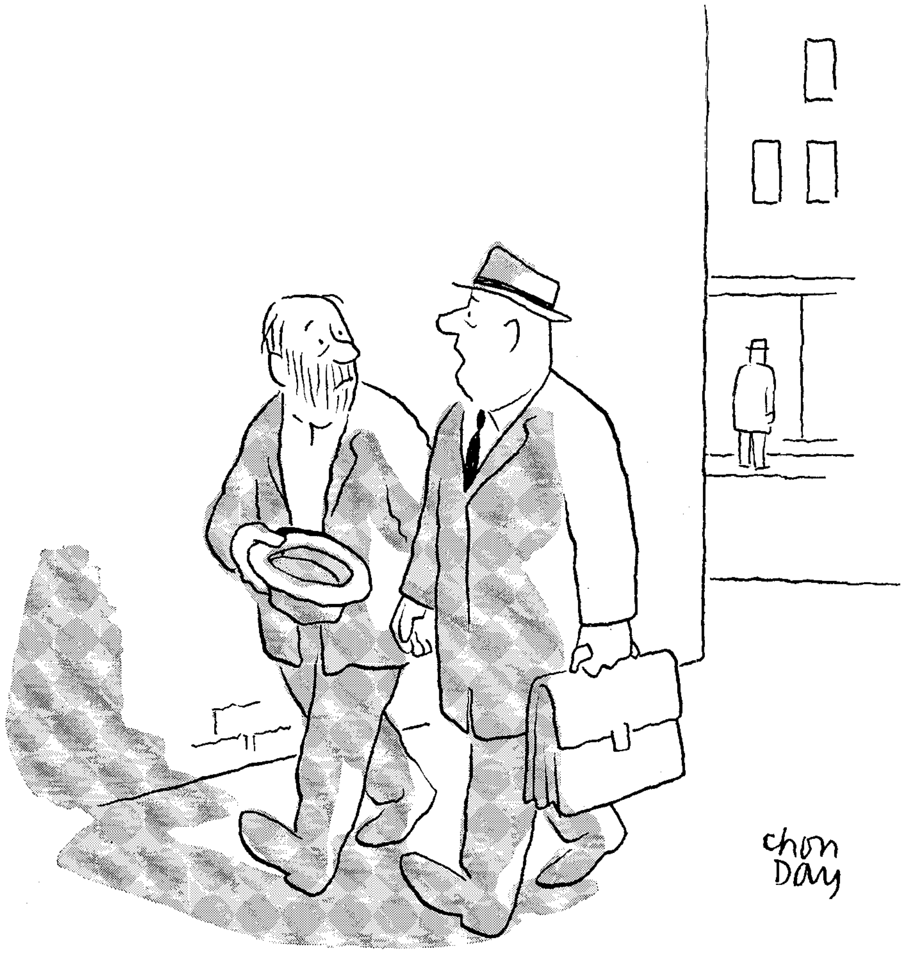
Women



THERE are several foolproof ways to test a novel for soft spots. In fact, these exploratory pokes can reveal more than minor weaknesses; novels failing one of them often fail altogether. Do the names have that Gradgrind or Holden Caulfield rightness, or are they clumsily symbolic or colorless or pompous and oaken? And does the author use cigarettes ("He lit a cigarette, and inhaled hungrily") and liquor ("He splashed some whiskey into his glass, and drained it in one gulp") as webbing to hold his narrative together? Opening and closing words matter, too. Novels that meander into view and that end with their principals gazing into cottony night skies usually fail; novels that start and finish in the celebrated no-nonsense manner of "Bleak House" and "Ulysses" don't. The heroine test, the surest of all, has been failed by an extraordinary variety of skilled writers. Hemingway's heroines, with their beautiful teeth and tawny skin and good bosoms, are cheerleaders, James's are brilliant Puritan flames, Scott Fitzgerald's are—well, female Scott Fitzgeralds, George Eliot's are scrimshaw-covered monuments, and Dickens's suggest cornflakes. The peculiar inability to see womankind complete has been shared by writers of both sexes: male novelists often deify their women; female novelists, presumably out of a superabundance of knowledge, often convert them into Medusalike masses of minutiae. How pleasing, then, to come upon no less than three novels that offer us wholly convincing portraits of three strikingly individual women: "The Soul of Kindness" (Viking), by Elizabeth Taylor; "Oona O'" (Atheneum), by Thomas Gallagher; and "Leah" (Little, Brown), by Seymour Epstein.

Elizabeth Taylor is probably the most comfortable novelist alive. Reading her often gives one the feeling of having tea and a good chat laced with the best sort of gossip. Her voice is soft and effortless, and she is able, with a minimum of words, to construct small, perfect, in-scale worlds dominated by three-dimensional characters, real weather, and unerring dialogue. In "The Soul of Kindness," set in England, she tantalizingly makes her heroine, Flora Quartermaine, almost completely invisible until the last few pages. Most of the story deals with people around Flora—her kind and doting widowed mother, her businessman husband, a homosexual novelist friend, an old school chum, and her blustery, Edwardian father-in-law. These people are besieged by loneliness and boredom and frustration, and they turn to Flora for her warmth and sweetness—qualities they unconsciously preserve for her sake and theirs through pampering and mild idolatry. Such qualities are evasive on the printed page, and for a long time Flora seems a vacuum. Then Mrs. Taylor, masterly ironist that she is, whips away the gauze and the smiles that envelop Flora, and we find an unwitting monster who, instead of succoring those around her, only deepens their misery. She cajoles her widower father-in-law into marrying his aging mistress—an unnecessary union that makes both chafe. She flatters the untalented brother of her school chum into believing that he has the makings of a first-rate actor, and drives him to attempt suicide. She helps her mother into hypochondria by allowing her to remain cooped up with a batty housekeeper in an English country house. But when the recipients of these gifts finally revolt, Flora's only reaction is a swamp of tears. None of her friends and family have the heart—or selflessness—to stamp out her goodness and make her face herself, and at the end Flora is happy again and ready for sweet new botcheries. Mrs. Taylor's moral is old and simple: kindness, perhaps even more than meanness, can kill.

THERE is little about "Oona O'" that is not delightful. Gallagher's Irish prose survives its own lilt; his story, which is romantic and sad, moves on oil; his heroine, Oona O'Hagen, is the sort of mad, complex, funny spirit that few of us, no matter how envious, would have the courage to be. She is twenty-four, slim, and beautiful; she is also one of those souls who lurch and zag and spin through life. Another's longest route is her shortest one. She is good at what doesn't matter (making oxtail soup, ordering expensive furni-



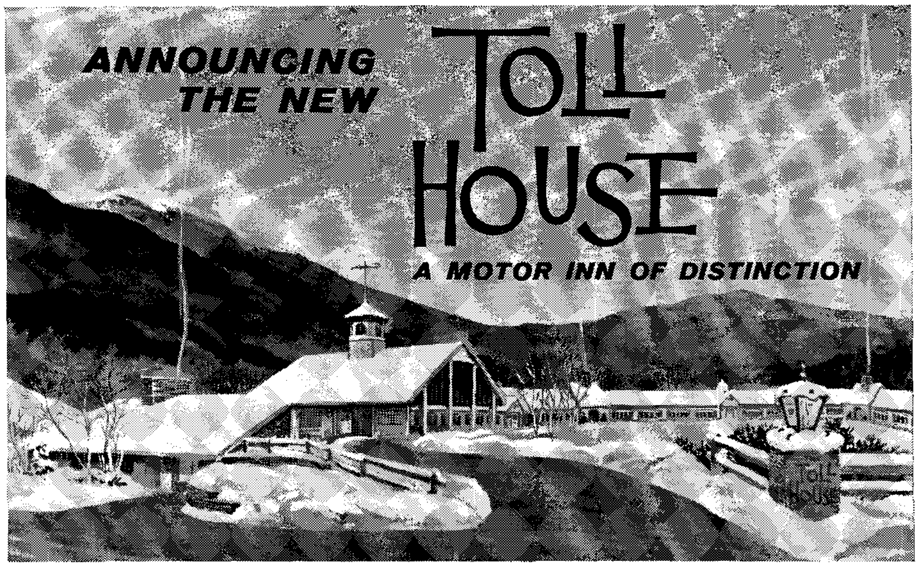
"All my assets are in my wife's name."

ture) and clumsy at what does (love, human relations, money). Her brother, meeting her boat from Italy in New York, sums her up with these speculations:

> Oona might not even be aboard. It would be just like her to miss a ship, the slowest and most patient of vehicles, and miss it for the unlikeliest reasons. Maderini's car [he was, her brother is surmising, to have taken her to the ship] broke down on the way to Genoa. He fixed it, but in doing so broke the nosepiece to his glasses. By the time he had the nosepiece fixed (with Scotch tape that Oona had had to open all her luggage to find), they found themselves surrounded by cows. After getting past the cows, they sped along until they entered a falling-rock area that really was a falling-rock area: boulders all over the road. Even so, and even counting the amputation that Maderini had had to perform on the farmer caught in the teeth of his own tractor, they still would have made it if not for that total eclipse of the sun they'd run into in that little mountain town. Farmers all over the road, holding their children up on their shoulders and passing the isinglass around. Couldn't make any time at all. They reached the pier minutes late, seconds late, but late.

But Oona is a true free spirit, because the hurdles that block her at every turn and that she invariably surmounts are *hers;* it is easier to master others' errors than your own.

Oona is a triumph of chaos over order. She falls in love in New York with an attractive eye surgeon and becomes pregnant by him. They plan to marry after he has returned to his practice in Italy. Oona accompanies him and then learns that he is married to a wealthy, formidable Italian, who refuses him a divorce and peremptorily tells Oona that she will pay for the birth of the baby and raise it herself. Oona is only steeled by this astonishing turn of events, but, because of a typical miscalculation, is forced to bear her child alone in the middle of the night in the small villa her lover has rented for them. (Everything about this scene is perfect.) Oona creates a new mess for herself when she tells the American-consulate people that her "husband" is sick in New York and can't sign the passport papers for the baby. Other messes quickly cancel out this one, and Oona finally returns to New York and her family—a marvellous Irish group portrait by Gallagher. Yet Oona is too circumfluous even for Gallagher himself, and he deals her a hobbling blow in the end. She discovers that she has nephritis. "Why?" one asks. This is outside meddling that, given the chance, Oona could easily have surpassed. But perhaps Gallagher just meant to remind him-



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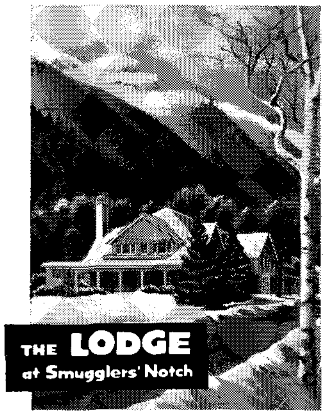

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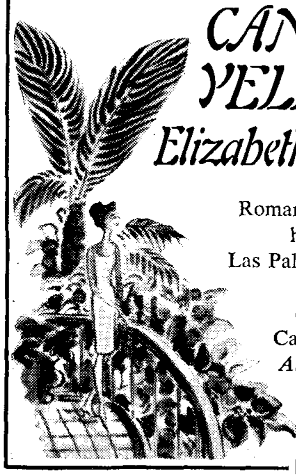

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DOUBLEDAY

Gathering

Among the most fascinating words in the fascinating English language are the nouns of assembly: a *school* of fish, a *pride* of lions, a *covey* of partridges, a *swarm* of bees, a *skulk* of foxes—far more interesting words than *group* or *bunch.*

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self and us that even Oona's likes are mortal.

LEAH RUBEL, the heroine of Seymour Epstein's gray, affecting novel, is another exemplary woman. She is a New Yorker, thirty-seven, an office manager, and living alone in a small West Side apartment. An attractive, intelligent, sharp-witted woman, she has, unlike most spinsters, never sealed herself off from the physical world. She has had deep, heady affairs; she has pursued and been pursued. The calibrations in these relationships are nevertheless always slightly off, as they are during the several months the book covers. A new and eligible beau proves absorbing until Leah finds that he is, to all intents and purposes, a neuter. Then her boss, who is married, offers to set Leah up as his mistress—another unthinkable blind alley. All the while, Irving Kaslow, a classical violinist who has unavailingly courted her for years, hovers in her shadow, beseeching, pleading, and forcing her at a gallop in the opposite direction. (Courtship develops the muscles of human perversity to frightening proportions.) The main figure in her life, though, is her father. A charming liberal and a failure, he has left Leah's mother after forty years of troubled marriage and has decided to marry a wealthy Central Park West widow. Leah and her father are close, and this seeming self-indulgence, this cheap reward to her mother for forty years of misery, shocks her. At the same time, his decision frees her, for his marital difficulties have, in a like-father, like-daughter manner, shackled her. She accepts Kaslow.

Epstein is an ambling, indeterminate writer, and in a way Leah's story is pat and mechanical. But he succeeds with Leah by allowing us at her in a thousand trivial ways—Leah nursing a bad oncoming cold with tea and hot soup and self-pity; Leah having Sunday breakfast with her father in a cafeteria; Leah struggling through a long midwinter New York Sunday afternoon nap; Leah at work, on the subway, in the laundromat. New York itself willingly provides Epstein with the fulcrum for these countless levers, and eventually Leah and the city become, in magic but proper fashion, interchangeable. How fine.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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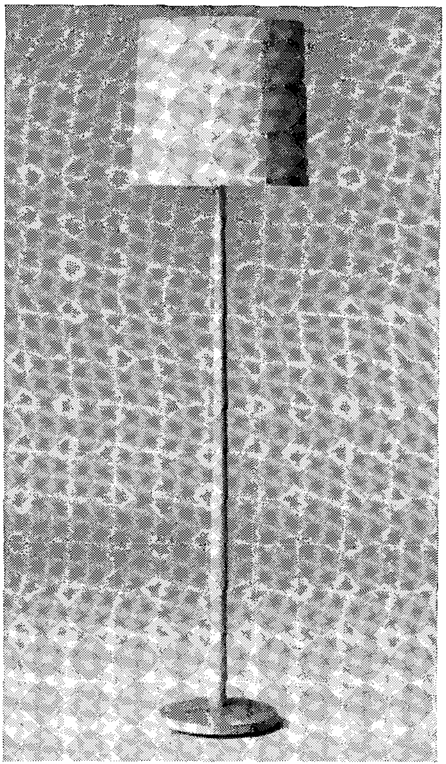
Bridge-players are creatures of habid.
—*The Times.*

Only when they catch code.



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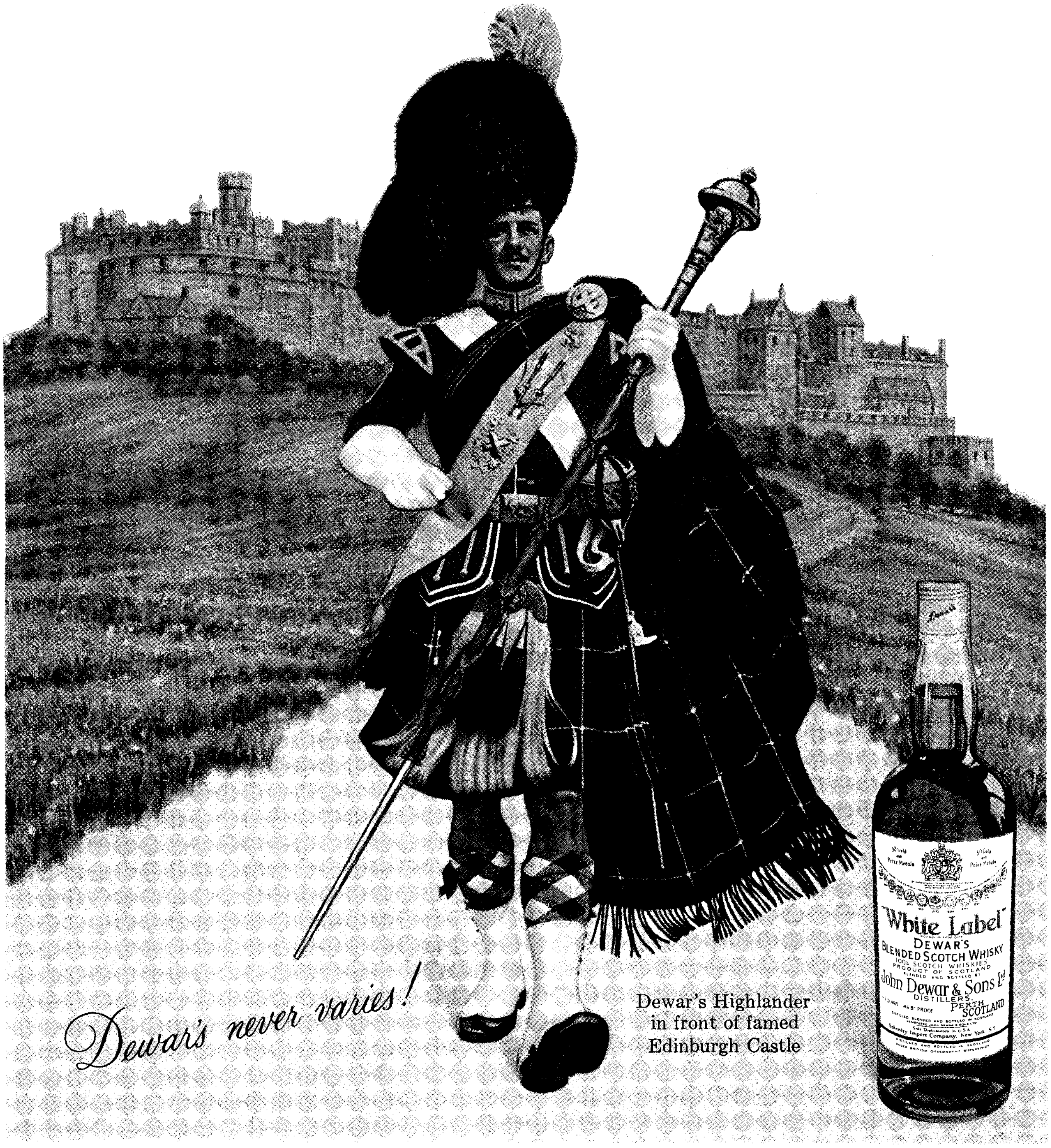
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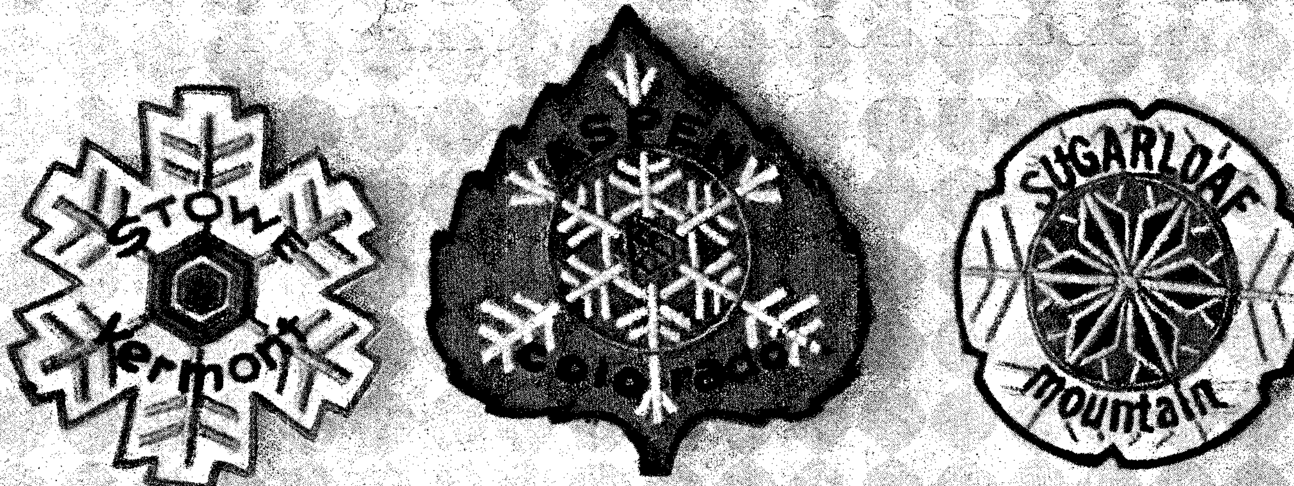
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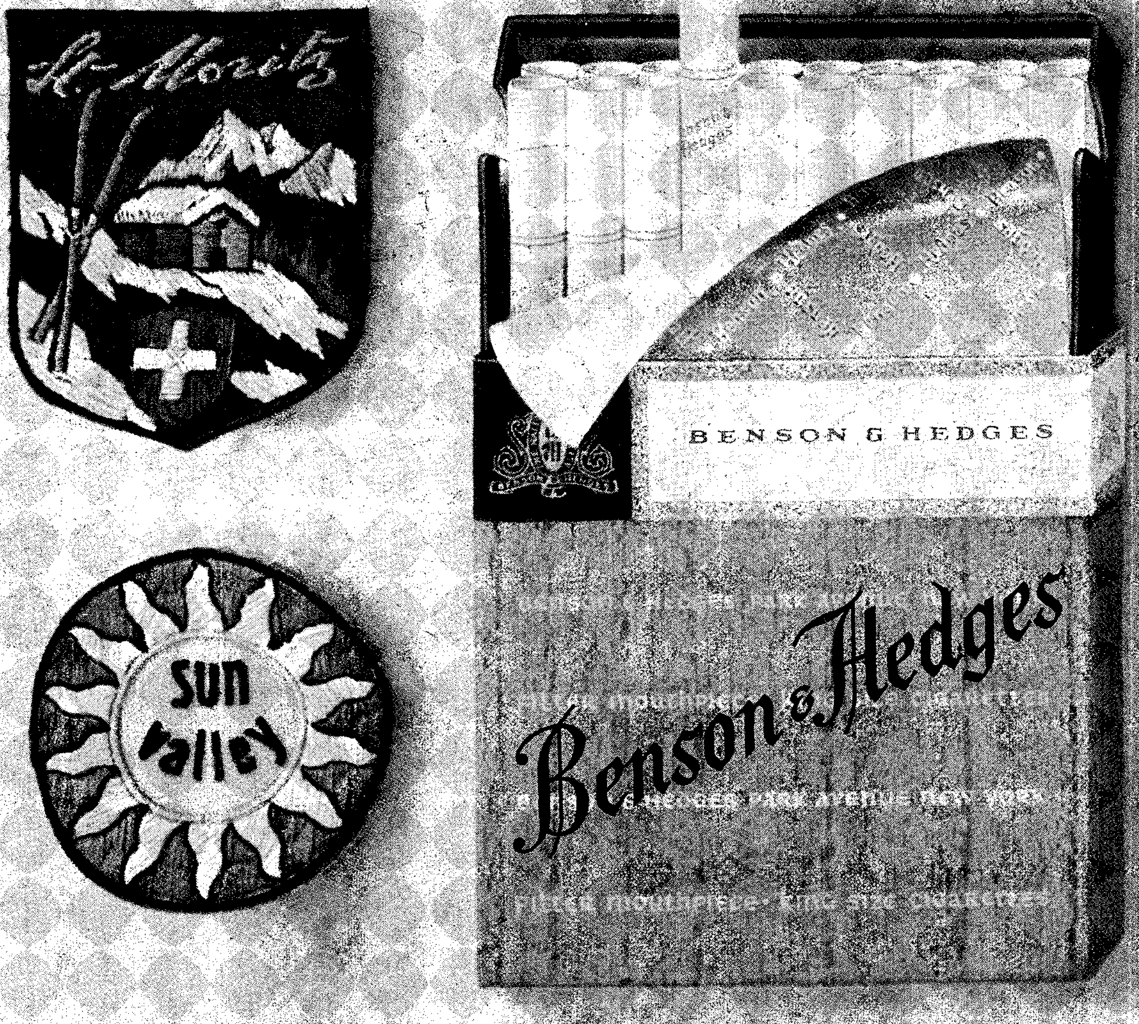
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